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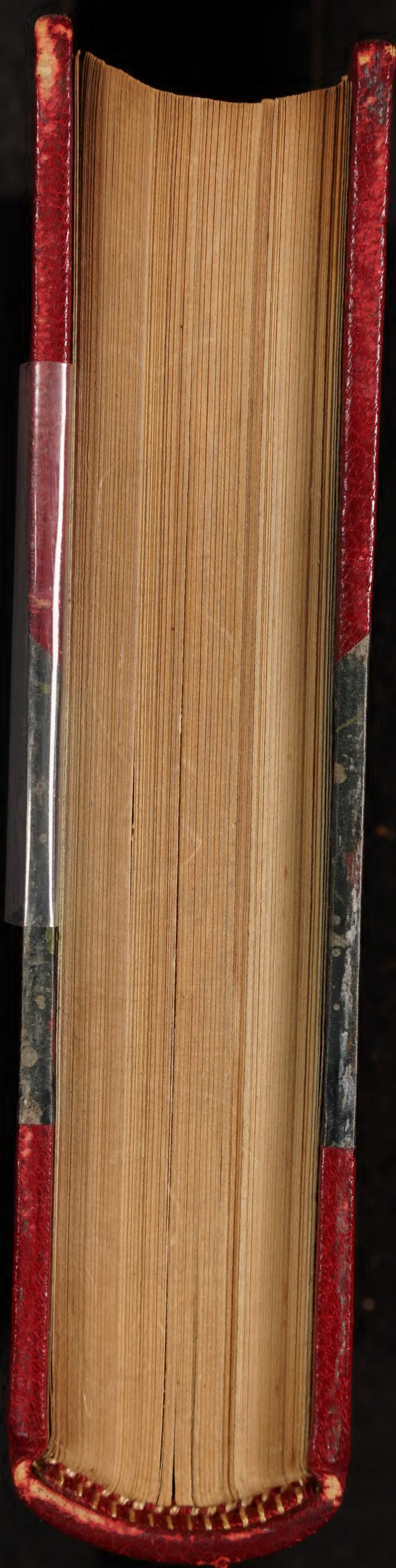
TRILOGY
—
EDWARD III

COLLIER

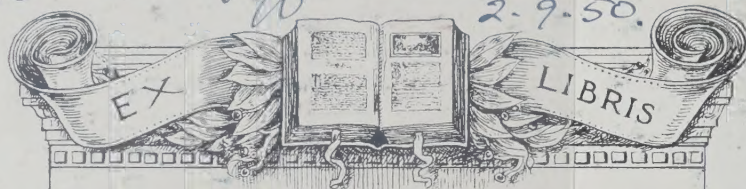
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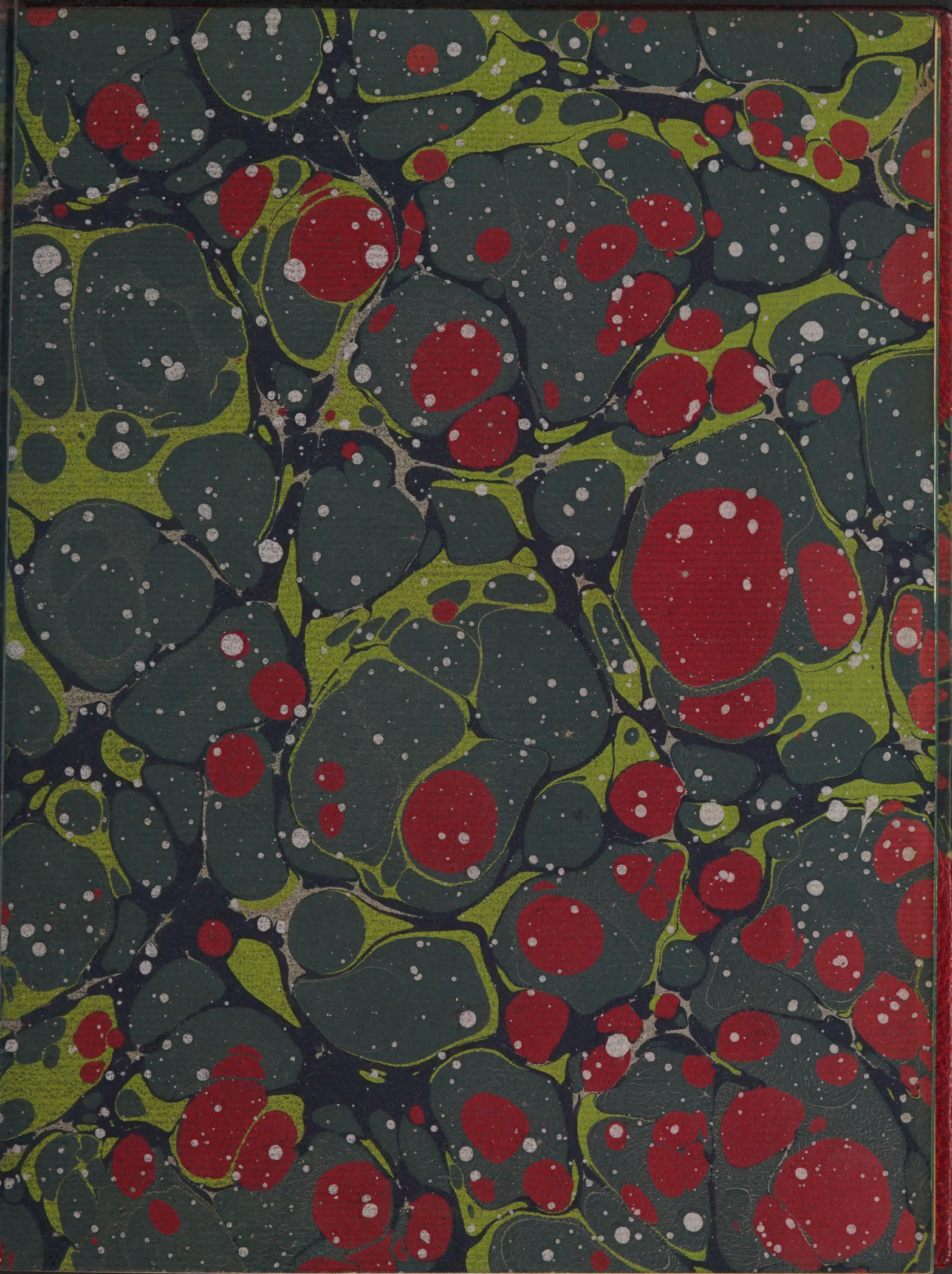


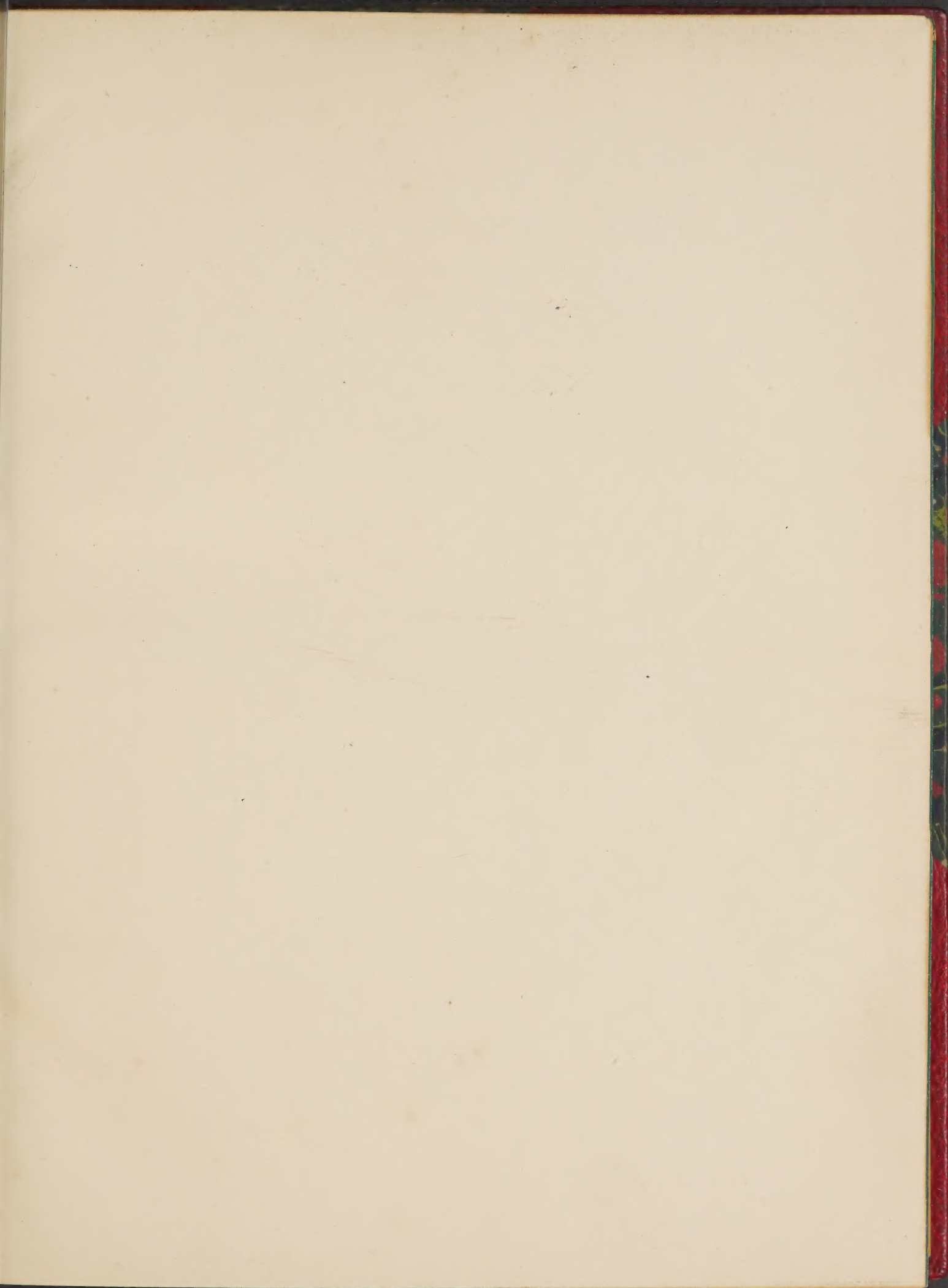


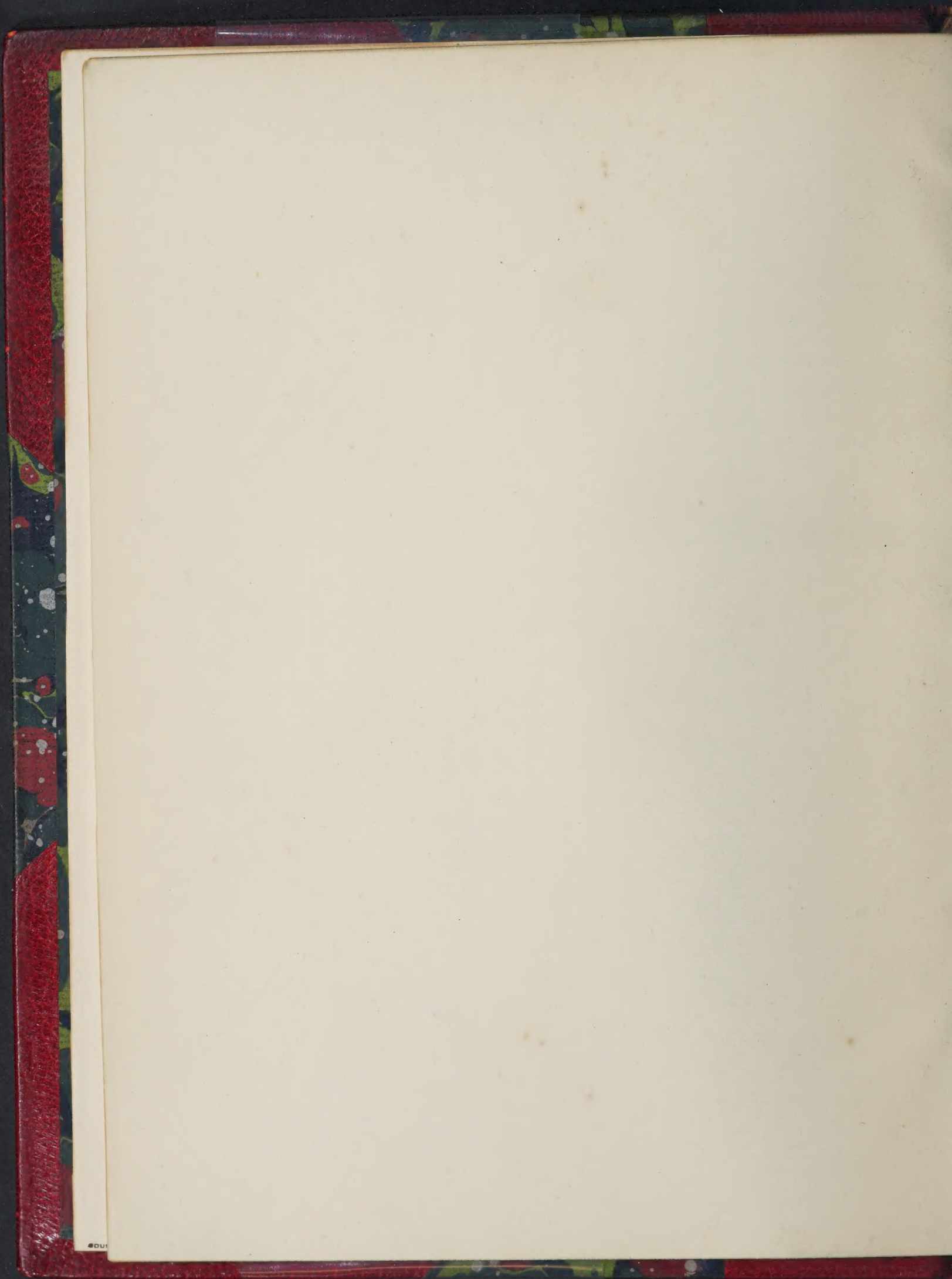
David Lyfe Anderson.
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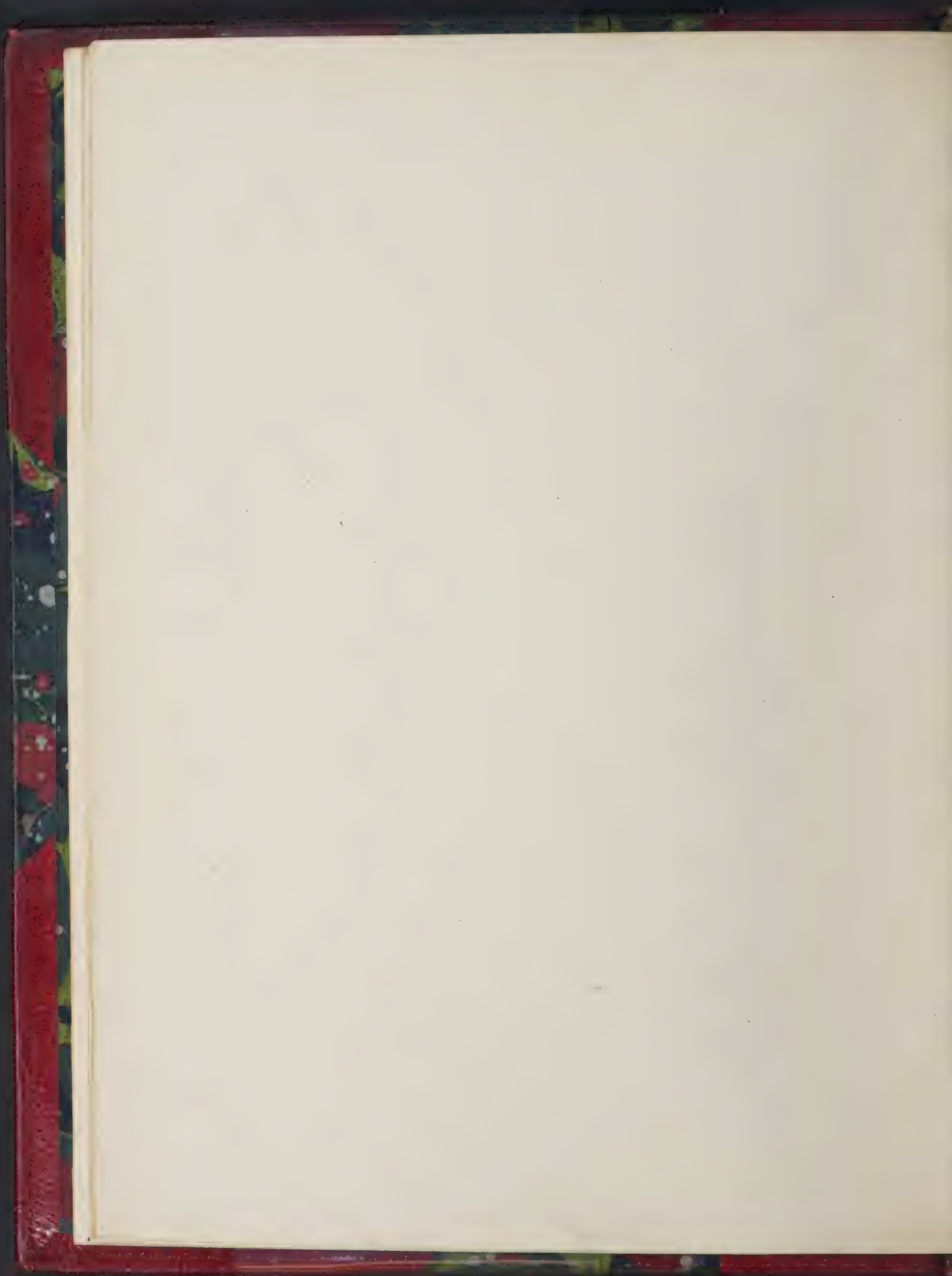




TRILOGY.

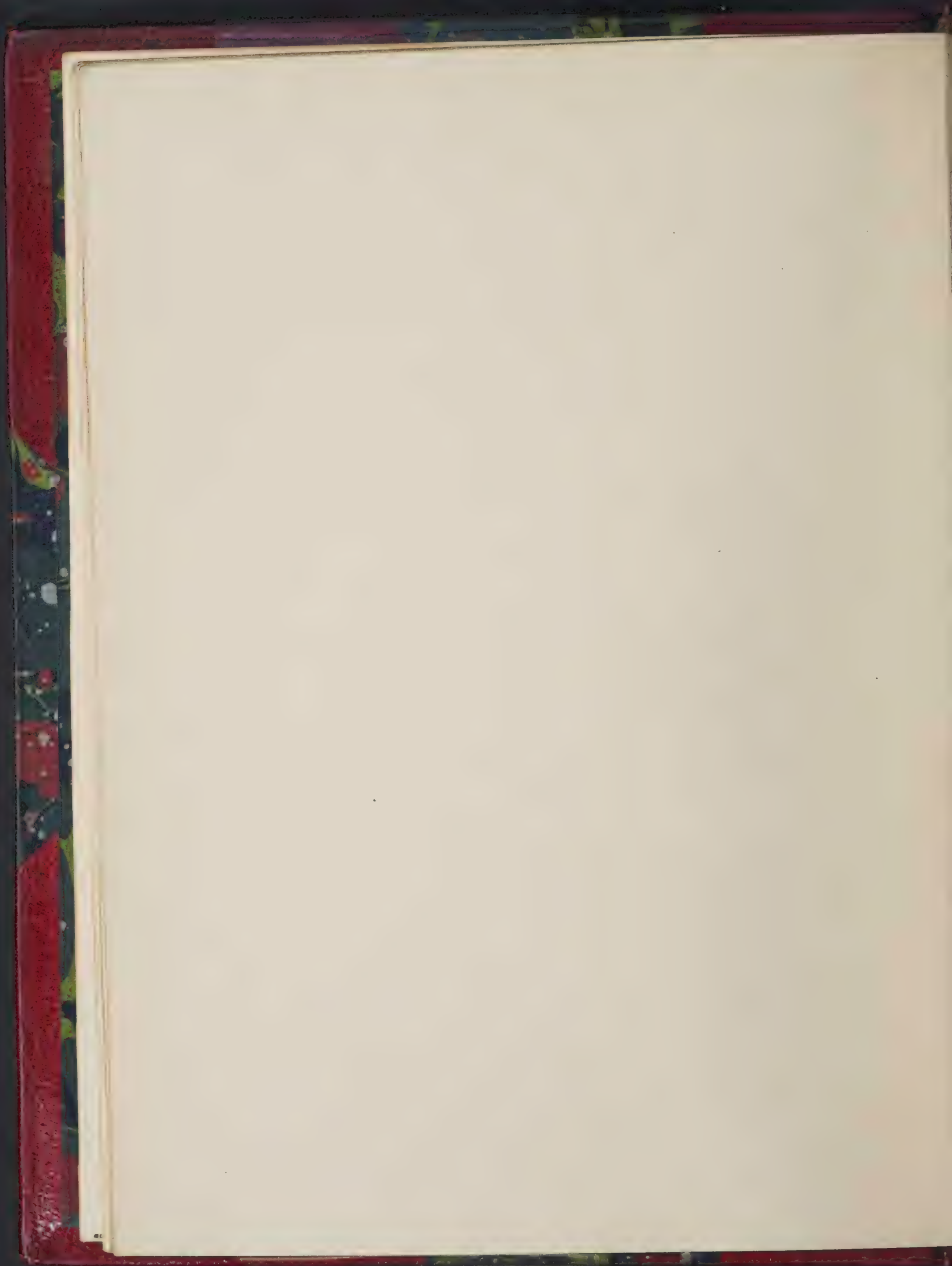
Conversations between
Three Friends.

PART II.



TRILOGY,

ETC.



TRILOGY.

CONVERSATIONS

BETWEEN

THREE FRIENDS

ON THE

EMENDATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S TEXT

CONTAINED IN MR. COLLIER'S

CORRECTED FOLIO, 1632,

AND

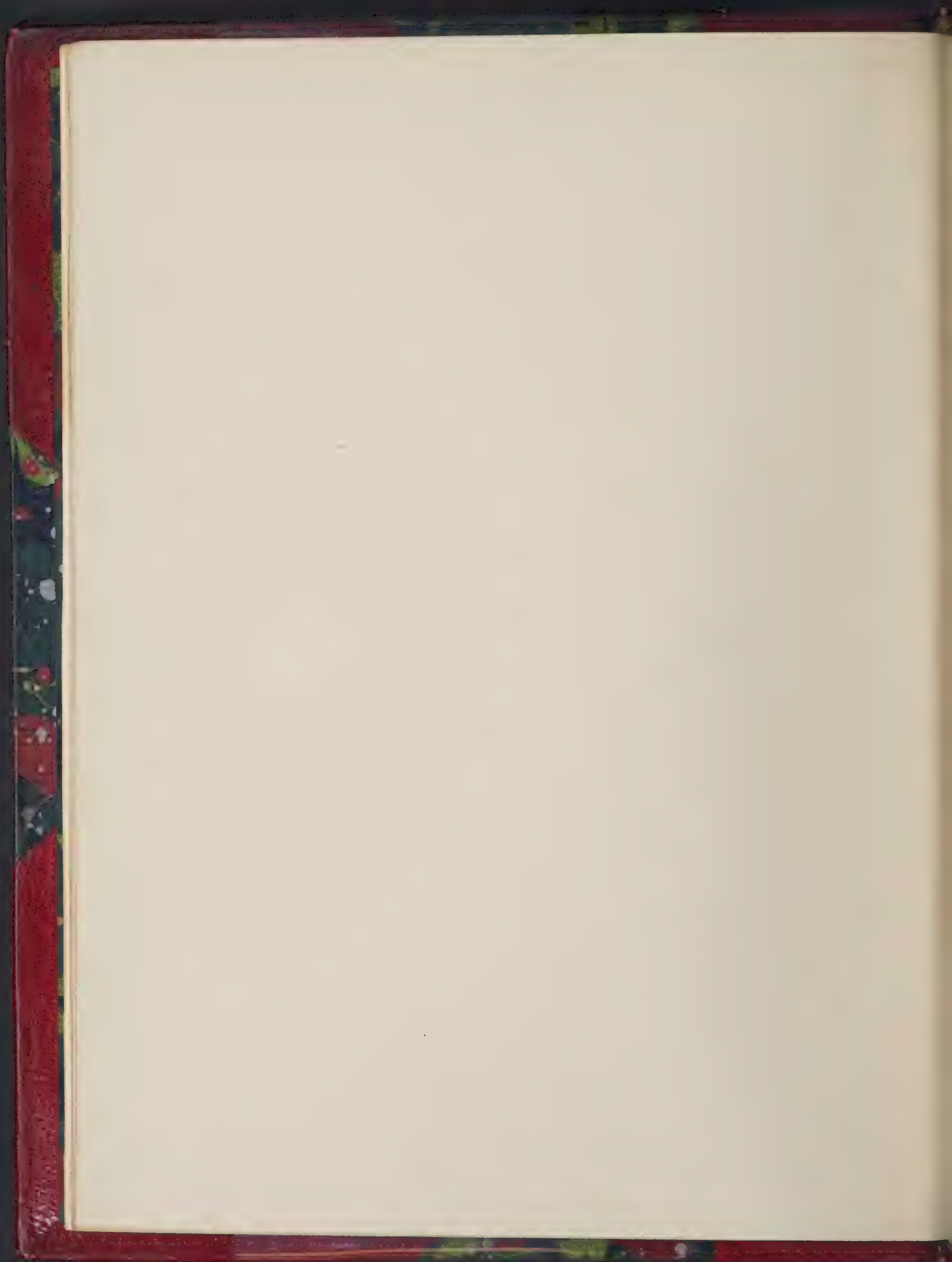
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PART I.—COMEDIES.

LONDON:

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.



PREFACE.

My object in printing this small work, is not to revive controversy, but to settle obligation—to show where, and to what extent, since the publication of my volume of “Notes and Emendations” in 1853, editors of Shakespeare have availed themselves of the manuscript notes contained in my Corrected Folio of the year 1632.

I have earnestly striven to be impartial; and I have taken the much, rather than well, considered impression of the Poet's Works by the late Rev. Alexander Dyce as my text-book in this inquiry.

He has now been dead several years; but we were intimate friends for about a quarter of a century; and it was only my engagement with a publisher to prepare an edition of Shakespeare in 1842, that occasioned the first difference between Mr. Dyce and myself: until then, I was not aware

that he had entertained a similar design. Our paths from that date began to diverge, and, I deeply regret to add, never reapproached.

I trust that in what follows I have treated him and his labours with all proper respect: if he had esteemed me half as much as I valued him, our intercourse would never have been interrupted. He was a man of refined scholarship, though I may think his judgment defective; and it is to be lamented, that his many good qualities and varied attainments did not enlarge his mind much beyond the sphere of his own wants and wishes.

If at any time, among so many references, I have been mistaken either in quotation or allusion, it has been wholly unintentional. All I desire is, to establish the manner in, and the amount to, which Mr. Dyce and others have made use of my much reviled old volume for the illustration and improvement of the text of Shakespeare's "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies". If the asperity of the notes and criticisms of my adversaries have here and there tinged my style, or led me astray from the narrow line of mere vindication, I am heartily sorry for it.

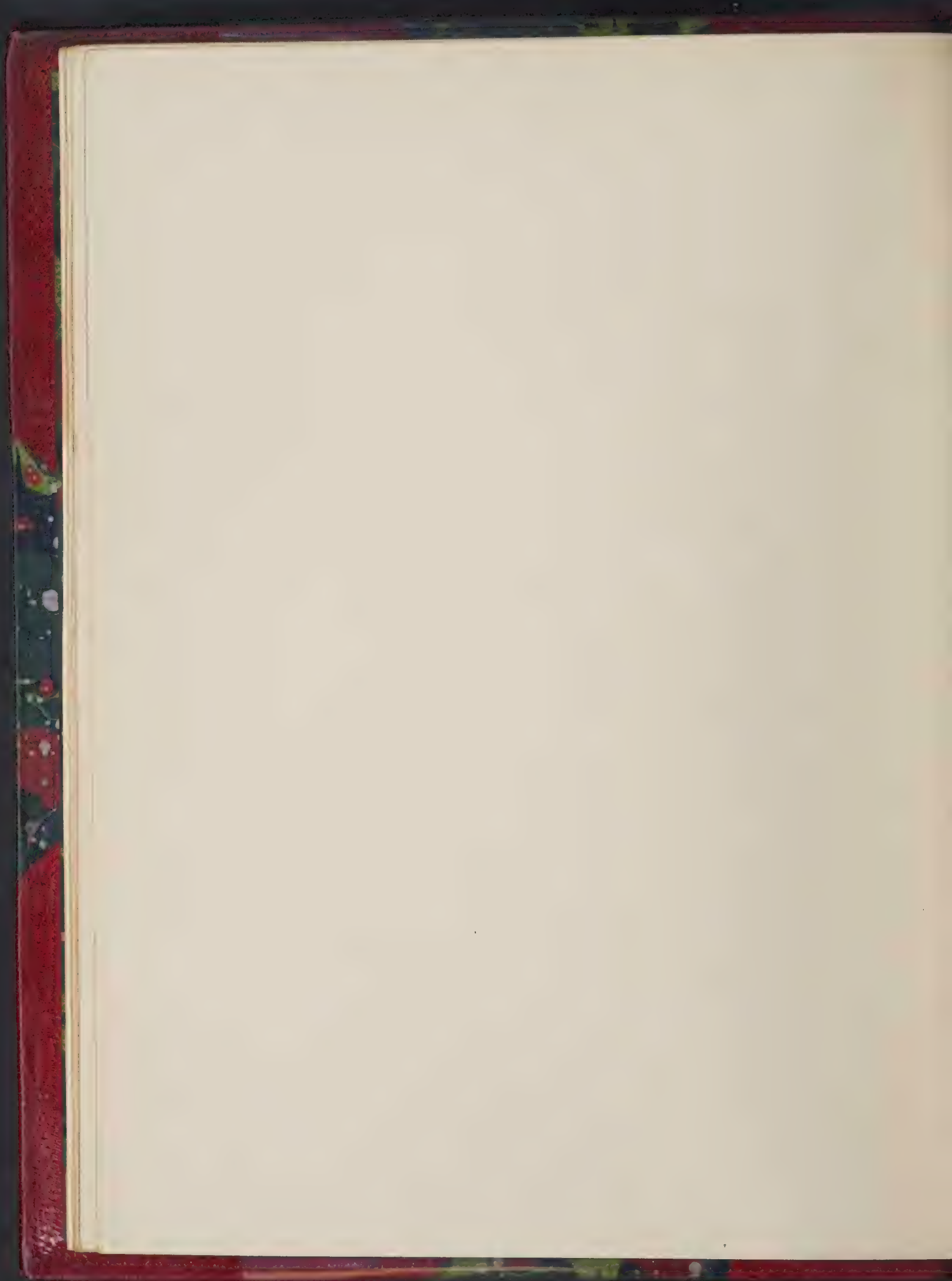
Our common purpose ought to be the detection and correction of textual error, not the display of critical sagacity: the higher we elevate the genius of Shakespeare, the more we demonstrate our own insignificance:

“He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.”

It is only the grandeur of Shakespeare that can give the smallest value to verbal emendation; and I feel so strongly the comparatively little interest that must be taken in it, that I have addressed the ensuing sheets only to my private and personal friends; dividing the whole into Parts (according to the character of the productions to which they relate) because, having arrived at so great an age, I may not live to complete my undertaking. But *dum spiro, spero.*

J. P. C.

January 11th, 1874.



TRILOGY, &c.

THE TEMPEST.

Alton. It is now more than a quarter of a century since you bought from Rodd, the bookseller, the corrected copy of the Folio Shakespeare dated 1632; and about twenty years since you published your volume of "Notes and Emendations" derived from it. Have you since had any reason to doubt their genuineness, or to alter your opinion of their value?

Collier. None to doubt their genuineness; but some for altering my opinion as to the value of a few of the manuscript emendations. In my joy at my discovery, I was here and there disposed to give some of the proposed changes an importance, and a value, which I now think does not really belong to them.

Newman. I am not at all surprised at that: it was natural, and to be expected; but, surely, as to the great majority of them, and especially of those affecting the sense of remarkable passages in the text, you have not altered the opinion in some cases so emphatically expressed in your volume of "Notes and Emendations" published in 1853.

Collier. Certainly not. I am more than ever confirmed in my judgment as to the value of a good many of them, if only by the use which subsequent editors of Shakespeare have made of them.

Newman. True : not a small number of the emendations have found their way into the text of, I think, all impressions of Shakespeare since the year 1853.

Alton. But some of them have been most violently resisted; and all sorts of injurious epithets applied to them, and even to yourself personally.

Newman. But the changes have been adopted nevertheless; so that they can never again be excluded: they are now admitted to be the true language of the poet.

Collier. Seeing how my volume of "Notes and Emendations" has been treated, some editors and would-be editors inveighing furiously, and without common decency, against them, and yet after all most grudgingly admitting them, I have sometimes thought that my better course would have been, first to print the changes as mere suggestions on my part, and then afterwards to produce my old corrected copy of the Folio 1632 in their justification.

Newman. Or better still: if you had condescended to play the rogue, you might have produced, as your own, all the indisputable improvements of Shakespeare's text—improvements that now are sanctioned by the approbation of everybody, readers or rival editors; and having thus been acknowledged as the most gifted speculative annotator that ever existed, you might have destroyed your corrected copy of the Folio 1632, and left your enemies to wonder, how it had happened that you alone had guessed at what, beyond all cavil, was the true language of our great dramatist in some of his most notorious and admired passages.

Alton. Such, for instance, as which?

Newman. Well, I hardly know where to choose; but

take the grand speech in "Coriolanus" (Act III, sc. 1), where the hero is furiously blaming the patricians for yielding to the claims of the plebeians by giving them the contents of the public granaries:—

"Well, what then?

How shall this *bisson* multitude digest
The Senate's courtesy?

The words "bosom multiplied", instead of *bisson multitude* (as the text must now for ever stand) have puzzled every editor of Shakespeare from the time of Rowe to our own day; even Theobald was obliged to reprint "bosom multiplied" without an attempted change; later endeavours, such as that of Malone, to explain "bosom multiplied" as *bosom multitudinous*, have utterly failed; but the old Corrector of the folio 1632 puts the passage right at once, and shows that *bosom* was a misprint for "bisson" (the old word for *blind*), and *multiplied* a misprint for "multitude." The passage can never again be printed in any other words than those substituted in his margin by the old Corrector of the Folio 1632.

Alton. They certainly cannot be disputed; and you will see that Dyce (VI, 255, edit. 1864), without hesitation, calls it "an excellent emendation." Singer, too, says it is "happy", and there can be no doubt about it.

Collier. Singer so often inserts in his text important changes of the kind without acknowledgement, that his avowed consent to accept "bisson multitude" is perhaps the more remarkable. However, we can hardly consider him in the rank of an independent editor. It is quite certain that "bosom multiplied" will never again make its appearance in any impression of Shakespeare to the end of time.

Newman. I only produce it as a short and decisive proof of, I may say, the inestimable value of some of the changes in the corrected Folio 1632, in answer to Alton's demand for an instance.

Alton. I admit the answer; and, were it wanted, we might confirm it by another authority, if we may so call it. Of course you know what is entitled "the Globe Edition of the Works of Shakespeare", of which it is generally said that twenty or even thirty thousand copies have been sold; and we need not wonder at it, considering its beauty and extraordinary cheapness: there we see "biffon multitude" given as if it had always been Shakespeare's text, and "bosom multiplied" never heard of, though it had been invariably printed "bosom multiplied" during the course of two hundred and fifty years.

Newman. I have not till now seen, though I have heard of, the "Globe Shakespeare." Do they not give any information that the old reading was *bosom multiplied*, and the new reading "biffon multitude"?

Alton. Nothing of the sort; and it is the more surprising because they state in the preface that they mark by an "obelus" (†) such corrections as they introduce in the text of the poet as it has been usually handed down to us. They sometimes keep their word in this particular, but by no means always; and only two lines above that in which "biffon multitude" occurs, they very properly alter *native* to "motive", yet give no hint of the change. This looks unfair, though I dare say it was not meant so; but recollecting the enormous sale of "the Globe Edition", it was the more important that this and other emendations should be clearly distinguished: we could not expect them

to state that "biffon multitude" was derived from "Mr. Collier's corrected Folio 1632", but they ought to have informed the reader by the *obelus* that it was a new reading.

Collier. I do not think you will find the *obelus* very often repeated; and, indeed, the "Globe Edition" was, I believe, founded upon another of much larger dimensions, where the editors seem to have been careful to avoid emendations wherever it was possible—even less frequently than Mr. Dyce, who has generally, though not constantly, admitted his obligation. Look, for instance, at the earliest important emendation in "The Tempest," "practice" for *purpose* (Dyce I, p. 81, edit. 1864) in the narrative of Prospero to his daughter of the treachery of Antonio:

"Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the *practice*, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self."

"Here (says Dyce) I adopt the reading of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector," namely, in substituting "practice" for *purpose*, which word is repeated just afterwards. This emendation may be looked upon as a mere matter of taste and judgment, because, as far as sense is concerned, it may be said that *purpose* answers the end as well as "practice;" but it is most likely that the old compositor mistook, and caught the word "purpose" from the next line but one.

Alton. Yet Mr. Dyce was so well satisfied with the change that "practice" is found in both his editions, that of 1857 (which he subsequently turned out of doors, so that it was found upon almost every stall) and in his subsequent and

improved impression of 1864, by which last he is in all fairness to be judged. That is to be our text-book.

Newman. You will see that, nevertheless, Singer, in 1856, adhered to the old text, *purpose* instead of "practice", and I find that the editor of the Globe Edition in 1867 thought him right, and followed his example.

Alton. And it seems to me strictly a needless variation from what may have been the language of Shakespeare, who seldom scruples to repeat words very nearly in juxtaposition, if it suit his purpose. What course, let me ask, do any of these editors take as regards the important stage-direction when Prospero, after having removed his magic robe (from which he is supposed to derive his preternatural power) during his narrative, puts it on again when he wishes to induce sleep to fall on the eyes of Miranda, while he has an interview with Ariel?

Collier. Here Dyce differs from his rivals, and indeed from himself; for in his edit. of 1857 he very properly, and with due acknowledgment, inserted, *Resumes his robe*, in his margin, but omits the words in his subsequent impression of 1864, stating that "he could not dispel the obscurity" about "Now I arise," put into the mouth of Prospero as he *resumes his robe*. In fact there is no obscurity, if the words of the old corrector, *Puts on his robe again*, be inserted: Prospero rose from his seat, put on his robe again, and employed the magic power it communicated to him, in order that Miranda might fall asleep. Here ends all the "obscurity" and difficulty philosophers and commentators have felt and expressed in accounting for the sudden somnolency of Miranda. Editors, since the production of my Corr. fo. 1632, have seen the value of

this new MS. stage-direction, and have therefore inserted it. Mr. Singer, be it observed, says not a word as to his obligation; and in the same spirit we find "*Resumes his mantle*" in the Globe Shakespeare, without any *obelus* to shew that it was a novelty.

Alton. This is certainly hardly fair, when we know what stress has always been laid upon the question, what could have produced the sleepiness of Miranda at the very moment when she would have been unwilling to lose a single syllable of what fell from her father's lips?

Newman. It is not difficult to "dispel the obscurity" why Mr. Dyce was the only editor, since 1853, who has not seen the importance of the new stage-direction. In all the folios, and in the quarto impressions of Shakespeare's plays, there is a great deficiency of stage-directions.

Collier. No doubt about it. We are all aware how many speeches are inserted not intended, or supposed, to be heard by other performers on the stage at the same time, and yet there is, I think, only one *Aside* printed as a stage direction from the beginning to the end of the folios 1623, 1632, 1664 and 1685. The old Corrector of my Folio 1632 supplied not a few of such deficiencies.

Newman. There is a remarkably minute one in Part II of Dekker's "*Honest Whore*," as printed in 1630, which has been very properly preserved in the reprint of it in D.O.P. III, 330, where two actors are directed to "exchange walk," that is, to cross each other on the stage, for the sake of giving variety and animation to the scene.

Collier. I do not call to mind any similar instance in other plays, ancient or modern; and the hints of the kind to performers are unquestionably rare in the old copies. In

the folio 1623, and in the other folios, there is no stage direction when Prospero previously *puts off his robe* at the words "Lie there, my art." Even when Ariel, in the second scene of this act, is to enter *invisible*, there is no such stage direction in the folios; but it is inserted in MS. by the old corrector of my Folio 1632; and, indeed, modern editors have rightly thought it necessary to insert the word in both instances: the probability is, that Ariel wore "a robe to go invisible," such as in those words is mentioned among Henslowe's purchases in his Diary preserved at Dulwich (Edit. Shakesp. Soc., p. 277). The audience of old would know by this circumstance, that Ariel, though present, was not supposed to be seen by the other performers on the stage.

Alton. To advert to a different matter, in an earlier part of "The Tempest." I was reading Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny a day or two ago, and was struck by the applicability of a passage in it (B. II. ch. 37) to the remarkable description Ariel gives of his fiery appearance on board the king's ship during the storm. You will remember that Pliny was published in English in 1601, perhaps ten years before the production of Shakespeare's play: Pliny is speaking of the fearful and ominous lights and fires sometimes seen on board vessels at sea during storms. I do not find that the passage has been quoted, but it is worth our attention and runs thus:

"The lights settle also upon the cross sail-yards and other parts of the ship as men do sail in the sea, making a kind of vocal sound, leaping to and fro, and shifting their places as birds do which fly from bough to bough. Dangerous they be and unlucky, when they come one by one, without a companion, and they drown those ships on which they light, and threaten shipwreck; yea, and they set them on fire, if haply they fall upon the bottom of the keel."

Newman. More applicable, certainly, than any thing of the kind quoted or referred to in this place of the Variorum Shakespeare (Vol. xv., p. 42). Our dramatist was not only a great, but a miraculous reader; for he seems to have retained and applied all he read: how he found time for reading is, possibly, a greater wonder still. You will of course remember, that it is in this play that he used, almost verbatim and to admirable effect, a passage in "Montaigne's Effays" as they came out in Florio's version of 1603.

Collier. In quoting which, Malone made most egregious blunders, not only omitting some words, but inserting others, almost as if for the purpose of rendering the quotation more applicable, though Shakespeare adhered to the original. However, perhaps we have said enough of this delightful drama, which has had to "run the gauntlet" of very incompetent editors—myself among the number: what I want to establish is (and I shall do so even more effectually as we proceed) the manner in which, and the degree to which, during the last twenty years, editors have been indebted to my Corrected Folio of 1632 for the greatest improvements of their text, while they have been all the time pooh-poohing, disparaging, and abusing it. Sometimes they have rejected its new readings only, as far as we can judge, because they were contained in it; and of this position "The Tempest" affords a proof, which proof you must allow me to produce before we part for the day.

Alton. To what part of the drama does it apply?

Collier. To a single line, or rather, indeed, to a single word, in the speech of Iris, introducing the Masque in Act IV:

And thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves."

Here the emendation in the Corr. Fo. 1632 is *brown* for "broom." Let me ask, whoever heard of "*broom* groves", when we know that the shrub, out of which birch-brooms are manufactured, never reaches the size of a tree that could afford shadow to a disconsolate bachelor, or any body else? Sir Thomas Hanmer knew that what must be meant here was the *brune felve* of the Italians, such as lent their shadow to Romeo in the opening of the tragedy. Hanmer therefore amended "broom groves" to "*brown* groves", the misprint being the easiest possible; and recollecting, perhaps, that *bruno* in "The Palace of Pleasure", with which Shakespeare was well acquainted, is invariably rendered by the adjective *brown*: there we accordingly read (vol. II, p. 184, edit. 1566) "Night with his *browne* mantell had covered the earth", and in various other places. This is in the very novel of Romeo and Juliet.

Newman. Your position, then, is, that those modern editors of Shakespeare who have rejected *brown* have done so because they were anxious to escape from the necessity of adopting an evident improvement of the text, that improvement being also contained in your Corr. Fo. 1632.

Collier. Just so; they would rather repeat a corruption, than be obliged to the old Corrector for an emendation. They must, besides, have entirely forgotten Milton's

"Where the unpierced shade

Imbrown'd the noon-tide bowers." (P. L., IV, 246.)

as well as the passage in George Wither's beautiful poem "The Shepherd's Hunting" (1615, Ecl. 2), where we meet with the line

"In brakes, in briars, shrubbed furze and broom."

It was this "shrubbed furze and *broom*" which, according,

not to Shakespeare, but to his commentators, was to afford "shadow" to the "dismissed bachelor." In general these gentlemen seem to have set about their work without the slightest poetic feeling—that feeling with which the mind of Shakespeare was so overflowingly imbued, that he could hardly put pen to paper without being unable to check the rush and current of it.

Alton. I quite agree with you; but we have done enough for the present.

Collier. When we meet again we will pursue the subject by remarks upon "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Newman. With all my heart; and in the meantime I will read that play again, and what has been said upon it.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Newman. Before we examine "The Two Gentlemen of Verona", let me ask you what you have to say to the charge of "dishonesty" (rather a hard word, but meaning, of course, literary dishonesty) Mr. Dyce brings against you in one of his later notes to "The Tempest"? (I, 257, edit. 1864.)

Collier. What do I say to it? Why, I say that it is most unfair and unfounded. Both there and elsewhere he complains of me in terms that I should never have dreamed of applying to him were he living, much less now he is dead. I appeal to any body whether the gift of his note is not the "discovery" of the hero and heroine in "The Tempest" playing at chess; and it was the same when he published his "Few Notes" (1853, p. 16). All I said was that these "discoveries" were not so uncommon as Mr.

Dyce seemed to suppose; and I referred him to the one in "Henry VIII": it was merely this charge of want of memory that roused his rather unmannerly ire.

Alton. Besides, what possible difference could it make whether the parties were *discovered* playing at chess or at cards? It was for the sake of the *discovery* that he made the quotation from "The Devil's Charter", 1607.

Newman. In too many of his notes upon the emendations in your Corr. Fo. 1632, Mr. Dyce loses his temper, and uses language little to be expected from a well educated and accomplished gentleman, whom you had known most intimately for thirty years.

Alton. And who never published a book, after you first became acquainted with him in 1828, without repeated acknowledgements of obligation to you.

Collier. Well, say no more about them: they were frankly admitted, and he was freely welcome. I should not have stated what I have done, had not Newman recalled my attention to the note in which the word "dishonesty" occurs. Mr. Dyce, like many others, could never forgive me the "discovery" of my Corr. Fo. 1632, which has supplied emendations enough to make the reputation of twenty drudging commentators like him and me.

Alton. Some irritated people have foolishly treated you, almost as if they suspected you to have been the very author of them.

Collier. I only wish they could have proved it, as far as my literary and critical character is concerned. A few have hinted, or more than hinted, that they were forgeries by somebody; but if they were actual forgeries, the assertors were bound to give the forger credit for knowing more about

Shakespeare and his plays, than the whole body of editors during about the last two centuries. Be the emendations genuine or spurious, they are *undoubted emendations*, such as were never before suggested, and must now be eternal. However, that is not our present object: I want now to establish, not so much the value of the emendations, as the manner in which editors, since the appearance of my volume of "Notes and Emendations" in 1853, have been indebted to them, with or without acknowledgement.

Newman. And that will, of course, go some way to establish their value. Since we last met I have read over the notes to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona", and it does not strike me that there is much to remark upon them.

Collier. There are several verbal alterations that are decided improvements of the old text; and Dyce and others admit it by inserting the words recommended in my Corr. Fo. 1632, and rejecting those invariably printed and reprinted until the production of it: thus *wild* is with great advantage converted into "wide" in the lines (A. II, sc. 7)—

"And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean."

Here Mr. Dyce alters "wild" to *wide* in accordance with the Corr. Fo. 1632, agreeing with me, as he fairly states, that the heroine is referring to the expanse of the sea, and not to its turbulence. How easily *wide* might be misprinted "wild", need not be enforced. Some changes of this description Mr. Dyce claims to have seen the necessity of "long before Mr. Collier gave the Corrector's alterations to the public", and I allow him full credit for them; but this assertion does not apply to another word in this play,

of even more importance, viz., *cave* for "crews", where the Third Outlaw tells Valentine (A. IV, fc. 2)

"Come, go with us ; we'll bring thee to our cave,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got."

Here Mr. Dyce says that he "feels confident that *cave* and not 'crews' is the right word"—though derived from the Corr. Fo. 1632.

Newman. I see that Singer also, in effect, adopts the change, though he somewhat absurdly puts *cave* in the plural. His concurrence is, however, not worth much.

Alton. Your use of the word "worth" reminds me of another point earlier in this play, where Valentine is made to say of Don Antonio (A. II, fc. 4),

"I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation."

Here the old Corrector very properly erases "worth", and places *wealth* in the margin, because to state that a man is "of worth and worthy estimation" is tautological, especially coupled with the next line,

"And not without desert so well reputed."

Since, therefore, it is clear that Valentine referred both to the *wealth* and "worth" of Antonio, even Walker in his "Critical Examination" (in whose judgment Dyce usually so much confides) entirely approves of the line as it stands in the Corr. Fo. 1632, viz.—

"To be of *wealth* and worthy estimation."

Newman. Dyce, nevertheless, is of a different opinion, and backs his opinion by some half-dozen quotations; in several of which the old printers seem to have fallen into

the same error of composing "worth" for *wealth*, for which it might, on every account, be easily mistaken. Thus while Dyce does not accept the change, Walker heartily welcomes it; and we may feel confident that "worth", in this place of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona", will never again make its appearance.

Collier. Dyce declares himself in favour of all the old Corrector's changes in the names of persons and places, which it is not necessary to particularise; and after quoting the new line, offered on the same authority, pronounces the passage requiring it "very suspicious." In fact, the new line is absolutely necessary, as you will see in an instant when I read the opening of Eglamour's speech:

"Madam, I pity much your grievances,
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you." (A. IV, sc. 3.)

How could Silvia's "grievances" be "virtuously placed"? It was her *affections* that were so placed, and therefore the old Corrector of the Fo. 1632 asserts that a line has been omitted by the old printer, which is absolutely necessary to the sense: read the passage as he amends it, and all is obviously right:

"Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most true affections that you bear;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you."

Alton. Surely nothing can be clearer than the necessity for the line: it has not only the evidence of the Corr. Fo. 1632 in its favour, but the undoubted meaning of the poet.

Newman. I have, as I said, gone over all the emendations of a smaller kind, and I find that there are about a

dozen places in this single drama in which Dyce has been compelled to admit the good service rendered by your Corr. Fo. 1632. His edition of Shakespeare's Works in 1864 (exactly two centuries after the appearance of the third Folio) has many claims to respectful attention; and he might have made it a good deal better, but for unwillingness to acknowledge his obligations. He has omitted several improvements, as far as I can see, only because they were contained in your volume of "Notes and Emendations", founded upon the Corr. Fo. 1632: for instance, when the Duke in his last speech, addressing Valentine, asks him,

"What mean you by that saying?"

The line is obviously defective, while the others in that neighbourhood, with one exception, are regular; and the old Corrector adds only the name of the person spoken to, in order to complete the measure—

"What mean you by that saying, *Valentine*?"

Does not the insertion speak for itself? May we not be confident, even without the proof afforded by the Corr. Fo. 1632, that the name was inserted by Shakespeare, though possibly, for the sake of speed, or from mere carelessness, it was omitted by the old compositor? What objection can there be to such a harmless and harmonious addition?

Alton. Only that it is not in the old copies, and not absolutely necessary to the sense. The other defective line occurs just above, and there, I see, the old Corrector instructs us to insert the word "stripling,"

"What think you of this *stripling* page, my lord?"

Here the word "stripling", we must allow, is peculiarly applicable to a girl in boy's clothes.

Collier. True; but still Mr. Dyce held it to be inadmissible; having, at the same time, an obvious hankering after Walker's unmeaning, if not derogatory, epithet *worthy* before "lord"; for Dyce says "possibly—my *worthy* lord": he is, however, strongly and strangely opposed to *stripling* before "page" (though no fitter word could have been chosen), only because, as it seems, it was suggested by a MS. note in my Corr. fo. 1632. How willingly would he have introduced "stripling", if it had been proposed by Walker; and with what scorn would he have rejected *worthy*, if it had proceeded from the old Corrector! I must own that I should have been very likely to act in the same spirit, if a rival editor had discovered my Corrected Folio 1632; I might have resorted to any plausible expedient to avoid the necessity of referring to it. It is a weakness inherent in human nature.

Alton. I do not think that sufficient allowance is ever made for the extreme haste with which old plays were printed in the time of Shakespeare; not only words, but lines, were left out, sometimes for the sake of expedition, but oftener for want of care. The two lines under consideration are, perhaps, proofs both of the one and the other; they read very badly and baldly to my ear without the word "Valentine" in one case, and "stripling" in the other.

Newman. So badly and baldly, and the remedy so easy and natural, that I am convinced the lines never came so defectively from the pen of the poet: his very habit of writing verse would have prevented it.

Collier. I agree with you. But before we close "The Two Gentlemen of Verona", I want to say one word about Dyce's note (i, 138), where he quotes a passage from Lamb's

"Tales from Shakespeare", and charges me with citing it without acknowledging that I owed it to him. First of all, the book was in my hands, and the passage read and marked in a copy given to me by the dear authors, years before I became acquainted with Mr. Dyce; and, secondly, Lamb's notion was discussed by Dyce, Mitford, and Harnefs in my presence, very soon after 1840, several years before I had undertaken to prepare my edition of Shakespeare of 1844. Besides, do I not expressly notice Mr. Dyce and the "plausibility" of his opinion regarding the line

"All that was mine in Silvia I give thee"

in the very note in which he complains that I omitted all mention of him? my words are, "There is at least some plausibility (*as the Rev. Mr. Dyce urges in his 'Remarks', p. 13*) in thus getting over the admitted difficulty."

Alton. Supposing you had said nothing at all about Dyce and his "Remarks", the value of the quotation was not so great, as to make it worth while for a man to claim the first notice of it from a book so common, that it had gone through five editions prior to 1831.

Collier. Here is the very copy of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" that I used and marked long since.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Collier. Comparative trifles in the Corr. Fo. 1632 tend to establish important points: one of them occurs near the opening of "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; it relates to the entrance of Page in the middle of Scene I, and it proves

(together with other matters of the same sort occurring in other plays, which we shall advert to as we come to them) that the old Corrector, whoever he might be, was a close observer and annotator of what is termed *stage-business*, and that not a few of his notes were the result of this care.

Alton. A curious and valuable point, unquestionably: how do you establish it here?

Collier. Thus: The ordinary mode of marking the entrance of Page has been this—

“*Enter PAGE.*

PAGE. Who’s there?”, etc. (Var. Sh., VIII, p. 15.)

Now, Shallow, Slender, and Evans, had been talking together for some minutes before Page joins them, coming in from his own house; and the old Corrector, by his note here, shews that before Page comes to them he looks out of a window of his supposed house, having heard the voices of his friends, and while looking out of his window up-stairs, inquires “Who’s there?” After this interrogatory, Evans makes a speech of three lines before Page arrives on the scene with, “I am glad to see your worship well.”

Newman. This mode of conducting it certainly gives life and verisimilitude to the scene; and it deserves to have been printed as the precise way in which the *business* was conducted in the time of the author of the comedy, or not long afterwards.

Collier. Mr. Dyce saw at once that Page’s enquiry, “Who’s there?”, ought to come before he entered upon the stage into the presence of his three friends, and therefore in his edit. of 1857 Dyce puts it thus, before Evans’ three-line speech—

“*Page [within].* Who’s there?”

But in 1864, after he had seen how I gave the text in my edit. of 1858, and my note upon it, he altered his parenthesis thus—

“Page [*appearing above*]. Who’s there?”

Dyce could not bring himself to follow, as I had done, my Corr. Fo. 1632,

“Page. Who’s there? [*Above at the window*].”

but merely noted that Page “appeared above”, by which much of the reality of the scene was lessened, while, at the same time and without any acknowledgement, he was compelled to be indebted for the change to the old Corrector of 1632. I admit at once that the whole is a mere trifle, and I should not have remarked upon it at all, if the words *Above at the window* had not materially illustrated the way in which, as regards rude scenery, the comedy was of old put upon the stage. We shall have, as I said, other opportunities of noticing similar points.

Newman. There are, I find, about eight or nine places in “The Merry Wives” where Mr. Dyce adopts the emendations literally forced upon him by the old Corrector—some verbal, and others merely literal; though still making changes of value, as regards the integrity, as it is called, of Shakespeare’s text. There is one that provokes a smile, where Dyce is very emphatic on a change he himself made of “one”, as it stands in the old editions, to *me*, observing that he had originally inserted it in his volume of “Remarks” published in 1854; but forgetting to add that it had appeared, not far from two hundred years earlier, in my Corr. Fo. 1632.

Alton. It deserves a passing observation, that modern

editors—Mr. Grant White, the very acute American; Mr. Singer, the Englishman who puts an ambiguous parenthesis instead of an honest note of obligation; and Mr. Dyce, who fairly avows the source of his change of text—insert the words “see them” from your Corr. Fo. 1632, so as to make the meaning of the poet quite intelligible, and the sentence grammatical. In 1857, Dyce rejected “see them”, but upon better advice he inserted the words in 1864, so just, though inconsistent, was he.

Collier. The insertion of “see them” only serves to shew what cannot now be doubted—how much modern editors have benefited by the production of my Corr. Fo. 1632. We may, I think, pass over the other verbal and literal emendations made by them on the same authority in the comedy before us.

Newman. Yet you might be forely tempted to retaliate upon Mr. Dyce his charge that you had “reduced passages to utter nonsense”, with other very forcible expressions, were it not that you are restrained by the consideration of the sad circumstances of his death, and your old terms of intimate friendship.

Collier. Dyce was a cold, slow man, but I own that he had much to rouse his ire; and I can freely forgive him all the disparaging terms he applied to me after the production of my Corr. Fo. 1632. I need not say that his classical attainments were superior to mine. I never had a friend whom I more valued, and whom I more deeply regretted: I sent to him, by a common friend, in his last illness, but too late; for, as I was told, he was then so ill that the proposal could not be made intelligible.

Alton. To return to “The Merry Wives of Windsor”, let

me ask, if you ever found from whence the couplet repeated by Ford in Act II, sc. 2, is taken?

Collier. I never found it in those terms, and I am pretty sure they are corrupted, and that the first line ought to end with the word "wooes": Shakespeare would hardly have made "pursues" the rhyme in both lines: possibly it ought to have run thus—

"Love like a shadow flies, when love the substance *wooes*;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying that pursues?"

We meet with the same thought in several other places in English, though never yet pointed out that I am aware; thus to take the oldest, from the "Romaunt of the Rose"—

"If thou flye it, it shall flye thee :
Follow it, and followen shall it thee."

Alton. Where, by the way, the rhyme is the same word in the couplet.

Collier. Not so among Turberville's "Songs and Sonnets" printed in 1567 :

"The wonted saw is true :
Shun love and love will flee ;
But follow love, and spite thy nose,
Then love will follow thee."

Turberville treats it as a proverb or common "faw", and such, no doubt, it was. Whitney, in his "Emblems", 1586, hints at it :

"Our shadow flies, if we the same pursue";
and Marston, in his play "The Parasitaster", 1606, has this couplet—

"So may we learne that nicer love's a shade,
It follows fled, pursued flies as afraid."

Newman. Before we finish with this comedy, I want to see what Dyce and other editors have done, since you pub-

lished your volume of "Notes and Emendations" in 1853, with the line in Fenton's last speech—

"Of disobedience, or unduteous guile."

Here "guile" for *title* I hold to be an incontrovertible emendation.

Alton. Most assuredly; for *title*, in that place, is mere nonsense, though it has been allowed to disfigure the text by Rowe, Theobald, Pope, Warburton, Hanmer, Capell, Malone, Johnson, Steevens, etc., down to our own day.

Collier. I, too, allowed it to pass in my first edition of 1843, for I did not obtain my Corr. Fo. 1632 until afterwards, where the line stands, and must for ever hereafter stand,

"Of disobedience, or unduteous *guile*."

which, in fact, makes sense out of nonsense.

Newman. Then Dyce, of course, adopts it.

Collier. He does in fact; but, inasmuch as he could not prevail upon himself fairly to say "the old Corrector erases *title* and inserts 'guile' instead of it", he prints *wile*—the very same word as "guile", only differently spelt. Thus he escaped, as he imagined, from the repeated annoyance of being indebted to the Corr. Fo. 1632. "Wile" and "guile" being, however, undoubtedly the same word, we may say that here, as in so many other places, he adopts the great improvement, simply observing in his note, "Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector reads "guile." As Montaigne says, in Florio's translation of 1603, p. 619,

"These are but *verbal wiles* to beguile us".

"Measure for Measure" comes next in the series, and will form the next subject of our conversation.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Alton. This play is one of Shakespeare's great works, but to me it is unsatisfactory: the plot is painful, and some of the characters disagreeable. There is no finer writing in the world than a few of the scenes; but independently of other defects of story, one does not like to see the Duke prying and prowling about in disguise.

Collier. That does not belong to the original novel in Italian, French, or English, though necessary to our great poet's design. The offence of Claudio, the condition of Juliet, with the revolting offers by Angelo to Isabella, all contribute to the unpleasant effect of the play. In my youth, as well as manhood, I saw it admirably acted by John Kemble, Charles Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, but there were always drawbacks to my enjoyment. However, do not let us waste time in criticism: our business is mainly with the poet's language, and the correctness or incorrectness with which it has come down to us.

Newman. Some points of the stage-business, as it is called, must also be noticed, and one of them occurs in the very outset.

Collier. You properly pass over the obvious corruption regarding the "sufficiency" and "worth" of Escalus in sc. 1, which even the Corrected Folio 1632 cannot satisfactorily set right.

Newman. I do, and for that reason; I do not like any of the proposed emendations, leaving out some words and arbitrarily substituting others.

Alton. I am very much of your mind; and as the words

in the old copies clearly enough convey the poet's meaning, I would let them rest unaltered.

Collier. Perhaps you are right; but here another difficulty arises out of the business of the scene, and as regards the stage directions. There is not one in any of the folios; and even when an attendant must go out to "call hither Angelo", his *exit* is not marked: that, too, is all that Malone and Steevens give; so that, excepting from the dialogue, we know nothing about the delivery by the Duke of his Commissions to Escalus and Angelo. A needless difficulty has thereon arisen, as we see by the notes of Johnson, Steevens, and Tyrwhit, whether at the words, "Hold, therefore, Angelo", the Duke tendered the actual Commission to Angelo, or whether the words only mean "Continue to be what you are". Now, this and other doubts are settled at once by the Corr. Fo. 1632, where for the first time these stage-directions are inserted, *Giving it*, and *Tendering his Commission*.

Alton. They end the dispute.

Collier. They do so; but surely when Mr. Dyce, for the first time, inserted words that settle so decisively a disputed point of stage-business, he was bound in fairness to admit his debt to my much belied Folio 1632.

Newman. Does he not?

Collier. No; but I believe he stands alone in that matter. It is not a point worth making a fuss about, but it would have been the easiest thing in the world just to have stated the origin of an obvious improvement, for the first time introduced since the original publication of the play exactly two hundred and fifty years ago.

Alton. After all it is a trifle compared with even the

smallest correction of Shakespeare's text. When, for instance, we find the Bawd saying, in the next scene, "his head *is* to be chopped off", instead of "his head to be chopped off", an addition which Mr. Dyce adopts, I hold it to be of much more real value than any stage direction.

Collier. Very true: nothing can be a trifle that, in however small a degree, illustrates the poet's meaning: thus when Isabella exclaims in the 4th scene of this act, "Sir, make me not your *scorn*", when it is "*storie*" in all the folios, we ought to welcome heartily the emendation by the old Corrector, though it only confirms the change made by Davenant in his alteration of this drama in 1673.

Newman. I see that Dyce strongly censures the old Corrector for amending, in Act II, sc. 2, "*top* of judgment" to "God of judgment"; but he neglects to mention that, in your edition, you do not follow the old Corrector in this particular, having altered the opinion you had hastily expressed in favour of the change, when you published your volume of "Notes and Emendations" in 1853.

Collier. Dyce was by no means bound to notice the fact, and I do not complain of the omission. As I say in my note on the passage (i, 290) it is not unlikely the Corrector only recorded a change of the word injudiciously made by the performer whom he saw in the part. There is another word in Act II, sc. 3, which Davenant altered judiciously, as is shewn by the old Corrector, viz., *flawes* to "flames" in the line,

"And falling in the flames of her own youth."

Here the error arose from the compositor of the Fo. 1623 committing the frequent blunder of mistaking *m* for *w*; and

we have a singular instance of the double error in a passage in the old and very unequal translation of Boccacio's *Decameron*, published in 1620, twelve years earlier than our Corrected Folio, where we read, "all the roome beside streamed with flames of juniper": this is sheer nonsense; and we must read "all the roome beside *strewed* with *flowers* of juniper."

Alton. An odd blunder, for how could a room stream with "flames"? What are the words of the original?

Collier. These, and they at once detect the absurdity: *et ogni cosa di fiori di ginestre coperta*. This double blunder is corrected in later copies of the edition of 1620, as well as in the reimpression of 1625: there *streamed* is made "strewed", and *flames*, "flowers". It is in "the Induction" fo. 9, the earliest date, by the way, at which the whole *Decameron* appeared in English.

Newman. Separate novels had come out at various dates and in different forms; and our old dramatists had made use of them.

Collier. Certainly. Mr. Dyce is at times very inconsistent in his use of my Corr. Fo. 1632; for in Act IV, sc. 3, he willingly adds "to you" on that sole authority, in preference to Pope's emendation; and in Act V, sc. 1, he prints—

"We'll touse *you*

Joint by joint, but we will know *your* purpose."

contrary to all other authorities, and in opposition to his own previous convictions. All this shews the value he really set on the old Corrector's changes, however he may sometimes disparage them. I willingly give him full credit for what he claims so much at length (i, 544) as to the word "gloze", in the absence of evidence upon the point.

Newman. In reference to the value of the general body of the emendations in your Corr. Fo. 1632, you have, I think, omitted one striking proof in their favour, viz., that Mr. Grant White, the able American editor, is decidedly in favour of a rather bold change of text which you advocated in your volume of "Notes and Emendations" in 1853, but, which, as it seems to me, you had not quite courage enough to insert in the text of your edition of 1858.

Collier. What do you refer to, and where does it occur?

Newman. In Act IV, sc. 3, where the Duke, in allusion to Barnardine, exclaims,

"Unfit to live or die : O gravel heart"!

Here your old Corrector instructs us to read, "O grovelling beast", instead of "O gravel heart"!

Collier. You are right. I was unwilling to run the risk of placing it in the text of my edition, and I did not think that "heart" could easily have been misread *beast* by the old compositor, because *beast* would have been written with a long *f* in the original MS., and it could hardly have been mistaken for *r*; besides, the last syllable of *grovelling* is wholly unrepresented in the supposed correction. Therefore, in spite of Mr. Grant White's example, if I had to print "Measure for Measure" again, I should still be disposed to adhere to the text of the Folio 1623, where, as I say in my note (i, 330), "gravel heart" may be readily understood as *heart of stone*.

Alton. In my opinion that would be the safer and the better course: the safer course in all instances of the kind is, in my view, as regards the text of a poet like Shakespeare, (though there never was, and never will be his like) the better course.

Newman. What Mr. Grant White has done, here and elsewhere, proves the high authority he attributes to the emendations and suggestions of the old Corrector of 1632. So much for to-day.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Collier. I do not think that the emendations, proposed or accepted, in this drama compounded of grave comedy and broad farce, need detain us long.

Alton. It was evidently by at least two authors: the difference of style is very obvious. The notion is, I dare say, a sound one, that Shakespeare, on an occasion when his theatre was greatly in want of some new performance, took up the old play called, as early as 1576, and again in 1582, the "History of Error", in order to see what could be done with it, re-wrote or adapted the whole of the graver scenes, such particularly as we find at the beginning and end of the performance, and worked in as much of the ancient humorous portion as was available.

Newman. We may, I think, take that for granted; and, as I apprehend, there is no part of the whole, whether serious or comic, in which the hand and skill of our great dramatist are not more or less traceable. That, however, is a matter rather outside the limits of our present enquiry—how much or how little editors, since 1853, have been indebted to your volume of "Notes and Emendations" derived from the Corr. Fo. 1632?

Alton. Near the opening of the second scene there is inserted a singular stage direction well worth noting, because it shows the very action of the old comedian who

had the part of Dromio of Syracuse on going out after Antipholus of Syracuse has entrusted him with his purse: it is *Exit, shaking money-bag*.

Collier. This might very well have been supposed, and I doubt if any comic performer quitting the stage at this juncture would omit to do so. We come to verbal changes (apparently trifling, but really of some moment) in the first scene of the next act, where Dyce and others have implicitly followed the old Corrector, by changing three nouns from the singular to plural, without any hint that in doing so they were offering the text as amended in the Corr. Fo. 1632.

“Men more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas”, etc.

“Men”, “masters”, and “lords”, have invariably been printed *man*, *master*, and *lord*, until it was shewn by the old Corrector that it was wrong.

Newman. The conclusion of the passage proves the change to be necessary: it establishes also the minute pains taken by the old Corrector, and the improvement and its source ought in fairness to have been avowed.

Alton. It seems, as you say, a small matter, but it is very important, inasmuch as it makes the whole speech consistent with itself.

Collier. We may, I think, pass over some minor changes of which Mr. Dyce and others have availed themselves, such as “unstain’d” for *distain’d*, “offer’d” for *freed*, “where” for *when*, “merry” for *merrily*, “death” for *depth*, “they” for *there*, etc. To such emendations anybody might be welcome without observation. As to “death”, which in all

the folios has been misprinted *depth* in the following line of Act v, sc. 1,

"The place of depth and sorry execution",

the very opposite blunder is committed in a book I have before quoted, the English *Decameron* of 1620; and it is farther remarkable, because it was printed by the same typographer as the folio Shakespeare of three years later date, Isaac Jaggard: there *depth* is misprinted "death".

Newman. That is singular; and the error may serve to show that printers of that day sometimes composed by the ear, as if manuscript had been read to them. What is the passage to which you refer?

Collier. It occurs on Fo. 376, line 13, where we read as follows: "Wee shall never behold (in mine opinion) a great act of Fortune, then to see a man so suddainly exalted, even from the lowest death of poverty to a Royall estate of dignity." Here, of course, we ought to read "lowest depth of poverty", and there is a previous error of "great" for *greater*—"a greater act of Fortune."

Alton. Some, I remember, have argued that in Shakespeare's line *depth* is the word of the poet, but "death" must be right; though I am not by any means sure that in the line you read, *sorry* ought to be "solemn", as you gave it in 1858, though not in 1844. Dyce amends *depth* to "death", with the old Corrector, but adheres to "sorry."

Collier. My opinion is that the old compositor misheard *depth* for "death", and the more familiar word *sorry* for "solemn": *sorry* is a very sorry epithet to "execution".

Newman. Looking at the conclusion of the drama, it seems singular that the old Corrector did not detect the

evident blunder of *thirty-three* instead of twenty-five years that the Abbess says she had "gone in travail", and not until then delivered of her "heavy burdens". How natural this expression of her joy was we may see by reference to a modern book, the Travels of Dr. Wolff to Bokhara: after an absence of eighteen years, he met his mother at Düsseldorf, and in her delight at his unhopèd for return, she exclaimed to him, "This day I have borne thee again".

Collier. The conclusion of "the Comedy of Errors" is rather clumsily managed, and the whole structure and wording seem to indicate the haste with which the comedy had been got up and brought out. The original English author took his plot from the *Menæchmi*; and we need not hesitate in deciding that it was first acted in public at the Curtain Theatre; for Guilpin, the satirist, who published his "Skialetheia" in 1598, tells us (and it is a point not hitherto noticed) that he had seen it acted there: he does not give it the particular title, but he says that it was "one of Plautus' comedies". It most likely formed the rough material upon which Shakespeare afterwards worked; but we are without direct evidence that he had any interest in the Curtain Theatre, though his great tragedian, Burbadge, certainly had.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Collier. There are two emendations in a single speech of this drama which seem to me to prove, beyond contradiction, that the old Corrector had some very good authority for many or most of the notes he made in the margin of

his Folio 1632 : Mr. Dyce very properly adopts them both, and as properly acknowledges the source from which they were obtained. The passage occurs in Act IV, sc. 1, at the end of the Friar's remonstrance against the hasty conclusion of guilt on the swooning of Hero :

"Trust not my age,
My reverend calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some blighting error."

This is as it should be ; but from the year 1600 to our own day, through all editions (quarto, folio, and octavo) the text has been thus corruptly given :

"Trust not my age,
My *reverence* calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some *biting* error."

The improvement is as certain as it is obvious.

Newman. One would say so, and I only adduce the fact to shew how doctors differ ; for Singer appends this absurd note to the old text, as he gives it : "Mr. Collier's Corrector substitutes *reverend*, and *bliting* for "biting" in the last line of this speech, but without necessity."

Alton. Dyce says that the two emendations are necessary and, indeed, inevitable, or he would never have adopted them ; and the weight of Singer's evidence to the contrary in 1856, cannot for a moment counterpoise Dyce's confirmed judgment, after his rival's decision (so to dignify Singer) had been before his eyes for eight years. Singer's ancient mode of spelling *bliting* of itself shews how that corruption originated.

Newman. I almost wonder that Dyce could reconcile

himself to the changes against such an authority as Singer! especially after he had himself denounced "foul-tainted" (instead of *foul-tainted* of the old editions) just above, at the close of Leonato's speech, as "an attempt to improve the language of Shakespeare."

Alton. Steevens naturally calls the compound *foul-tainted*, "a metaphor from the kitchen"; and so it undoubtedly is, but he could suggest no alteration: Hero was foul-tainted by her imputed guilt, not *flesh*-tainted, like a piece of meat—fly-blown.

Collier. It must have cost Mr. Dyce a severe struggle to resist "foul-tainted" at the top of the page, and to insert "reverend" and "blighting" at the bottom of it, both changes derived from the old Corrector; but he, like other editors, brought neither logic nor poetry to his aid, or he must have seen that *tainted to the very soul* was the idea in the poet's mind; and that if the old Corrector were, beyond contradiction, right as to "reverend" and "blighting", it was most improbable that he was not right when he substituted "foul-tainted" for the offensive figure "foul-tainted". All that the printer did was to confound *f* with the long *f* in the word *soul*. No error was more frequent or easier.

Newman. All this occurs in Act IV; but earlier in the drama there are several noticeable emendations, such as "ground" for *grant*, which can hardly be doubted; "till of late" for *of late*; and "sink apace" for *finck*, which afforded Shakespeare an irresistible opportunity for a play upon the word. The substitution of the name of Borachio for that of Claudio, Dyce, in his edition of 1857, resisted strongly; but in his edition of 1864, after seeing the change by the old Corrector, he mildly observes, "I am now less confident as to the correctness of the reading of the old copies." I give

him credit for wishing to be right; but he had not the moral courage to be so.

Collier. In almost innumerable instances he shews how willingly he would have followed the old Corrector had he dared: such is decidedly the case when, adhering nevertheless to a corruption, he adds the emendation in a note, attributing it to "Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector": this remark applies sometimes to two or three places on a page. I have, however, a new note upon a disputed passage, which settles the question as to burying Beatrice with her face or her heels upward (Dyce, edit. 1864, p. 152). In a drama just printed from a MS. in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, and attributed, with proper hesitation, to Sir Thomas Brown, called "The Female Rebellion", one of the characters says "They politically starve themselves to save charges, and deserve to be buried *with their faces downward*, for their life is but a lingering self-murder". Don Pedro is therefore to be understood literally, when he says that if Beatrice die for love of Benedick she ought to "be buried with her face upwards", and not like suicides.

Alton. Reverting to Dyce's want of courage to insert beneficial changes made in the Corr. Fo. 1632, I may remark that in one instance here you yourself are guilty of similar cowardice. Dyce even adopts a change which you refuse to make.

Collier. I know there are instances of the sort in some of the "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies"; but where is it in this drama?

Alton. Close at hand; in Act IV, sc. 1, where Leonato exclaims—

"But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind."

Here Dyce, in deference (if I may so say) to the old Corrector, substitutes *cause* for "kind", to which last word you adhere.

Collier. And, I own, unwisely: if I had to go over the ground again I would certainly prefer "awak'd in such a *cause*". I stated the objection to "kind" in my note, and yet I followed the worse, knowing the better. I admit myself to be very justly reprov'd. You must not, however, use me so hardly as Mr. Dyce does in the same scene, where he again shows what I have before called unmannerly ire, merely because I accused him of supporting his absurd reading of "fashion-monging boys" (instead of "fashion mongering boys") by his single quotation from Wilson's "Cobbler's Prophecy", 1594. Did he do more? Certainly not; and there is, in fact, no other instance of the use of "fashion-monging". True, it stands so in the folios, as well as many other corruptions which are set right by the old Corrector; and after Mr. Dyce had been guilty of the folly, I must call it, of justifying it in his "Few Notes", 1843, by reference *solely to Wilson's comedy*, he is positively infuriated with me for "making him ridiculous" by the bare statement of that fact. In truth he saw the blunder he had made in adducing the word from Wilson, and ought to have been angry with himself, not with me.

Alton. In Act IV, sc. 2, Benedict sings the snatch of a ballad; and it may be just worth observing, though it has not been noticed, that a small portion of the same song, or a sort of parody on it, is found in T. Heywood's excellent comedy of "The Fair Maid of the Exchange", 1607: it is given to Frank,

"The gods of love that sit above", etc.

Newman. It is in scene 4 of the same act that the much contested emendation of *belied*, instead of "defiled", occurs.

Collier. Which, in my opinion, is both the best and the most important change made by the old Corrector in the whole of "Much ado", etc.

Alton. That is saying a great deal after the specimens we have had.

Collier. It is when Hero has unmasked, and astonished the rest of the characters on the stage: Claudio exclaims, "Another Hero!" and she replies:

"Nothing certainer.

One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid."

This, as you will observe, is the reading of the quarto 1600, and of the folios 1632, 1664, and 1685; but, strange to say, the word "defil'd" is wanting in the earliest folio of 1623, as well as in Rowe's edition of 1709. Why, then, was it omitted? Because the player-editors knew that it was absurd to make the innocent Hero proclaim her own guilt by saying,

"One Hero died *defil'd*; but I do live."

Rowe cast out "defil'd" for the same reason; but it found its way into the Folio 1632, because it was seen that the line wanted two syllables, and the old printer called to mind no other word that would complete the measure. Thus the corruption has come down to our own time, until it was seen that the Corrector of the Fo. 1632 had erased "defil'd", and most fitly substituted *belied*:

"One Hero died *belied*; but I do live."

Hero knew her own purity, and, in the first lines she uttered

after recovering, most naturally asserted that she had been slandered, *i.e.*, *belied*.

Alton. Dyce and Mr. Grant White struggle hard for "defil'd"; but how can they argue that Hero "would not think it necessary to vindicate herself to Claudio"? besides, he was not the only person to be satisfied of her innocence; and even, as regards him, Benedick rejoices immediately afterwards, that he was not compelled "to call Claudio to a reckoning" for what, in the belief of Hero's guilt, Claudio had said and done.

Newman. It is sometimes difficult, as in this instance, to make out why editors of Shakespeare should so sedulously and resolutely oppose the most obvious and unquestionable emendations of his text:

"Words are twisted, and twined,
Rack'd, and refined"

to any other sense, than the plain sense in which they were meant to be understood.

Collier. Does not Beatrice herself use the very word, when, in an earlier scene, she exclaims,

"O, on my soul, my cousin is belied."

We need say no more regarding the admirable emendations in this play. "Love's Labour's Lost" will next claim our attention.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Collier. Few emendations in the Corr. Fo. 1632 can be more apparently trifling, but really more important, than one which occurs in the last scene of this comedy; and I

take it first on account of the fuss that has been made about it, not only by modern editors, but by all sorts of persons who considered themselves qualified to give an opinion.

Alton. I think I know what you mean.

Collier. Very likely: the line, as printed and reprinted from 1598 to 1856, has run thus:

"I understand you not: my griefs are *double*."

The Princess having just received the sad news of the death of her father of France, so replies to the King of Navarre, who wishes her not to "wail friends lost", and hence her reply: her griefs were not "double" since she had previously been suffering none; but pains were taken by Malone and his followers to establish that the old copies, viz., the quarto of 1598 and all the folios, were right in printing "double". Capell was the first who doubted it, and he preferred *deaf*—the Princess was *deaf* to all exhortations to cheerfulness: this was certainly what Shakespeare meant, but not what he wrote. The old Corrector gives us not only what the poet meant, but what came from his pen, viz.,

"I understand you not: my griefs are *dull*."

Her griefs had dulled, or deadened her faculties: she understood not what was said to her.

Newman. One would think that the mere statement of the true word would have procured its instant acceptance.

Collier. On the contrary, "double" was allowed to be wrong, but *dull* was from the Corr. Fo. 1632, and immediately Capell's notion as to *deaf* was revived. I must, however, do my late friend Dyce the credit of saying that both in his turned-out edition of 1857, and in his second edition

of 1864, he admits at once that "*dull* is, beyond all doubt, the true word".

Newman. This, too, in spite of his utter dislike of your old Corrector.

Alton. What strikes me, and what must strike everybody as extraordinary, is that, seeing in a case like the present that the old Corrector gives the undoubted language of the poet, Dyce can so seldom bring his mind to put faith in other decided emendations, sometimes of greater importance. For instance, when the King, at the moment the Princess is going away, observes, according to all early copies,

"The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed."

This is sheer nonsense; but only make, with the old Corrector, two small changes in the first line, and all is clear and intelligible:

"The extreme parting time expressly forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed."

That is to say, at the instant of departure all things expressly give way to the purpose of speed. What can be clearer?

Collier. And how easily are the two errors of the press explained! The old compositor misread *parting time* "parts of time"; and having just composed "extreme", and come to another word of about the same length, beginning also with *ex*, he fancied it was the same word, and so printed it.

Alton. What I say is, that one careless blunder such as "double" for *dull* having been just set right, it is most singular that Dyce did not consider it at least some reason for supposing that another blunder had been introduced,

by the same carelessness of the same compositor, at the distance of only a few lines. The second error was even of more importance than the first.

Collier. By parity of reasoning, one would say so, and it is, no doubt, often applicable, but we must take care we are not misled by it; for though the old Corrector is often right because he heard the passage properly recited, or saw it written, or even printed, it is also pretty certain that he now and then guessed at an emendation, and guessed wrongly, or he might be otherwise mistaken.

Alton. Still, making all due allowance, if you see that nine times he must be right, although in the tenth instance it may be questionable, the strong presumption is that he is right in the whole ten emendations.

Collier. As you say, but I do not go quite so far as that; for I think that the cases where he is certainly wrong must be taken into the account. The comedy in hand affords, I think, a proof of this. Biron, speaking of his lady, calls her "a whitely wanton", which, in the Corr. Fo. 1632, is altered to "a witty wanton", which I now believe to be wrong, although I printed *witty* in 1858. I was too easily misguided by my faith in the supposed emendation: "whitely" was a word then in use.

Newman. It is fair on your part to say so, but I confess I thought "witty" right, as I did not see how Rosalind could deserve the unusual epithet "whitely".

Collier. "Whitely" was a not uncommon word; and, although printed *whitly* in the old copies, it is more probably a misprint for "whitely" than for *witty*. I therefore am disposed to think that the alteration was arbitrary in the Corr. Fo. 1632. The case is very different as regards the

change of *gentility*, of the old copies, to "garrulity": the fitness of that is self-evident from the context. Dyce adopts it, shewing that Mr. Singer had a MS. with the same proposal. Now, as to Mr. Singer's MS., let me say once for all, that he never pretended to have a corrected folio, until he heard of mine; and in his the alterations were all modern, and in a modern handwriting: he, however, made use of it, as if the emendations there found were like those in my Corrected Folio, two hundred years old. Still, supposing his MS. genuine, it would be odd to find "garrulity" in it (as he said he did) unless it really were the true text: but in spite of my MS. and of his own, he was obstinate enough to prefer *gentility*, which Dyce and others properly explode.

Newman. At all events, Dyce altered the old text to

"A dangerous law against *garrulity*",

on the strength of the MS. correction in your old second folio of 1632. How angry he was with you, near the close of Act II of this comedy, for laughing at him for his own blunder in his edition of *Peele* in 1829, i, 125, where he asserts that the expression "he is disposed" only meant "inclined to be merry". Refer to the page, and you will read, "Dispos'd, i.e., *inclined to be merry*: a sense in which the word is often used by old writers." Dyce works himself into a foam at your reference to this very note, and charges you with "grossly misrepresenting him". Does he, or does he not, say in his *Peele* that "dispos'd" was often used by old writers "for inclined to be merry"?

Collier. The point is not worth discussing now, at all events; and there is no doubt that Dyce had learned better

when he wrote his angry note on "Love's Labour's Lost". He could not endure to be laughed at: he did not understand a joke, and, like many others, became petulant when he ought to have been patient. Defoe says somewhere that Scotsmen never understand even irony; and Scott in his *Nigel* admits that they hate raillery. Dyce had little relish for humour, and Dogberry and the Grave-digger were avowedly dull to him.

Alton. In one place Dyce again goes beyond even you in emendation. Near the end of Act IV occurs this line in Biron's set speech in favour of women:

"And plant in tyrants mild humility."

Such is the old text in all copies of the play, and so you repeat it; but Dyce, finding in your Corr. Fo. 1632 (and nowhere else) "humanity" substituted for *humility*, as it were, jumps at the emendation, and inserts it at once in his text on that authority.

Collier. An unwonted and, I may say, an unwanted compliment; for I, thinking that *humility* might be right in opposition to the tyrant's power and authority, could not persuade myself to remove it. Dyce was bolder, and actually cites my old Corrector for the innovation. Walker only followed me in his publication.

Newman. So much for Dyce's assumed contempt, in so many places, for the suggestions in the Corr. Fo. 1632. If he could thus rely upon it, where you disregarded it, what would he not have said in favour of hundreds of changes of text condemned by him, if the book had been his, instead of yours. There is another instance of the very same kind, in Act v, sc. 2, where Dyce actually prefers an emen-

dation in the Corr. Fo. 1632, which no editor but Theobald, not even yourself, had adopted :

“A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue”,
instead of

“A heavy heart bears but a humble tongue”,
which you preferred. Dyce is here the sole patron and supporter of the old Corrector.

Collier. Yet how easily Mr. Dyce abandons him again may be seen in his resistance to “kill’d by pure flout” (A. v, sc. 2): all it means is that the King, Biron, etc., had been dumbfounded by the scoffs of the ladies, not that their mortal lives had been literally terminated: on the contrary, the Princess asks in the next line,

“Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?”

out of mere shame for their ridiculous discomfiture. These very unpoetical and critical gentlemen, who reject “kill’d by pure flout”, cannot possibly take the word “kill’d” in any other sense than as denoting absolute natural death. We may fairly apply to them, and to the flowness of their prosaic faculties, a line of which we have already spoken, for they may well exclaim,

“We understand you not, our *wits* are *dull*.”

Alton. And thus most appositely illustrate the metaphor “kill’d by pure flout”, which they cannot understand. Here we may perhaps end our examination of this comedy, which proves, over and over again, how much modern editors ought to thank the old Corrector of your Fo. 1632.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Newman. Passing over "Now" in Hippolyta's first speech, which, ever since the time of Rowe, has been amended to "New" (as, indeed, it stands in your Corr. Fo. 1632), we come to two important words in Helena's address to Lyfander, "fweet" and "companies", which stood *swell'd* and *companions* until the time of Theobald, who amended them in accordance with the rhyme.

Collier. And most properly, as we now learn from the very same changes by the old Corrector, who preceded Theobald by about a century. The rhyme in both instances suggested the alterations, and they have never been disputed. But before we advert farther to verbal improvements, let us look at the singular circumstances belonging to the close of the second scene: I call them singular, because it is the first time the old Corrector, or anybody else, has proposed such a change as is there introduced in MS. in my Fo. 1632.

Newman. I see what you refer to—the division of the speech hitherto assigned entirely to Bottom, half of which has been taken from him by the old Corrector, and given to Quince.

Alton. There cannot be a moment's doubt about it.

Collier. But the change was never dreamed of until the production of my Corr. Fo. 1632: Bottom there has only the words, "We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously"; while Quince, who is the Manager of the rustical company, very properly adds, "Take pains; be perfect; adieu. At the Duke's oak we meet."

Alton. Dyce has adopted this entire novelty.

Collier. He could not refuse it; and he states, very fairly, in his note, that "he gives these words to Quince", in accordance with the Corr. Fo. 1632.

Newman. I do not suppose that anybody hereafter will doubt the fitness of this arrangement.

Collier. I fancy not; and if you refer to Singer's edition you will see that he is driven to adopt it; but instead of avowing, like Mr. Dyce, the cause of the bold course of cutting one speech into two, he silently lets the emendation creep into his text, without saying a single word either to justify it on his own authority, or to warrant it by my Corr. Fo. 1632. We shall see hereafter other changes of the utmost importance made by him, both in text and arrangement, without the slightest acknowledgement.

Newman. No sooner did your volume of "Notes and Emendations" appear in 1853, than he furiously, and beyond all rules of good manners, attacked it; and yet in 1856, when he published his own Shakespeare, he adopted many of the very emendations he had assailed, and was ashamed to acknowledge it in his notes.

Collier. Well, "Peace to all such!" Singer had nevertheless some points of merit: he was the son of a feather-maker, and was indebted to himself for education. I remember him first as a very useful and obliging assistant behind Triphook, the bookseller's, counter, when old Douce kindly lent his aid to bring him forward: he then became Librarian at the Royal Institution, where he had both time and books at his command; and there it was that he diligently and successfully pursued his studies. Had he been brought up under more favourable circumstances, he would have done

as Mr. Dyce did, and allowed only accident to interfere with the admission of his obligations to my Corr. Fo. 1632. If Mr. Dyce at any time omits to state the source of an improvement in the text, I am bound to say that it proceeded merely from want of care in the tedious multiplicity of his needless references.

Alton. I am glad to hear you say so. I knew Dyce to be a man of most gentlemanlike manners: in conversation it was impossible for him to offend; but when he took pen in hand, he could not sweeten the bitterness of his ink.

Collier. These personal matters divert us from our purpose in examining attentively how far "Midsummer Night's Dream" is indebted to the old Corrector for the purity of its text, and, I may add, for the conduct of one of its most important scenes. Touching the latter, if you direct your attention to the first scene of Act v, you will see that a most valuable change is introduced upon that authority solely: until my Corr. Fo. 1632 was produced, nobody knew that there was anything there to be altered or amended; yet what was refused by Mr. Dyce in 1857, was accepted by him in 1864; and, he admits, like Mr. Grant White, the distinguished American editor, that it is unquestionably a great boon: in his first impression Mr. Dyce only called it "very specious", and rejected the change; but seeing that, in the meanwhile, Mr. White thankfully adopted it, Mr. Dyce thought better of it, and manfully introduced it into his text.

Alton. Dyce is so timid an editor that he seldom relies upon his own unaided judgment. The old Corrector informs us, in effect, that Shakespeare, in this part of his "Midsummer Night's Dream", resorted, with great fitness,

to an old expedient and practice of our stage, in its original and comparative simplicity.

Collier. Exactly so: the mock tragedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe" was just such a piece as, fifty years earlier, would have been explained by a *Presenter*; and therefore Shakespeare employed Tawyer (the name, no doubt, of an actor in the company) to enter with a trumpet and pronounce the "Argument" of the intended performance. This Argument was to be clear and intelligible, while the Prologue, spoken by a different person, was to be confused and ridiculous, mainly from non-observance of punctuation.

Newman. The same actor may have filled both parts of Presenter and Prologue-speaker, if he rapidly changed his dress for the purpose.

Collier. One way or the other the information thus obtained from the old Corrector is most curious and important; and without it this comedy might have been printed and reprinted, as it has been, century after century, with the grossest imperfection—so much do we owe to my Corr. Fo. 1632. We can hardly overprize or overpraise it.

Newman. To revert now to verbal emendations, we must go back to Act II, sc. 1, where I am glad to see that Dyce gives credit to the MS. Corrector for the opening of Puck's third speech, "Fairy, thou speak'st aright", which he pronounces "far better than any other attempt to complete the metre".

Alton. And when he says on a subsequent page (ii, 278) that "perhaps Mr. Collier's Corrector was right in altering 'rich' to *ripe*", he means that he himself would fain have printed "*ripe*", but that he could not bring himself to acknowledge the additional obligation, especially since, on

p. 281, he was compelled to admit "lufh", instead of *lufhious* of the old copies, which ruins the verse.

Collier. Passing on to Act III, sc. 2, we may be confident that in the line,

"This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss",

we ought, with the Corr. Fo. 1632, to read,

"This *impress* of pure white";

for how could Helena's hand be a "princess", even if she had been so herself? the blunder doubtless arose thus: the manuscript from which the old compositor worked had "impress", which he read *emprefs*; but knowing that Helena was no *emprefs*, but might possibly be a *princess*, he composed *princess*, instead of "impress", which we may take as the true language of the poet. As I remark in my note, Virulet, in "The Double Marriage", calls the hand of his mistress "white *seal* of virtue": so Demetrius terms the hand of Helena "this *impress* of pure white, this *seal* of bliss". There can be no reasonable doubt about it; and before I had seen or heard of the old Corrector, I had myself proposed "impress".

Newman. I have always been disposed to laugh at Dyce and others for resisting the change, later in the same scene, of "What means my love?", for the silly question, "What *news* my love?", just as if, in the midst of her passionate speech, Hermia had wished to learn the news of the day. Dyce, in defence of *news*, absurdly cites a servant's exclamation in "The Taming of the Shrew", "Pray, what's the *news*?" It would be easy to accumulate instances of the use of *news* in this way; but what would he say to the expression "What *means* my love?" in "The Faithful Shep-

herdef's", a pastoral he himself edited? Hermia, in fact, is astonished and grieved at the change in her lover, and asks him what it "means", not what is the *news*. In this very play (A. v, sc. 1) *meanes* is misprinted for "moans", as here it is misprinted *news*.

Newman. Dyce seems always willing to accept any emendation rather than that of the old Corrector of the Fo. 1632: as, for instance, in the line,

"That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow",

which the Corr. Fo. 1632 tells us ought to run,

"That is hot ice and wondrous *seething* snow";

seething, of course, meaning boiling, and is in opposition to "snow", as *hot* is to "ice": Dyce has it "*swarthy* snow", when the colour of the snow has, in fact, nothing to do with the matter; besides, who ever heard of snow being *swarthy*? If Shakespeare had meant *black* snow, he would have said so, instead of "strange snow", and with equal attention to the measure, while *swarthy* does not even mean black.

Collier. "Seething" was doubtless the poet's word, only Mr. Dyce would rather do almost anything than be obliged to my Corr. Fo. 1632. There is a passage in Holland's Pliny, B. XIX, ch. 4, edit. 1600, which very appositely explains what it is to *seeth*: "Some there be who first *seeth* their water, and anon let it congeale again to *ice*, after it was once scalded:" "scalding" would be far better than *swarthy*.

Alton. There is, in my view, a very happy emendation in the ridiculous burlesque speech of Thisbe, after the death of Pyramus, whose face, we may be sure, was absurdly

painted, in order to render the grief of Thisbe more laughable. It is all in short rhymes, excepting in one place where Shakespeare's text has been most obviously corrupted: it originally stood in the quartos and folios,

"These lily lips,
This cherry nose."

"Lips" and "nose" do not rhyme; and in order that some sort of jingle should be preserved, Theobald printed,

"These lily *brows*,
This cherry nose."

But "brows" and "nose" do not rhyme well; and your old Corrector tells us, as I think, unanswerably, to read in reference to the red-tipped nose of Pyramus,

"This lily lip,
This cherry tip."

The restoration is surely self-evident.

Collier. And it is just such a point as the comic genius of Shakespeare, writing here only the broadest burlesque, could not have overlooked: the tip of Bottom's nose (he had the part of Pyramus) had been expressly coloured with rose-pink, and his "yellow cowslip cheeks" stained with turmeric, in order to give more droll effect to the love of the heroine for the hero of the ridiculous performance.

Newman. It may be rejected to-day, but, in spite of Dyce and all who follow his example, the emendation will hereafter be inserted in reprints of "Midsummer Night's Dream". That is, I think, certain.

Collier. I am not by any means sure; editors are so prone to adhere to ancient absurdities. It saves the trouble of thinking for themselves.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Alton. We need not, as far as I can see, go much at length into such emendations in this drama as are derived from the Corr. Fo. 1632; but still it affords proof of the originality of the information, as to the true text, possessed by the individual who made the MS. notes.

Collier. Dyce has shewn his conscientiousness very minutely here and there in this play.

Newman. And very properly: he did not alter "would" to 'twould in the first scene, without mentioning the old Corrector as the proposer of the change; in the same way he admits the improvement of "land thieves and water thieves", which is a mere transposition, and though perhaps obvious, never before suggested.

Collier. Do Dyce the justice to observe, also, that at last he saw the absurdity of printing *misconster'd* instead of "misconstrued", in Act II, sc. 3, adding that in his "Remarks" of 1844 he had "rather rashly expressed an opinion" in favour of preserving the old corrupt forms of words: he adds in his note of 1864, "I now see that an editor ought, as far as he can, to preserve uniformity of spelling".

Alton. He was rather slow in finding out his mistake in this respect, because he had pursued a contrary course in all his reprints of old poets which had come out between 1828 and 1857. You blamed him for it.

Collier. I do not care for that; but while he yielded to my remonstrances, he might have fairly stated why he did so. It is a matter of no consequence. Let us advert

to a point of real importance. I can hardly conceive one of greater value, and yet it depends merely upon punctuation: I refer to the speech of Bassanio, where the lines stand as follows in the Folio 1632:

“Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beauteous scarfe
Veiling an Indian beautie; in a word
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.”

The puzzle has been how to understand the words “Indian beautie”; and to make sense of the passage some editors have absurdly proposed to substitute *dowdie* for “beautie”; but only place a colon, or even a semicolon, before, instead of after, the word “beautie”, and all difficulty vanishes: the old Corrector amends the five lines thus, as I think unanswerably:

“Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarfe
Veiling an Indian: beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.”

In the Folio 1623, as you may see, there is a semicolon after “beauty”: merely suppose that the old compositor by mistake placed it after, instead of before, “beauty” (the old Corrector seems to have preferred a colon), and the whole mystery is at an end, and the admirable meaning of the poet fully illustrated.

Newman. In fact, the only change required is the place of the stop, which Mr. Dyce tells us was done in a copy of the play published in 1830; thereby confirming the fitness of the change, and shewing that two persons, without the slightest concert, arrived at the same result.

Alton. Endeavours have been made, by Dyce and others, to shew that the emendation opposes the meaning of the poet; but this is only a despairing effort on their part to contradict plain sense, rather than adopt a change originally made some two hundred years ago, and supported by an edition of the play published some forty years ago.

Newman. Dyce states that the change was precisely the same in both cases: this is incorrect, for the printer of "The Merchant of Venice" in 1830 only places a semicolon between "Indian" and "beauty"; which is perhaps better than the old Corrector's colon, because it tends to prove that the printer of the Folio 1623 merely misplaced the stop. As you say, this valuable emendation as regards Shakespeare's meaning, only consists in the removal of a point from after the word "beauty" to before it.

Collier. Some recent editors have prevailed upon themselves not to adopt the change; but that cannot be said of another emendation in my Corr. Fo. 1632, viz., of the epithet applied to the bagpipe—*bollen*: it is quite a novelty, and never was even hinted at, until the production of the old Corrector's marginal note.

Alton. It is called "a woollen bag-pipe" in all the old copies; but that epithet has been repudiated, I think, by everybody. Sir John Hawkins made the nearest guess at the right word, when he printed *swollen*; but the true word is, beyond dispute, "bollen", which unquestionably means *swollen*: it is not only the older word, but, as you prove, the very word used by Shakespeare in his "Lucrece" printed in 1594—the very year, by the way, when this play (supposing it to have been originally called "The Venetian Comedy"), or one on the same story, was performed by

Henslowe's Company (see his Diary, p. 40). Dyce argues the matter at great length in his note, and would fain have avoided the emendation had it been possible, but he ends by inserting it, and with a tolerably good grace.

Collier. I think we need spend no more time upon this play; but the very last change, and not an unimportant one, as regards the sense, namely "them" for *him*, is avowedly derived from my Corr. Fo. 1632. Dyce could not shun it, though it was never before heard of.

Newman. Singer has also used it, but he did not think it necessary to state from whence he had obtained it.

Alton. The less we say of Singer the better: he was guilty of the most barefaced literary purloinings: his edition is full of unavowed appropriations.

Collier. He knew my opinion of it long before his sudden death, and I can therefore speak more freely of it. He sent me what he called "a peace offering", and yet went on abusing me and misusing my old Corrector.

Newman. One moment before we part. In a note in Act v, sc. 1, Dyce rather dogmatically insists that "pattens of bright gold" can only mean *chalices*, and he quotes Sylvester in support of his position. You contend that it means *patterns*, and so does the very author whom Dyce cites to the contrary, in the following passage:

"Yea, even our crowns, darts, launces, skeyns and scales
Are all but copies of Heav'ns principals,
And sacred *patterns*, which, to serve all ages,
Th' Almighty printed on Heaven's ample stages."

These lines are from "The Columnes" of Du Bartas, as translated by Sylvester.

Alton. And indisputably most apposite and decisive:

how could anybody but Dyce think of speaking of the constellations as "plates or circular ornaments"? Our next play will be *As you like it*, which comes tenth in the folios.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Alton. The action of the body seems often with me to stimulate the action of the mind. With a view to our meeting to-day, I read over "*As you like it*" again last night, and on my way here at a good pace, the thought struck me that the play, as we have it in the folios, might have been written twice.

Collier. Sheridan Knowles often told me that all his best scenes in "*Virginius*" and "*The Hunchback*", etc., were written in pencil while he was taking vigorous exercise. You do not mean that two different hands are to be traced in "*As you like it*": I do not believe that Shakespeare ever wrote a play conjointly with any poet of his day, though he not unfrequently took up a play by some other dramatist, and amended or added to it.

Alton. I only put it as a mere conjecture; but it occurs to me that "*As you like it*" possibly once existed without the parts of Jaques, Audrey, and Touchstone; and that some of the confusion apparent near the end (where Shakespeare most varies from Lodge's story of "*Rosalind*"), and especially the introduction of a second *Jaques*, was owing to the fact that the player-editors of the Folio 1623 had to deal with two manuscripts, and could not tell how to end the play, so as to make the conclusion intelligible as the

commencement. That is, of course, only to be taken as my crude notion on the point.

Collier. It may possibly be so; and your "crude notion", as you call it, may deserve more consideration than we have time or means now to give it. It forms, in fact, no part of our present business.

Newman. Alton only puts it at present as an *obiter dictum*, to use a lawyer's expression. The emendations of the text of "As you like it", derived from your Corr. Fo. 1632, are not, I think, important.

Collier. Some are trifling; but a few, that may seem trifling, are really of importance: what, for instance, should we do without the pronoun "he" in the first line of the play, relating to the will of the father of the hero, and of his brother Oliver?

Newman. Rowe and Theobald, I see, did without it.

Collier. Certainly the sense can be made out without it; but, as Dyce says, this very material passage is rendered "awkward and obscure" by the omission; and now we have the authority of the old Corrector for inserting "he" before "bequeathed me by will", we may feel sure that Shakespeare would make his very first sentence as distinct and intelligible as possible.

Alton. Nearly the same may be said of another pronoun, "I", near the opening of the second scene, which the old Corrector supplies, and which since Pope's time has been inserted.

Collier. We need not dwell upon these, or such as these, small changes, which are numerous: it is, however, well worth noting that Coleridge's admirable correction, "my father's child", which is fully borne out by the old Cor-

rector, must be adopted: my "child's father" seems to imply that Rosalind is already in the family way.

Newman. Shakespeare may nevertheless have meant, the child she hoped or expected to have by Orlando.

Collier. Still that would be very coarse. But let us pass over all minor emendations, and come to an important one which comes late in the play (Act v, sc. 2), where Silvia explains to Rosalind and Phebe what it is to love: the words, as invariably printed until my Corr. Fo. 1632 was produced, were these:

"It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance."

Malone found fault with "observance" in the third line, because it was made the rhyme to the very same word in the fifth line; but the old Corrector informs us that the blunder was the misprinting of the third line, which he says ought to run,

"All adoration, duty and *obedience*";

and so Mr. Dyce very properly alters the text, because it is liable to no objection, and because, as he fairly admits, it is the alteration proposed by "Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector".

Alton. What a pity it is that he was not *always* so explicit: he does not generally refuse to acknowledge the origin of such changes. Here and there, if he do not insert the emendation in his text, he does almost as much by a distinct note at the end, as in Act IV, sc. 1, where he makes Rosalind say,

"I should think my honesty ranker than my wit",

which can hardly be right; and the emendation of the old Corrector (given in Dyce's note) proves at once how and why the compositor blundered, viz.,

"I should *thank* my honesty *rather* than my wit."

Here the old printer misread "thank", *think*, and "rather", *ranker*, to the ruin of the sense of the poet.

Newman. The meaning is obvious, and directly supports the change. This is one way of shewing what the text ought to be, without submitting to the cruel necessity of displacing the nonsense of an easy misrepresentation.

Collier. Theobald's judicious alteration (Act v, sc. 4) of *untunable* to "untimable", the word also in the Corr. Fo. 1632, gives us an opportunity of observing upon the many scraps of ballads quoted in this play, and upon the various places where the old Corrector has been able to fill up *lacunæ* in these popular fragments. Dyce almost uniformly neglects them, although warranted by the rhyme, the sense of the speaker, and the peculiar knowledge of the individual. Into these it is hardly worth while for us now to enter.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Collier. A question has arisen, in relation to this comedy, whether the quarto, dated on the title-page 1631, be not, excepting that title-page, older than the Folio 1623. Judging from the older type of the body of the production, the comparatively newer type of the title-page of 1631, and from the emendations of the quarto in the folio, I maintain that the latter was, in fact, printed from the

former. Here is my copy of the quarto, but, unluckily, without any title-page; and looking at it thus imperfectly, I contend that the difference of type and orthography, independently of corrections, proves to any practised eye that the quarto was anterior to the folio, and that, as in various other cases, the folio was printed from the quarto. That is my position.

Newman. And you establish, moreover, that the folio, as the later impression, amends the errors of the quarto in words, orthography, and punctuation.

Alton. I do not see that we need discuss that question now, though it has excited a good deal of attention, and some animosity.

Collier. It has; and you will see that Dyce, after he had printed the play preceding "The Taming of the Shrew", finding that the editors of another Shakespeare had, rather positively, disputed my position, inserted their note at the very beginning of his volume, obviously in order that it might not escape notice.

Newman. Neither he nor they venture to touch the point on which you most rely, viz., the apparent age of the type of the quarto.

Collier. And it may turn out besides, but upon this point I do not pronounce a judgment, that the type used for the quarto, which I suppose came out in 1607 or 1609, was not that which Smithwicke, the printer of the quarto 1631, employed in other publications of that date.

Alton. We can let that point remain as it stands, and proceed, as hitherto, to examine in what way, and to what degree, Dyce and others have been indebted to your Corr. Fo. 1632. Dyce has no fewer than two and twenty pages of notes upon "The Taming of the Shrew".

Newman. And nearly in a score of instances he adopts the old Corrector's emendations.

Collier. And always, I think, with such acknowledgments as, "This is the reading of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector", "So Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector", etc. This is fair; and such was Mr. Dyce's general inclination, in spite sometimes of his enmity to an authority which often so provokingly set him right.

Newman. He, too, falls foul of Singer, now and then, for his want of all conscience in silently availing himself of the suggestions and emendations of others. Dyce says, at the end of his long note to prove that *Traſh* should be substituted for "Brach" (meaning invariably a dog) of every old edition, "I communicated my conjecture *Traſh* to Mr. Singer, who has adopted it, *but without mentioning that he owed it to me*". There is a good deal of *trash* of different sorts derived from others by Singer in the course of his volumes. He was a compiler.

Alton. Even when Dyce knows, and almost admits, that the old Corrector is right, he is averse to the slightest change on that authority: for instance, in the last line but one of the first scene of the Induction, the Corr. Fo. 1632 has "their" for *the*; and Dyce observes in his note, "Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector reads *their*—and *rightly, perhaps*": "their" must be right, and Dyce knew it, for we have "them" spoken of in the very previous line.

Collier. We need not delay for such trifles; but in the notes to this comedy, it is remarkable how often Dyce finds emendations proposed by the old Corrector confirmed by the guesses of Capell, Ritson, and others, yet cannot muster courage to avail himself of them. This, however, could

not well be the case with "Aristotle's ethics", instead of "Aristotle's *checks*", in the second speech of the play: Sir William Blackstone had recommended that reading to Malone or Steevens; and we find the very word "ethickes" in the margin of my Corr. Fo. 1632.

Alton. So again in Act I, sc. 2, we find "feat" substituted for *seek* in the Corr. Fo. 1632, Rowe having made the admitted change in his edition of 1709. It would be easy to multiply instances of the same kind.

Newman. And of a different kind too, as where Dyce prints, Act I, sc. 1,

"If Biondello *now* were come ashore",

instead of the corrupt text, which it is hardly worth while to quote; and observes, with truth and fairness, "I adopt the emendation of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector, as unquestionably the genuine reading."

Collier. Again, in Act II, sc. 1, he substitutes "paçt" for *part*, as it has been everlastingly misprinted, adding that what we may call the small-great improvement was obtained from Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector. Just the same misprint occurs in Heywood's "Four Prentices of London", 1615, where the Soldan ought to exclaim,

"I say the Persian scorns to be colleague,
Or to have *pact* with them of Christendom";

but "paçt" is misprinted *part*: he scorned to enter into *compact* with the Christians.

Alton. In a line just preceding, you refuse to alter "morn" to *moon* at the instance of your old Corrector; but there is a passage in Beaumont's "Salmafis and Hermaphroditus", as printed by Dyce from the edit. 1640, which shews, if

proof were needed, how easily "morn" may have been misprinted *moon*: Dyce gives it,

"Or like the pale morn being shadowed",

but the original impression of 1602 proves it a blunder, that ought to have been detected,

"Or like the pale *moon* being shadowed."

Collier. There can be no doubt that I was right in preferring "morn" to *moon* in Petruchio's speech,

"She is not hot, but temperate as the morn."

Dyce agrees with the old Corrector and me afterwards, (Act III, sc. 2) as to the word "old", and the place it should occupy; and, still farther on, that *Fellow* is the proper interpretation of the unfinished word in Act IV, sc. 3. He also adopts from my edition the proper moment for the *exit* of the Tailor and Haberdasher; while in the 6th scene of the same Act, he accepts "hold" from my Corr. Fo. 1632, instead of *knows*, always hitherto and absurdly preserved, I think by all editors.

Newman. It is a mere matter of a letter, *villainy* for "villain" of the old copies, and perfectly intelligible; but Dyce, in Act v, sc. 1, without the slightest warrant, introduces an emendation of his own manufacture: Vincentio was to be "carried to the jail", on which he calls the officer a "monstrous villain"; and why "villain", against every authority, was to be altered to *villainy*, we have no means of knowing, excepting that Dyce tells us, in 1864, that he had "expressed a strong opinion" upon the point in 1857. On his own showing, this is what he elsewhere calls "wanton innovation". Even his friend Walker pretended to no authority for the change.

Newman. Dyce would most certainly have rejected "villainy" had it been proposed by the old Corrector, yet here he introduces it "merely of his own head", and claims credit for it as a discovery. Even Singer gives him no support.

Collier. It is but justice to admit that Dyce very seldom takes such a liberty; and the fact is that he had little talent or taste for conjectural emendation.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Collier. There are two emendations in this play, made on the authority of the Corr. Fo. 1632, that merit especial notice.

Newman. There is a change at the first entrance of the principal characters.

Collier. I know what you refer to, but that is only a mere matter of form: the words "all in black" (as the folios simply, and according to the usage of the time, express it), are restored from the folios.

Newman. But you were the first to exclude the milk-and-water modernisation of *in mourning*: every edition, from the time of Rowe until yours came out in 1858, had that modernisation, and since then "all in black" has invariably been substituted. However, as you intimate, it is hardly worth remark.

Alton. Dyce repeated "in mourning" in 1857; but, in 1864, he amended it to "all in black".

Collier. Be it so: the two important changes of text that

I allude to, and which are nearly all that we need dwell upon in this drama, occur in Act III, sc. 3, and in Act V, sc. 3. We will take them in their order. In the Folio 1623, the lines stand precisely thus :

“ O you leaden messengers
That ride upon the violent speede of fire,
Fly with false ayme, move the still-peering aire
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord.”

Alton. We can only guess at the meaning, as you read the passage from the Folio 1623. How does it stand in the Corr. Fo. 1632 ?

Collier. Thus ; not only intelligibly, but beautifully :

“ O, you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the *volant* speed of fire,
Fly with false aim : *wound* the still-*piecing* air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord.”

Here we see “volant” substituted for *violent*, “wound” for *move*, and “still-piecing” for *still-peering*; and no man can reasonably dispute three emendations which completely restore the poet’s language : Helena calls upon the bullets, that ride upon the volant, or flying, speed of fire, not to touch Bertram, but merely to wound the air, which sings while it re-unites.

Alton. I do not see how the passage, hitherto so much disputed, can be rendered more clear or more expressive.

Newman. Heywood, in a play already quoted, “The Four Prentices”, 1615, has “volant horses”, absurdly misprinted “*violent* horses”; and if “volant” be applicable to horses, how much more is the epithet applicable to bullets discharged from fire-arms. We may pass now to the second important emendation you speak of.

Collier. Which occurs in the third scene of the last Act, and applies to this line, as printed in all the folios :

“Her insuite comming with her modern grace.”

It has occasioned a vast deal of trouble to modern editors ; but we need not enter into their speculations, because, only correct two easy misprints, *insuite* and *comming*, and all doubt vanishes at once : read with the old Corrector,

“Her *infinite cunning* with her modern grace.”

Bertram asserts that Diana’s *infinite cunning* and “modern grace”, *i.e.*, ordinary beauty, had subdued him to her rate.

Alton. It is a capital emendation certainly ; and although so easy a corruption, it was never guessed at, until the production of your Corr. Fo. 1632.

Collier. I cannot be quite sure of that, because, as Dyce states, Mr. Sidney Walker, in his “Critical Examination”, guessed at the corruption, but not until after the production and examination of my Corr. Fo. 1632. However, I feel certain that Walker had no previous knowledge of it, so that his conjecture was quite independent, and may be said fully to confirm the old Corrector. It has since been suggested that “modern” ought to be *modest* ; but considering that Bertram had already asserted, that Diana had been “a common gamester of the camp”, we must accept “modern” in its *ordinary* sense.

Newman. This emendation, like many more, has since been universally adopted. Singer gives it to Walker without even mentioning the (to Singer) odious Corr. Fo. 1632 ; and in “the Globe Shakespeare”, where the line occurs, there is no *obelus* to shew that it was an entire innovation : this mark, in their preface, the editors state (as I

understand them) that they would insert whenever an important novelty of text was introduced.

Alton. Near the end of Act II, in all the folios, two speeches by the Clown come together, each marked *Clo.*

Collier. As if the Clown had spoken a second time without any intervening speech by Parolles. The fact seems to be, according to the old Corrector (and we may easily believe him), that a line has been lost, which he supplies, no doubt from good authority, because it so exactly fits the place: Dyce only inserts it in a note, and others utterly disregard it.

Alton. This seems absurd: when they have been compelled to accept so much on the same evidence, why, in heaven's name, should they reject this harmless and very appropriate addition?

Collier. It seems almost fatuity, unless we set it down to the account of their utter dislike of the Corr. Fo. 1632. I inserted the speech in my edition of 1858, in full confidence and conviction that it is what Shakespeare wrote, agreeing, as it does, with what immediately precedes and follows.

Newman. Yet in various other plays and places they admit that a line, or lines, must have been lost, by the carelessness of the old compositors: here they cannot deny that something is wanting, and yet they would rather allow the defect to remain, than adopt the remedy offered by the painstaking old Corrector.

Collier. Such seems to be their notion of the way in which Shakespeare ought to be edited. I do not think we shall gain anything by going into the consideration of minor changes proposed or adopted on the strength of the Corr. Fo. 1632, such as "manifold" for *manifest*, "fits" for

sits, "heaven" for *help*, "end" for *and*, "as" for *are*, "stranger" for *stronger*, etc. Yet they prove its value.

Newman. But do not pass over without observation the words, "He blushes, and 'tis his", always misprinted *'tis hit* in the folios, and even by Dyce in his first edition in 1857: he amends it to, "He blushes, and 'tis *his*", most properly, in 1864; but he ought, in mere fairness, to have added that he did so, because he found the emendation in your Corr Fo. 1632.

Alton. He excuses his former error, having, as he states, been "misled by Horne Tooke"; but why not at once own that he was led back again to the right way by the old Corrector?

Collier. Possibly it was only from forgetfulness; but in his note he observes, "here, at least, the context decides that *hit* is a mistake". If *the context so decides*, it decided it just as much in 1857 as in 1864. The fact probably was that, in 1864, he had had the advantage of seeing how the passage stood in the Corr. Fo. 1632, though he could not persuade himself to avow it. It may be worth remarking that the mistake of placing the aspirate before *it* was not by any means unusual: it was common in print, as well as in speech; thus in Barnfield's "Cynthia with certain Sonnets", 1595, we meet with a line that strangely begins with the blunder,

"*Hit* wholly is to chastity inclinde."

This was precisely the error in Macbeth, Act I, sc. 5,

"Nor keep peace between

"Th' effect and *hit*";

which Mr. Dyce, in his edition of 1857, preserved, and

would probably have retained in his edition of 1864, but that he was warned from the blunder by the Corr. Fo. 1632. He frankly admits his change of opinion, but carelessly omits to add why he changed it.

Newman. You can hardly complain of this single omission, seeing that there are various others; although he cites and refers to the old Corrector and you, in between twenty and thirty places in this one play.

Collier. But sometimes, and perhaps rightly, disputing the point at issue: most heartily do I wish he were here to argue it. I never had a personal difference with him in my life, but he gradually drew away from me, and we parted company, even on the road to the same end.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Alton. We need take no notice of "fouth" for *found* in the fifth line of this drama, because, although the emendation is made in the Corr. Fo. 1632, "fouth" has always been considered the true text ever since the time of Pope and Theobald. We may, however, be confident that the old Corrector preceded them with the same emendation by at least half a century.

Newman. That must necessarily remain an unsettled point, because we have no means of ascertaining at what date, subsequent to 1632, the owner of the folio, which fell into your hands, introduced his emendations.

Collier. True; but my decided opinion being that most of the corrections having been dictated by the recitation of early performers, while Shakespeare's plays still continued

popular (that is before the breaking out of the Civil Wars in 1642), the emendations probably had their origin in the ten years preceding that event. However, this point is altogether uncertain; and some of the changes may easily have been posterior to the Civil Wars, or even posterior to the Restoration, before our great Dramatist's productions were entirely laid aside for those of Davenant, Dryden, or Crown.

Alton. Certain it is, with reference to "Twelfth Night", that *found* properly became "south" in the hands of the old Corrector, and that Pope introduced "south" for *found* in his first edition of 1725.

Newman. Rowe, in 1709, appears to have considered *found* an error, and substituted "wind". Theobald, in 1733, repeated Pope's "south", and so it has ever since continued.

Collier. And so it ought ever to continue, as we now see on the authority of the Corr. Fo. 1632. That point, therefore, is settled, although my old friend Douce was for adhering to *found*; but that was prior to the discovery of my book. He did not live to inspect it; but had he survived long enough, he would have been one of the first literary antiquaries to whom I should have carried it. I did not myself know of its real value, until some time after I had gone to reside in Berkshire.

Alton. If I do not mistake, Theobald was the first who, in Act I, sc. 3, altered the absurdity *cool my nature*, into "curl by nature". It was one of his many happy guesses.

Collier. It was so; and this undoubted misprint ought to have led Dyce to correct a passage in B. and F.'s "Coxcomb", where (Act I, sc. 6) these lines occur:

"I'll set me down and tell the northern wind
That it is gentler than the curling west,
If it will blow me dead."

Here "curling weft" is nonsense, and we must read "*cooling* weft". The blunder on the part of the old printer was easy; and seeing that "curl" was misprinted *cool* in "Twelfth Night", Dyce ought not, in 1853, to have fallen into the mistake in "the Coxcomb".

Newman. There, perhaps, never was so timid an editor: he is only bold in his resistance to the emendations of your old Corrector; and his boldness there arose out of his natural timidity. Everybody has seen, in Act II, sc. I, that the old reading, "I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that", must be wrong; and that the emendation, "I could not with *self-estimation* wander so far to believe that", probably must be right; yet Dyce prints the most awkward nonsense, rather than insert what, I think, is the true text.

Collier. I want to direct your special attention to one of the best restorations of the comic language of the poet, in Act II, sc. 5, of this play: the words in the old folios and quartos are these,

"Though our silence be drawn from us with cars."

What could be the meaning of "drawn from us *with cars*"? and many have been the substitutes for *cars*: some editors have proposed *cables*, others *carts*, *racks*, *cords*, etc.; and Sir W. Scott, two or three times over in his novels, where he delights in Shakespearian phraseology, supports the last, also approved by Mr. Grant White. But what says Dyce, for that is more particularly the question with us? In his first edition of 1857, he adhered to "drawn from us with cars", trying to make a meaning out of it; but in his edition of 1864, he at once jumped, as it were, at the pro-

posaf of the old Corrector, adding in his note, "I feel convinced that that is what the author wrote". No doubt about it; and he even finds fault with Singer for disrespectfully refusing the reading of the Corr. Fo. 1632—"treating it with contempt".

Newman. What is the proposed emendation?

Collier. What Dyce very truly tells us cannot be doubted, viz. :—

"Though our silence be drawn from us *by th' ears*."

Alton. That is the reading contended for, I think, by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

Collier. And which Dyce rejected in 1857, although he quoted Hanmer in his note on the passage.

Newman. Then, he welcomed it in 1864, because he saw "by th' ears" recommended by the old Corrector: on that authority he was convinced that *by th' ears* was the very expression Shakespeare wrote; and most characteristic we must own it, considering who was the speaker.

Collier. But how could Dyce possibly give stronger testimony in favour of the Corr. Fo. 1632? as soon as he saw there the expression *by th' ears*, although he had rejected it six years before, he at once, and with high praise, gave it admission; and now it must stand for ever as the language of Shakespeare.

Newman. The emendation, it is true, is not of so much importance in itself, as it affords distinct evidence of the reliance which Dyce, in one of his less vexatious moods, really placed on the representations of the old Corrector.

Collier. It is more on that account, than on any other, that it is worth our while to say so much about it.

Alton. It seems, for a time, to have given Dyce a new

light; for he afterwards, in this comedy, adopts other changes, such as "the King lives by a beggar", instead of "*lyes* by a beggar"; and "Not like the haggard", instead of "*And* like the haggard", etc., where he admits that "the alterations of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector are indispensable."

Newman. Nay, a little farther on (Act III, sc. 3), he consents to accept words (never before suggested) from the Corr. Fo. 1632, in the line,

"And thanks, *still thanks; and very* oft good turns",

where, in fact, both that and the next line are omitted, but are inserted by the old Corrector in the margin of his copy of 1632.

Collier. Dyce has no note on "the very true sonnet", as Malvolio dignifies it, but *ballad* in fact, "Please one and please all"; and I did not myself, until recently, discover the entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, under the date of 18th January, 1591, probably full ten years before "Twelfth Night" was written and acted; it is in these words:

"Henry Kyrkham. Entered for his Copie, &c.,
a ballad intituled
The Crowe she sittes upon the wall:
Please one, and please all."

The sum paid for the entry was, as usual, fixpence.

Alton. Of course, the very production quoted by Malvolio, and therefore well worth preservation.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Collier. There are a good many interesting and important emendations by the old Corrector in this play, but one of them so pre-eminently valuable, that I must first direct your attention to it, although it comes very late, viz., in Act v, sc. 3. It is the introduction of a whole line, and that line admitted by everybody to be in the very style and spirit of Shakespeare. Strange to say! *that*, in the opinion of certain critics, is the sole objection to it.

Newman. Strange indeed! They must contend the more it is like Shakespeare, the less likely it is to have been written by him! Do they mean to say, that it is a mere invention by the author of the MS. notes in your Corr. Fo. 1632?

Collier. That must be their position, or they have no ground whatever to stand upon.

Alton. Yet, as has been said, in how many places do they not confess that words and lines have been omitted in other dramas, either by the carelessness of transcribers, or by the blunders of compositors.

Collier. If the line had been a bad one, possibly the objectors might have allowed it; but because it is a good one, and one of the best in the whole of the five acts of "The Winter's Tale", they resist it. It is a curious and novel question, who could the old Corrector be, who, supposing it merely spurious, was able to invent even a single line so "truly Shakespearian", as it has been called by some of the best judges.

Alton. And how much does it not say in favour of all his other emendations, if he could write a single line such as Shakespeare might have owned. Which of the many commentators from Rowe to Dyce could pretend to such an admirable faculty?

Newman. Their own experiments at filling up accidental *lacunæ* are generally lame enough: Theobald was the only editor who seems to have made even a remote approach to the feeling and poetry of Shakespeare. But first read the passage as it has come down to us unamended.

Collier. The line is an addition to the following speech by Leontes, and I will read it from Mr. Dyce's edition, where it stands thus, with two breaks, to indicate in the first instance a pause by the speaker, and in the second an omission by the Poet. Pauline is about to draw the curtain before the supposed statue of Hermione, when Leontes exclaims,

"Let be, let be.—

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—

What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,

Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins

Did verily bear blood?"

Is it not evident, is it not undeniable, that the sense after "already", where the break occurs, is incomplete? Every editor, from the time of Rowe to our own day, has placed a line, some longer and some shorter, after "already"; and Warburton, one of the boldest of Shakespeare's editors, made an attempt to fill up the absence of words and meaning; but the Corr. Fo. 1632, as I maintain, preserves the very language of the poet, as Dyce himself has confessed in reference to some other proposed changes in, or additions

to, the text, though he refuses to admit the line here. See how finely the whole runs, when we read it with the additional line, which the old Corrector asserts was part of the original speech of Leontes :

“ Let be, let be !
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.”

If this be not the language of Shakespeare, I should like to know what any of our modern editors would insert instead of it? Mr. Dyce allows that “at first it appeared to him (as well as to Mr. Collier) *exactly in the spirit of Shakespeare*”, though Dyce afterwards came to the absurd belief that the line was “too Shakespearian”, and therefore to be rejected.

Alton. Never was there such logic, certainly.

Newman. And never was there a line, in all the thirty-seven plays, that, in my judgment, better fitted the place for which it was written.

Collier. You are right, although it has been objected that Leontes has, on the preceding page, spoken of himself as “stone”; but mark here, that the speech beginning, “Let be, let be”, could not be complete without the repetition, because the pronoun “it”, in the question, “What was he that did make *it*”, would have no noun with which it could agree without again mentioning the statue. Read the whole as the old Corrector instructs to read it, and the speech is perfect in poetry, sense, and grammar :

“ Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.
What was he that did make it ?”

Newman. All you say is most obvious; and if we could suppose that a modern edition had appeared without the line, when it was found in the old copies, what an outcry would not have been raised about an omission which destroyed all meaning, and ruined one of the finest speeches of the greatest poet of the world.

Collier. Mr. Dyce could not keep his temper, in his first edition, when he read my note on the subject; and declares, in his second edition, that "Mr. Collier cannot bring himself to quote fairly anything I have written". He insists that Warburton did not consider the text defective: how so? when Warburton himself made an attempt to complete the sentence by adding the words he considered wanting:

—"but that, methinks, already *I converse with the dead.*"

If Warburton, as Dyce insists, thought the sentence complete, why did he supply words, as he himself states, "*to complete the sentence?*" The effort has been to resist to the last an incontrovertible addition to the imperfect text, as if merely because it is found in the handwriting of the old Corrector. For myself, I may say, if such a choice could be allowed me, that I would rather have been the author of this single "too-Shakespearian emendation", than of all the other improvements of Shakespeare's text recommended by the old Corrector of my Folio 1632.

Alton. There surely can be no doubt that the line escaped either in transcribing or printing; and Dyce would himself have admitted it, had he not, for some reason or other, been throughout this play more unwilling than usual to adopt the suggestions of the old Corrector: other rival editors were glad to follow his example. To shew his

strange reluctance, we need scarcely do more than observe what he says about these two lines in Act III, sc. 3, of this play :

"I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd and so becoming."

Here, having perhaps asked the opinion of some persons, even more hostile than himself (for he appears to have been much influenced by evil councillors), he adheres to the old corrupt text, while in his note he says everything in favour of the following emendation,

"I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so *o'er-running*."

The use of the word "vessel", and the absurdity of applying to it the epithet *becoming*, ought at once to have convinced everybody that the old copy only offered nonsense, instead of a most appropriate simile to a lady who was weeping so abundantly.

Newman. Yet in the very next note, applicable to the very same page, and in the last line of it, Dyce is forced to accept "wend" of the Corr. Fo. 1632, for *weep* of all the old copies, although *weep* may be said sufficiently to answer its purpose there.

Collier. He is almost eccentric in his acceptances and rejections in this part of the drama; as you may see on the preceding page, where "repetition" is discarded, although supported, not only by the old Corrector, but by one of Dyce's own sagacious friends. "Repetition" is absolutely required for the meaning of the speech of Paulina, who urges Leontes not to be afflicted at her "repetition" of his cruelty to his Queen and her offspring.

Alton. From some emendations, Mr. Dyce, with all the assistance of advisers and his own ingenuity, could not contrive to escape, and he is therefore compelled to allow their excellence.

Newman. Such as which, if we must descend to particulars?

Alton. Take the word "jape", for instance, in Act IV, sc. 3, where all the old copies have *gap*, which can mean nothing; while "jape" is a *jest*, exactly suiting the place where it is found, though never thought of until it appeared in the margin of the Corr. Fo. 1632. We might leave Dyce and Mr. Grant White to settle between themselves the important question, whether "jape" means "a violent explosion of mirth", or a mere joke.

Collier. It is but just to Singer to add, that here he adopts "jape" from the Corr. Fo. 1632, and acknowledges it. It seems hardly worth while to go farther into the accepted improvements in the text of this romantic play.

Newman. Dyce is sometimes absurdly obstinate in his adherence to old blunders; as when he persists in printing *back* for "luck", in a place (Act IV, sc. 3) where he is even deserted by friends whose opinions he has so often quoted with hasty approbation: Autolicus's words are, "Who knows how that may turn luck to my advancement"; and to print *back* for "luck", converts a very intelligible expression into mere unintelligibility.

Collier. Dyce is also decidedly wrong in preferring the misprint, "*clamour* your tongue" to "charm your tongue", as we are told by the old Corrector to read: "*charm* your tongue" was a very common phrase in the time of Shakespeare. It is even found in Chapman's "Homer", B. V,

l. 289; when Diomed kills Pandarus by striking his lance through the root of his tongue:

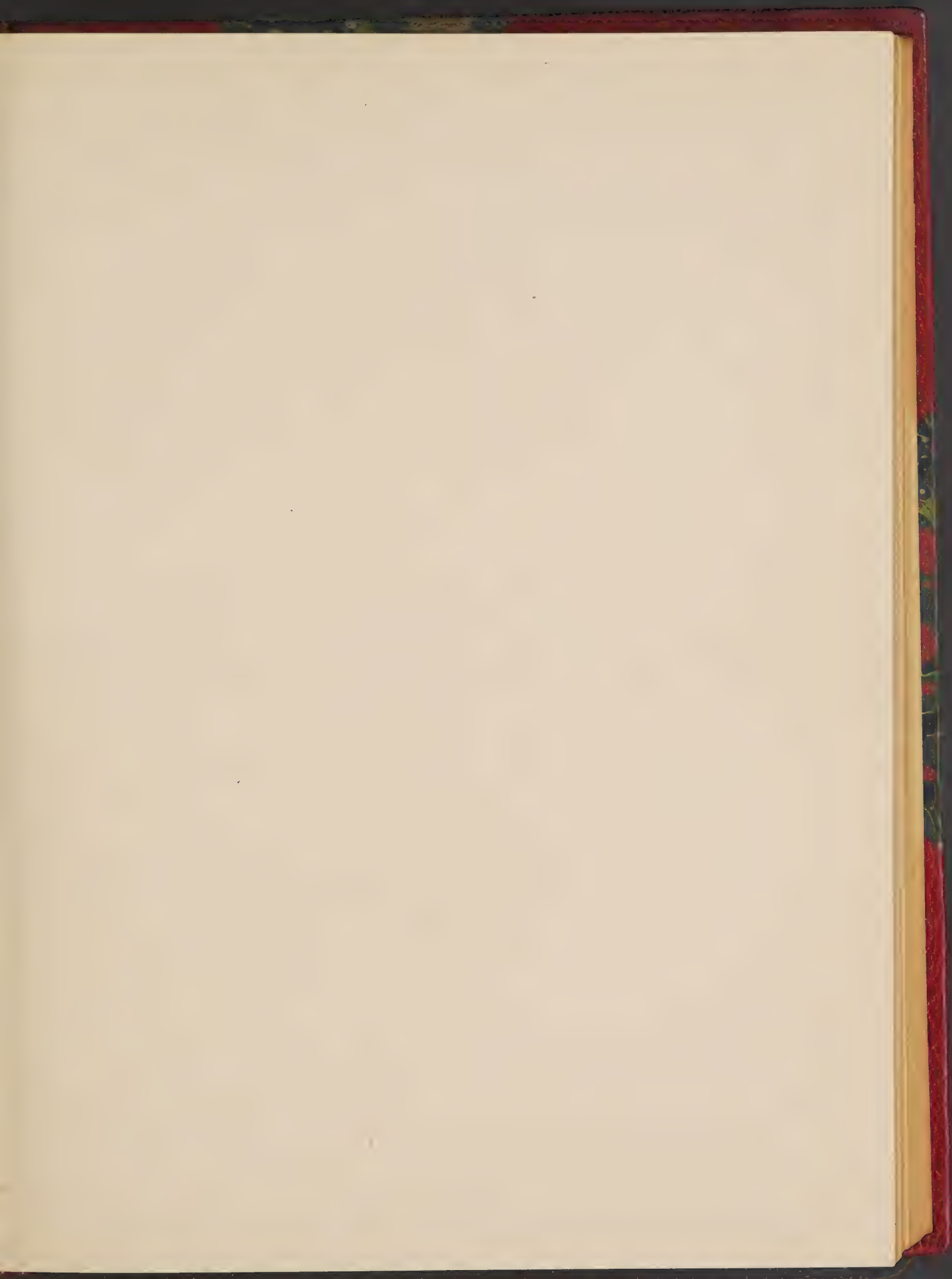
——“his soule for ever *charm'd* his tongue”,

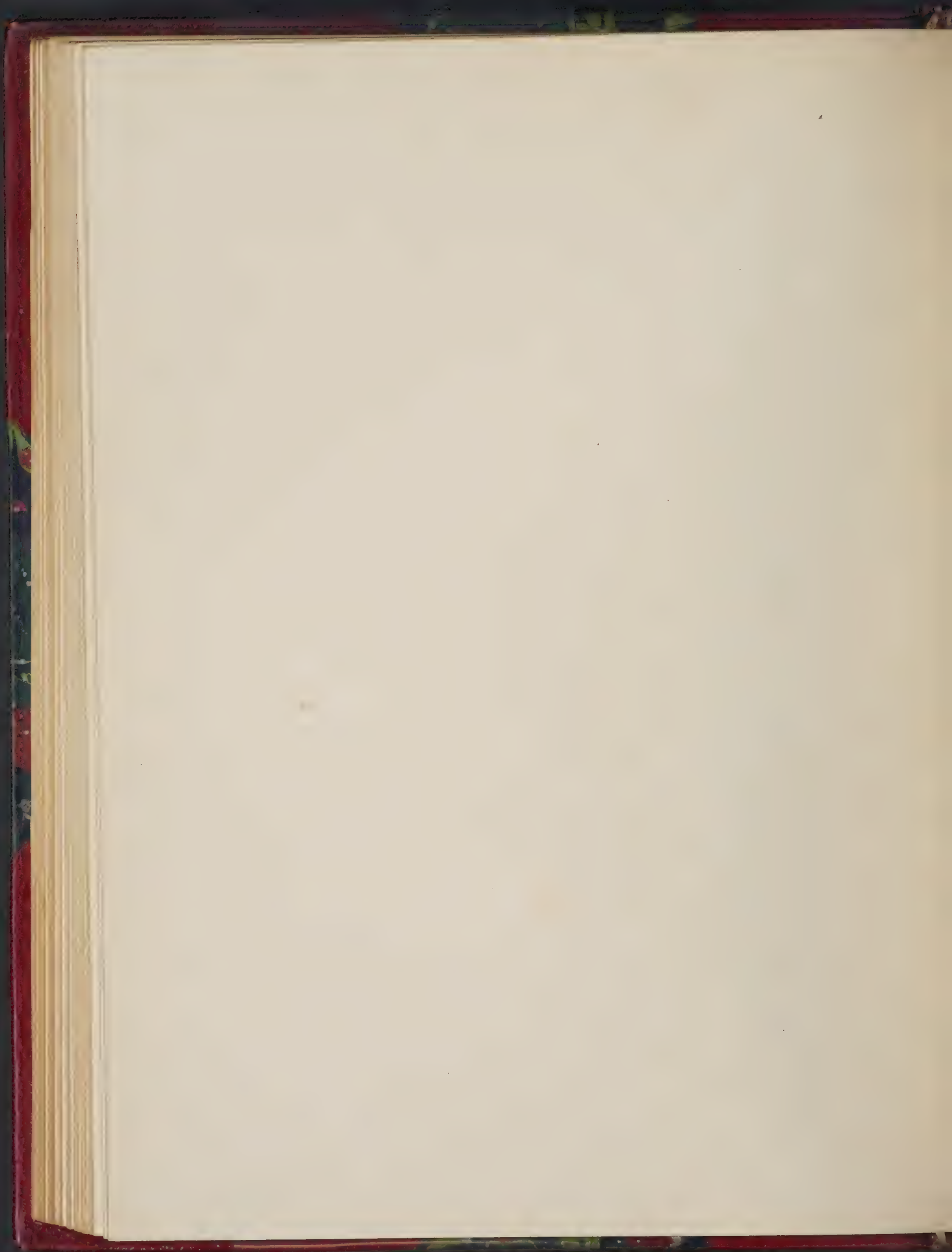
i.e., silenced his tongue. In A. Munday's "Palmerin of England", ch. x, edit. 1602, we have "*charm* the proud speeches thou first used": again, in the same book, we have "charmed" in the sense of stopped or prevented": "Berold, of Spain, receiving him at the point of his lance, *charmed* his bold attempt."

Newman. Greene and Shakespeare have often been laughed at for ignorance in representing Bohemia as a maritime country: but see the geographical knowledge displayed by Munday in the very book you have just quoted. We are there told, "Long travelled the Knight of Fortune, till at last he came to the Cape of Totness, where he took shipping towards England."

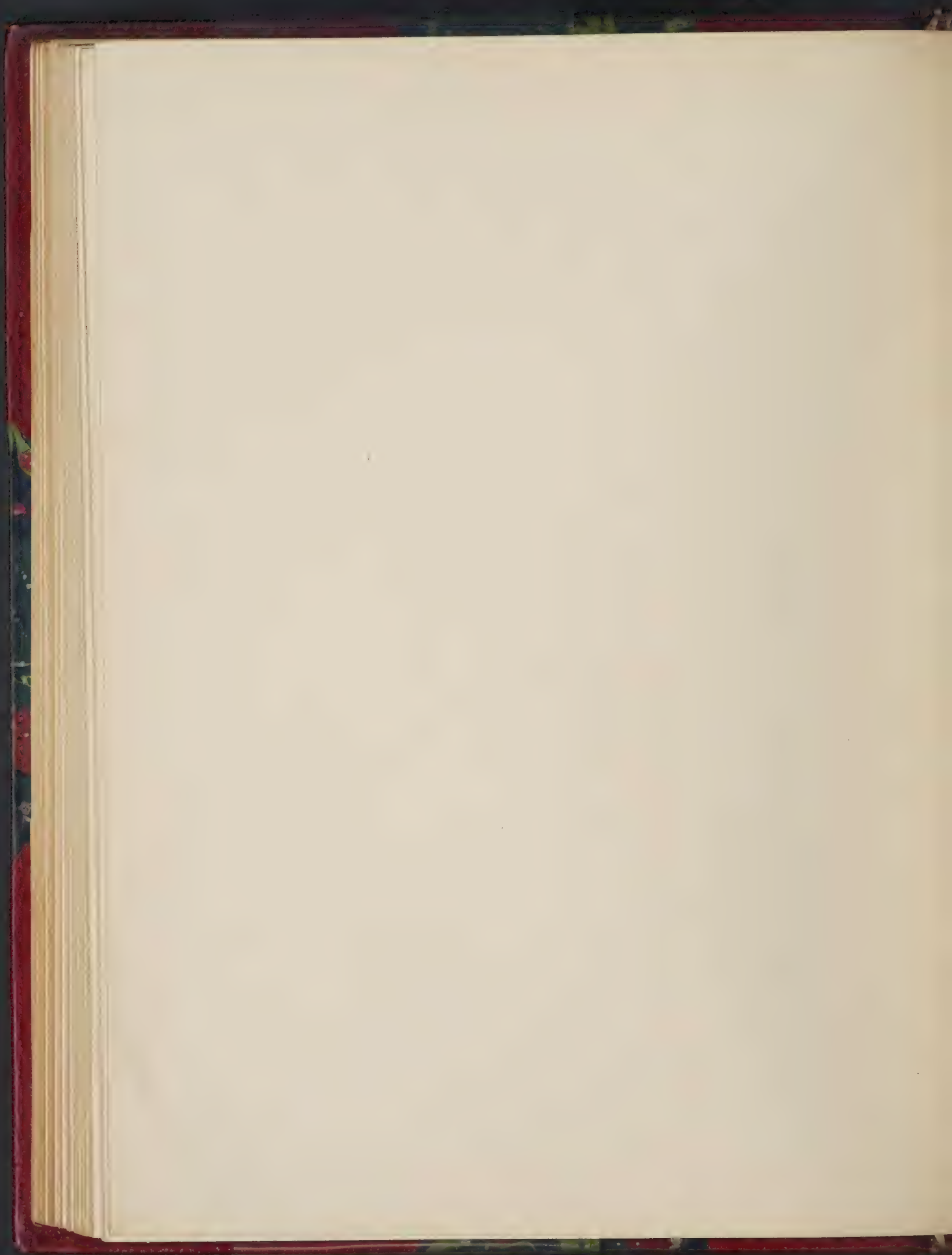
Collier. That is ridiculous enough. There is one point regarding Robert Greene's "Pandosto", which was first published in 1588 (some twenty years before "The Winter's Tale", founded upon that novel, was acted), which merits notice (though it has received none that I recollect), and that is the use that Spenser has made of it in his "Fairy Queen", B. VI, c. 12. Calidore there falls in love with Pastorella, who, when an infant, had been exposed and saved in the same way as Shakespeare's Perdita. Thus, though in an inferior degree, two of our greatest poets were indebted to Greene.

END OF PART I.





TRILOGY,
ETC.



TRILOGY.

CONVERSATIONS

BETWEEN

THREE FRIENDS

ON THE

EMENDATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S TEXT

CONTAINED IN MR. COLLIER'S

CORRECTED FOLIO, 1632,

AND

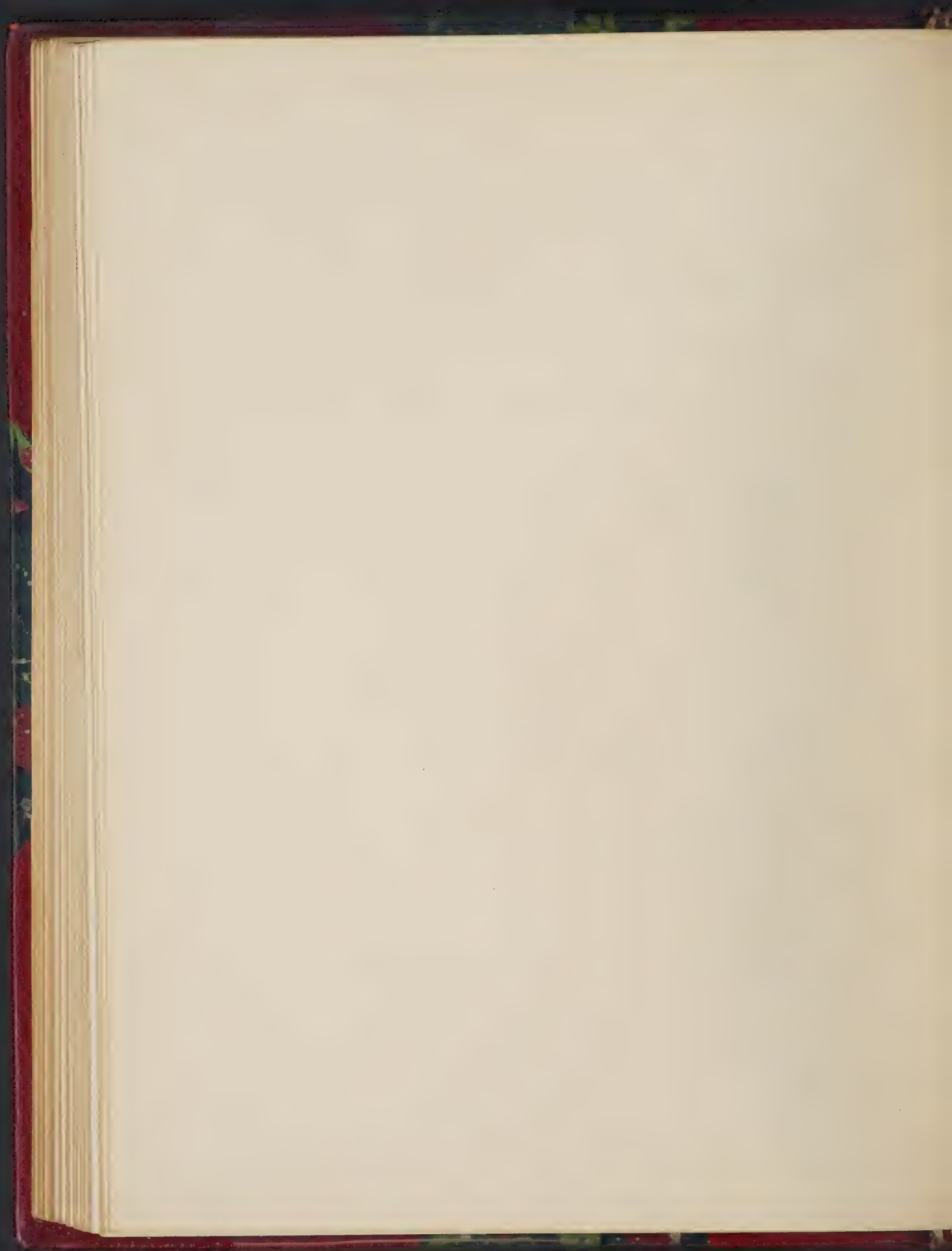
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PART II.—HISTORIES.

LONDON:

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.



TRILOGY, &c.

KING JOHN.

Collier. We have now to enter upon a fresh class of dramatic productions by Shakespeare, called "Histories" in all the folios: they are ten, beginning with "King John", and ending with "Henry VIII".

Alton. I suppose you include "the First Part of Henry VI" in the series, although it seems more than doubtful whether Shakespeare wrote it.

Collier. Of course I include it, and the emendations of it contained in my Corrected Folio of 1632. The question of its authenticity, as a production of Shakespeare's pen, we may have to say something upon, when we arrive at it in the course of our observations on the manner, and degree in which recent editors have availed themselves of the old Corrector's notes. I have, I may add, the strongest conviction that our great dramatist was the author of the larger part of the history of "King Edward the Third", originally printed in 1596; but as it was entirely omitted in all the folios of 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685, and could not therefore have gone under the supervision of the old Corrector, it does not come within our purview.

Newman. I know the play well from Capell's reprint of it in his "Prolusions" of 1760. I, too, feel sure that Shakespeare's mind and pen supplied all the better portions of it, and that it was most improperly, and strangely, excluded from the folio 1623.

Alton. Was it so excluded by design, or only by accident? It does not even appear in the folio 1664, where we find "Pericles", "The Yorkshire Tragedy", etc.; but not "The Two Noble Kinsmen", which Dyce boldly added to his second edition.

Collier. We can only speculate upon the point, however important; but the probability seems to be that Heminge and Condell forgot "Edward III"; and we are to recollect that it was printed a year before any of the other works of Shakespeare came from the press, as far as we know.

Newman. It ought, of course, to have been placed between "King John" and "Richard the Second". But now let us proceed with the dramatic "Histories", as they stand in the folio 1623, and in our text book, Dyce's edition: we begin with "King John".

Collier. The first at all important change proposed by the old Corrector in the text of "King John", Dyce calls "very plausible", but still dares not to adopt it, viz., *unstained* of the ancient copies (Act II, sc. 1), for *unstrained*, which your folio 1632 tells us is the true reading.

Alton. And it may well say so, considering not only how easy was the blunder, but that an innocent child, like Arthur, would never think of asserting that his love was pure and unspotted, for how could it be otherwise: he wished Austria to feel sure that his love was unforced and natural, such as, in fact, belonged to infancy—"full of *unstrained* love."

Collier. Certainly: "unstrained" must have been Shakespeare's word there, as well as *indiscreetly* just afterwards in the line—

"That hot rash haste so indiscreetly shed."

It was the "hot rash haste" that had made it *indiscreet*, not "indirect". So said Dyce's friend, Mr. Letfom, and, indeed, so said Singer in his text and in his note on the passage: the blood was needlessly, and therefore "indiscreetly shed".

Alton. There can be no doubt regarding "indiscreetly"; but its opponents cannot at all agree even about the meaning of "indirectly", the corruption that has always usurped the place: one asserts that it means *criminally*, another *wantonly*, a third *wrongfully*.

Collier. When, in fact, here it means none of them. There is a passage in Dyce's edition of "The Noble Gentleman" (B. and F., x, 121), where *discreetly* is misprinted "directly". One character is boasting of his open addiction to lewd women, when another warns him to love them more *discreetly*, not "directly", which is almost, if not quite, nonsense. Dyce did not, however, detect the misprint; and it shows how easy it was to confound the two words.

Alton. When, not long afterwards, the Citizens of Angiers propose the marriage of the Dauphin with Lady Blanch, observing,

"The lady Blanch
Is neere to England,"

the old Corrector substitutes *niece* for "neere", and neither Dyce nor anybody else can resist the emendation. Dyce

fairly avows the obligation, saying, "I make no doubt that Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector is right in regarding 'neere' of the present passage as a misprint for *niece*."

Newman. That point, then, is now settled; and we shall never again see *neere* in the text. Even in the "Globe Shakespeare", as it is called, *niece* is the word, but with nothing to mark the change. Singer says, with great simplicity, that "the error was an easy one": true; but "easy" as it was, it was never hinted at, until the appearance of your volume of "Notes and Emendations" in 1853.

Collier. And but for the old Corrector we should probably have seen the corruption *neere* printed and reprinted in every new edition of Shakespeare, as it has stood time out of mind in every old one. "Easy" as the error was, according to Singer, Dyce argues the point *pro* and *con* at as much length, as if it were a matter of question.

Alton. Comparatively trifling changes like this, which escaped all editors, ancient and modern, seem to establish that the old Corrector possessed some original sources of information.

Newman. The wonder is how such an absurdity could have had so long life. It ought to have wanted no corrector; and yet "neere" has been received and repeated for 250 years.

Collier. When I edited this historical play, twenty years ago, I repeated this error and many others, because I then admitted no purely conjectural emendations; but now that we have them, or many of them, supported by the testimony of the old Corrector, changes are, as Dyce often admits, "indispensable".

Alton. He is himself an advocate for a very small, and,

indeed, needless, change in Act II, sc. 2, where he "chooses to print" (his own expression elsewhere) *waters* instead of "water", citing your MS. Corrector as his sole authority. You did not see the necessity of making the word plural when the singular number of the old copies answered just as well.

Collier. Here Dyce even went beyond me in the credit he gave to the old Corrector, whom he cites in his note: so afterwards (Act III, sc. 1) as to the word "uptrimmed", he professes to have preceded the old Corrector; and very likely he did, but he did not print his notion until after he had seen it so supported.

Newman. What you formerly said about Dyce, that he could not endure the slightest ridicule, is fully borne out by his note on the words, "found on into the drowsy ear of night". He is absolutely in a fury at your merely asserting that his position regarding it was "almost droll": here his "unmannerly ire", as you mildly designate it, charges you with "misrepresentation and concealment", although you quoted only his own words, and showed how he had mistaken an expression by Defoe, when that author speaks of "one o'clock in the night".

Collier. Here his temper was in fault, and it misgoverned his pen: let us say no more about it; and he makes a sort of amends in his next note, on the second line of sc. 4, where he is content to accept "convented" in the line

"A whole armado of convented sail",

from my Corr. Fo. 1632, instead of "*convicted* sail" of all early and late impressions.

Alton. Dyce there admits his obligation, but Singer alters

convicted to "convented", without the slightest allusion to the source of the emendation.

Newman. It matters little what Singer says, or does not say: "convented" must be the true word, as we read in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. VI, ch. 33:

"But when by his convented force his foes increased more."

His foes were increased by *conventing*, or gathering together, the troops of the enemy.

Collier. Passing over a few minor matters, where Pope and other editors recommend changes, now found warranted by the Corr. Fo. 1632, we come to the compound epithet of "fin-bestained" as applied to the cloak of King John. However positive Dyce may be against it, you will observe that all he can say is confined to the vastly important topic of the *hyphen*, regarding which he gives us a whole page of notes and quotations. He does not say that the "ingenious alteration" of *thin-bestained* to "fin-bestained" is not right, but he adduces plenty of instances to prove that hyphens are elsewhere misplaced. If this be admitted, how does it establish that

"We will not line his sin-bestained cloak",

ought to be "*thin-bestained*"? Singer could not resist the excellent emendation; but without relying at all upon such an authority, it is most evident that the old compositor made a blunder (from mishearing, perhaps), and printed "*thin-bestained*", not understanding, in his profane capacity, how a cloak could be "fin-bestained". Mr. Dyce must have been sensible of the poetical figure, but still could not prevail upon himself to admit it into his text: he obtusely

fancied that Shakespeare only meant that the King's cloak was *thin* and *stained*.

Newman. Do him the justice, however, to acknowledge that he was fully aware of the difference between "offers" and *orders* in the line (Act v, sc. 1),

"Send fair-play offers and make compromise";

for how could compromise be effected with the enemy by the dispatch of *orders*?

Collier. Yet *orders* has run the gauntlet of all editions from 1623 to 1858, when I insisted upon the change. I apprehend that we shall never see it again; and this is one of the many obvious and important services that the old Corrector has rendered.

Alton. In the fourth scene of Act v, we arrive at a very curious misrepresentation of the true text in the line,

"Unthread the rude eye of rebellion",

instead of "*untread* the *road way* of rebellion", which emendation was in part guessed by Theobald, but he did not perceive that *rude eye* was a misprint for "road way".

Collier. We can see precisely the causes of these mistakes of the old compositor; and I believe it was then very rarely that a reader of the proofs was employed. Again, on the next page, we see "Right in thine eye" amended, most indisputably, I contend, to "*Bright* in thine eye". Melun, wounded, is at the point of death, and Salisbury tells him,

"For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Bright in thine eye."

This is the "lightning before death" of "Romeo and

Juliet", Act v, sc. 3 ; and Crown, in Act II of his "Charles VIII" (1672), tells us "Such lightnings some have had when near the grave."

Alton. Dyce is, I apprehend, the only person who refuses the emendation ; while he gravely and scientifically argues against the existence of such brightness in the eyes of people just before death, "on the authority of an eminent living physician." Surely this is very absurd, when the poet perhaps only uses a commonly received opinion for the purpose of his drama, even supposing it not to be the fact. This is a specimen of the *matter-of-factness* required by unimaginative editors.

Newman. Have we not gone a little too fast, and omitted to notice a valuable proposed change ? Turn back to scene 2 of this 5th Act, where Dyce prints the line,

"Even at the crying of your nation's crowe."

Who ever heard that a *crow* was the emblem of France ? and, moreover, who ever heard of a crow *crying* ?

Collier. The MS. correction in the Fo. 1632 must be at once admitted,

"Even at the *crowing* of your nation's *cock*."

The cock, or *gallus*, is notoriously the feathered representative of France ; and it is not so easy here, as in some other places, to account for the stupid blunder of the compositor. The emendation renders it impossible that the error should ever be repeated ; but in a popular tract by Thomas Lodge, printed in the same year as the old play of King John, viz., 1591, we meet with the very opposite misprint, not *crow* for "cock", but *cock* for "crow".

Newman. That is perhaps still more singular. What are the words, and what is the title of the tract?

Collier. It is called "Catharos, Diogenes in his Singularity", 4to, 1591, and the sentence there printed runs thus:

"Truely our husbandmen heare about Athens are like Æsop's cocke, whom the Foxe espied perched on a tree, and bearing a piece of flesh in his crooked nebbe."

Immediately afterwards, the Fox addressees the *cocke*, as it stands misprinted, by the name of "brother Crowe".

Newman. Very remarkable, and not less absurd. The old printer seems to have been confounded by the repetition of the words "cock" and "crow", both in Lodge and in Shakespeare. How strange it is that any man should seriously repeat the line of "King John", as it appears in Dyce's and in all other editions, your's alone excepted.

Alton. Surely we shall never see it again. It was worth going back a little in order to advert to this singular and ridiculous perversion of the poet's language. Now I think we may shut the book for the day.

Collier. Before we separate, I just want to show you how often the sentiment in the concluding couplet of "King John" has been given by our elder writers in different forms. The old "King John" ends thus:

"Let England live but true within itself,
And all the world can never wrong her state."

Shakespeare, in his "history", puts it thus:

"Nought shall make it rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Spenser has this line, *F. Q.*, B. II, c. x, ft. 48:

"Nought else but treason from the first this land did foyle."

A tract by Anthony Munday, called "The Discoverie of Edmund Campion", 1582, *b.* 7, has these words:

"This little Iland, God having so bountifullie bestowed his blessings upon it, that except it proove false within it selfe, no treason whatsoever can prevaile against it."

In his "Introduction to Knowledge", printed as early as 1542, Andrew Borde expressed a similar opinion twice over: first he says,

"If they were true within themselves, thei nede not to feare although al nacions wer set against them."

And afterwards,

"I think, if al the world were set against England, it might never be conquered, they being trew within them selfe."

Alton. No doubt you might find the fame sentiment in many more recent authorities; but we have gone a little out of our straight path already, and when next we meet we may

"Untread the road-way of *quotation*",

and return to Shakespeare. All we want is impartially to do our best in ascertaining, with the aid of your *Corr. Fo.* 1632, what is the true text of Shakespeare in many disputed passages.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

Newman. The emendations to "Richard the Second" in the *Corr. Fo.* 1632 do not seem very numerous or material.

Collier. Excepting so far as the most minute change, that restores the true language of the greatest poet the world

ever produced, is of the highest value. As, for instance, when in Act II, sc. 2, it furnishes, for the first time, the word "near" in the line,

"Is my *near* kinsman whom the king hath wrong'd",

It is indispensable, as Dyce says, and indisputable both as regards sense and metre: he accordingly inserts it with due admission that he adopts it from the Corr. Fo. 1632, though even I avoided it.

Alton. In the next Act (sc. 3) we have another more striking instance, where a noble simile is absolutely ruined by printing *harm* (as it stands in every previous edition) for "storm":

"Alack, alack for woe
That any *storm* should stain so fair a show!"

Newman. The wonder is how so tame and inapplicable a word as *harm* could have remained unexpunged during more than two centuries. Dyce, I see, willingly accepts "storm", and surely this is a material change.

Collier. It may be thought singular that the old Corrector says nothing of a line, or words, supposed to be missing in an earlier part of the drama (Act II, sc. 1), where the want of some portion of the old and genuine text makes Shakespeare seem guilty of a historical inaccuracy. We need not be surprised, indeed, even if the poet were guilty in this respect: he was not generally nice about such points, and we may easily believe that he here verified Holinshed carelessly. At all events, the old Corrector, who, perhaps, knew no better, did not set the matter right; and it is most likely that the actor of the part of Northumberland recited

the speech as he found it in the prompter's book, and in every known copy of the play of that period.

Alton. Dyce came to the conclusion that a whole line was wanting, and left an unfightly blank for it: you merely print the whole text with an explanatory note.

Newman. The only point we have to do with is the fact, that the old Corrector affords us no aid in a place where we might have expected to find it.

Alton. To go back a little, what do you say of an early emendation (Act I, sc. 3), where the unhappy Duchess of Gloster exclaims, on making her *exit*,

“Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die.”

This is the old reading, but the Corr. Fo. 1632 has *desperate* for “desolate” in the second instance.

Collier. And rightly, I am persuaded. Shakespeare would not thus have repeated the same adjective; but the old printer misread the word *desperate*, thinking it a mere repetition of the word he had just before composed. *Desperate* adds much to the force of the passage; and seeing that Dyce so often accepted other words of importance, I feel sure that he was wrong in not accepting this.

Newman. The same, or nearly the same, may be said of the famous lines where (Act III, sc. 2) Scroop is thus describing the eagerness of the people to arm against the unhappy Richard:

“Boys with women's voices
Strive to speak big, and *clasp* their *feeble* joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown.”

Collier. That is as I give the passage from the Corr. Fo.

1632; and what a vulgarism it is to say that they "clap" their joints in arms, and how absurd to call the "feeble" limbs of the boys "*female* joints". "Feeble" was misheard *female*; and as for "clasp", what word could be more appropriate, considering the mode in which armour was then rapidly fixed upon the body? There is no emendation regarding which I feel more certain.

Alton. You think, I believe, that there was in existence an older play than Shakespeare's on the history of the reign of Richard the Second.

Collier. I feel very sure of it, and that that was the drama which was to have been acted just before the revolt of the Earl of Essex in 1601. I may add here, that Dyce has been misled in two instances by the misprint of the name of Pryce, instead of Percy, in my "Introduction" to "Richard the Second". The fault was not mine, but the printer's: we ought to read "Sir Charles Percy" and "Jostlyne Percy", as Dyce might have seen, had he referred to the original deposition of Augustine Phillipps, the old actor, preserved in the State Paper Office, and signed by himself. Dyce blames me for not giving the particular reference to the place where it is deposited, at a time when I did not know it myself. I first printed it, and it is a very curious original document; and what a fuss I might have made about it had I followed the example of some of my predecessors, who have accidentally found papers of much less interest and curiosity. It relates to the performance of a drama on the deposition and murder of Richard the Second, which, I apprehend, preceded that of Shakespeare.

Newman. And it may serve to explain why "the Parliament

scene" was omitted in some of the copies of Shakespeare's "history", as it has come down to us in the quarto 1608. It is a singular point as regards the production of the play, but I hold it of far less importance than even the smallest emendation of its text.

Collier. Before we pass on to the next "history", pause a moment or two, while I settle a point that has been much disputed referring to the line (Act IV, sc. 1),

"All plum'd like estriges that wing the wind."

It is "*with* the wind" in the old copies, and certainly wrong, though some modern editors prefer the corruption, not only to sense, but to the change to "wing the wind" in the Corr. Fo. 1632. Dyce has "*wing* the wind", but he does not add his authority for it: the fact is that to "wing the wind" and to "wing against the wind" were well understood expressions in Shakespeare's day. Thus in "Vox Graculi, or Jack Daw's Prognostication", 1623, p. 51, we read: "Better putting into an alehouse at Putney, than to *wing against the wind* and tide, without a tilt cloath, to Richmond banke."

Newman. That seems to decide the question without resorting, like Dyce, to Claudian or Sam Rogers. The change of *with* to "wing" was originally made by Rowe in 1709; and the absurdity of reviving the misprint of "*with* the wind" is merely modern, and probably will not be repeated after we thus see the change so warranted by the old Corrector.

Collier. I wonder the more that Dyce did not here mention my Corr. Fo. 1632, because I distinctly remember that, in reference to the line, he appealed to me one day to

tell him whether there it stood "*with* the wind" or "*wing* the wind". He disliked even to be right in the company of the old Corrector, but here he could not avoid it.

KING HENRY IV. PART I.

Alton. There is a long interval of about a century and a half between Shakespeare's "King John" and his "Richard II": applicable to the whole of that period he wrote no drama, unless it were "Edward the Third".

Collier. Very true; but other poets, then of considerable celebrity, took up reigns subsequent to that of John: you well know Peele's "Edward I", first reprinted in Doddsley's "Old Plays", edit. 1825, and Marlowe's "Edward II", also in Doddsley, but both of them subsequently, and painstakingly edited by Dyce.

Newman. There was also formerly one drama (or perhaps two) called in the books of the Stationers' Company "Henry the First and Henry the Second"; and, on the same authority, stated to have been "by Shakespeare and Davenport". It seems, also, that Sir H. Herbert licensed a "History of Henry the First" to Davenport, just at the close of the reign of James I, but Shakespeare's name was not then mentioned in connection with it.

Collier. Those are known facts; and it is farther stated that Warburton's (the herald, not the bishop) servant destroyed the very MS. of the "Henry the First and Second" imputed to Shakespeare and Davenport. I always feel rather incredulous upon the point what plays, if any, Warburton's cook used for the bottoms of her pastry.

Alton. When we were examining the emendations made by the old Corrector in Shakespeare's "King John", you made no allusion to what appears to be the oldest historical play in our language, Bishop Bale's "King Johan"—a most remarkable production, probably of the reign of Edward VI.

Collier. The object of "King Johan" was to bring the Roman Catholics into disgrace as to the poisoning of kings, and it is a singular mixture of allegory and history: I only wonder that it has never been reprinted from the copy issued by the Camden Society as long since as 1840; but it has, of course, nothing to do with our present inquiry regarding the true text of Shakespeare.

Newman. Certainly; and the same may be said of "Edward the Third", which, although by Shakespeare, does not belong to our subject, because it was not reprinted by the player-editors in their folio of 1623.

Collier. Yet it was, at least, twice printed before 1600; and the old copies of 1596 and 1599, contain not a few of the usual misprints, some of which Capell preserved in his reimpression of 1760, and are too carefully followed in the German reprint of 1854. However, with these, as you say, we have now nothing to do.

Alton. Nobody seems to have taken Capell's word, or, rather, adopted his opinion, regarding Shakespeare's concern in the play. Seven years after it appeared in his "Prolusions", Capell had not confidence enough in his own judgment to include it in his edition of Shakespeare (10 vols., 12mo, 1767); and Malone, Steevens, Johnson, and everybody else to our own day, absolutely ignored it, as if it never had any existence. You yourself say not one

word regarding it, any more than Dyce and all other editors.

Collier. I feel the justice of the reproof; but were it my fate to live long enough to edit another Shakespeare, I should as soon think of leaving out "King John" or "Richard the Second" as "Edward the Third".

Alton. And it would come between those two plays in the historical series. Dyce reprints "The Two Noble Kinsmen" as Shakespeare's work in his edition, though the evidence in its favour is not half so strong as the internal proofs contained in "Edward the Third": "Pericles", too, is by no means so Shakespearian.

Collier. The less I say upon the subject the better: I have regretted many things in connection with my edition of Shakespeare, but nothing quite so much as the omission of such a truly Shakespearian drama as "Edward the Third".—Let us proceed now with "the First Part of King Henry the Fourth".

Newman. The emendations are not many, nor those very important, as it strikes me. Take Dyce's first note as a specimen, where he remarks upon the different spelling of "strand" and *strond*. Our ancestors invariably pronounced the letter *a* very broadly and openly—hence we have *hand* often printed "hond", "land", *lond*, "brand", *brond*, "stand" *stond*, and many more. Everybody who reads our old poetry must be aware of it, and the quotation in Dyce's note from "The Taming of the Shrew" proves it without any needless enforcement.

Alton. But the difference in the spelling of such words has often led to a difference in the meaning of them: thus "band" and *bond* are the same word; but we say that a man

has a *band* round his hat, but that he has entered into a *bond* for the payment of money.

Collier. You are right, but we need not dwell on such points. Dyce complains that the old Corrector, in Act I, sc. 3, alters "fears" to *foes* in the line,

"Shall we buy treason and indent with foes",

when nothing can be clearer than that, in the very quotation Dyce makes from "Valentinian" to support *fears*, it ought unquestionably to be *foes* :

"If I must perish,
Yet shall my *fears* go first."

Alton. A very probable misprint; and why was the man in danger of perishing if he sent his *fears* first, instead of his "foes"? In both cases read "foes".

Newman. Dyce had printed it *fears* in his B. and F. (vol. 7), and was naturally anxious to defend his error.

Collier. In Act II, sc. 3, of the play before us, there is an imperfect line, where all its neighbours are regular:

"Come, wilt thou see me ride?"

Dyce has not unfrequently taken the word of the old Corrector to supply deficiencies; but, though Hotspur has previously ordered the servant to lead his horse "into the park"; Dyce will not permit the line to be made perfect, even by the words Hotspur has himself just previously used,

"Come to the *park*, Kate; wilt thou see me ride?"

Mr. Dyce declares this emendation to be "very ingenious", when there is no ingenuity in it (Hotspur having just before mentioned "the park" as the place where he would mount),

and refuses to add "to the park, Kate," to complete the obviously defective line.

Alton. It looks like mere caprice on his part; and to what can we attribute the display of it, but to his reluctance to be obliged to the old Corrector for the most harmless improvement—improvement it unquestionably is.

Newman. Another species of caprice seems to have troubled him in Act III, sc. 1, as regards the word "welling", which, of course, means *pouring down*. Lady Mortimer is weeping bitterly, and her husband speaks thus of her tears,

"Which thou pour'st down from these welling heavens."

It is "*swelling* heavens" in all the old copies, and in his edition of 1857, Mr. Dyce says, in his note on the passage, "*I adopt without hesitation the reading of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector.*" But in 1864 he completely altered his mind, contending, most inconsistently, that "*swelling* heavens" is the true reading.

Alton. In the interval, some ill adviser must have wrought upon him to commit such an absurdity: it was not Singer certainly, because he takes "welling heavens" from your Corr. Fo. 1632. The persuasion of Dyce's friend must have been very potent, or he would never have consented so to stultify himself.

Collier. Why, in "Tottel's Miscellany", as early as 1557, we meet with the very expression "Fleting on seas of *welling teares*". Dyce had always too little confidence in his own judgment, and because somebody pointed out to him an equivocal instance of the use of "swells" and "pouring down tears", he changed his mind: he thought it better to be misguided by anybody than guided by

the old Corrector; and he was too amiable (when he had no pen in his hand) to resist his "*afflictive* friends": he was overloaded by them.

Newman. One of his best friends assuredly was the old Corrector, and every here and there he treated him accordingly; for see how gladly (Act v, sc. 3) he calls him to his aid, when he has nobody else to support him, in substituting "masking in his coats", for the old reading "*marching* in his coats": here Dyce admits that "the true reading has been undoubtedly recovered" from the Corr. Fo. 1632.

Alton. And how well worth having! I think we need go no further with this play, although we have necessarily passed over a good many smaller changes by which, in your edition, the text of all former impressions is improved, and mainly at the instance of your old authority.

Collier. This play contains, as everybody knows, Falstaff's famous speech regarding "honour", of which good actors (and I am old enough to have seen Stephen Kemble act the part *without stuffing*) make so much, and which, one would think, audiences would well remember long after the Restoration. Yet here is a play, printed in 1662, and written earlier, because the author was then long dead, which contains a foolish and absurd parody of Falstaff's dissertation upon honour, as if it had at that date been entirely forgotten by audiences.

Alton. What is the name of the play, and the name of the plagiary?

Collier. The author was no other than the son of one of the joint-editors of the folio of 1623—William Heminge, whom his father sent to College, but who, subsequently to

the death of the old man, could not refrain from the stage, and died young and poor. The name of his play is "the Jew's Tragedy".

Newman. And it contains, you say, an imitation of Falstaff's soliloquy at the end of Act v, sc. 1, of "the First Part of King Henry the Fourth".

Collier. It does; and bad enough it is, beginning with the line put into the mouth of a low comedian,

"Call ye this honour? A pox of honour", etc.

This, and other portions of "the Jew's Tragedy", shew how soon Shakespeare must have been forgotten, even upon the public stage, not only as regards the play before us, but as regards such tragedies as "Julius Cæsar" and "Hamlet"; for there is in "the Jew's Tragedy" a sort of copy of the quarrel-scene between Cæsar and Cassius, and a soliloquy given to Eleazar, which begins,

"To be, or not to be, ay, there's the doubt", etc.

Alton. This is very remarkable: first, that Shakespeare should have been plagiarised so soon after his death; and, next, that the plagiarism was actually the son of one of the very editors of the collected folio of Shakespeare's plays in 1623.

Collier. I do not think it has been ascertained at all precisely when "the Jew's Tragedy" was written by young Heminge, but it was printed with his name two years after the Restoration. I have only mentioned this circumstance by the way, for it has clearly nothing to do with the real subject of our inquiry. When we next meet we will examine the emendations made by the old Corrector in "the Second Part of King Henry the Fourth".

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

Collier. In the very "Induction" to this play Dyce bears strong and involuntary testimony in favour of my Corr. Fo. 1632: in 1857 he printed the line

"This have I rumoured through the peasant towns",

as it stands in every old and in every new edition from 1623 to 1853, when I produced the old Corrector's change of "peasant" to *pleasant*. Dyce tells us, that his own mind had suggested *pleasant* "long ago"; but he ought to have added that he did not change the word, until he saw that emendation in my Corr. Fo. 1632: then he at once preferred *pleasant* to peasant.

Newman. You did not; for you said, in 1858, you thought "peasant towns" so intelligible, as meaning rustic towns, that you allowed the old text to remain.

Collier. True; but Dyce went beyond me in his respect for the change of my old Corrector; and though he had absolutely printed "peasant towns" in his first impression, yet seeing "*pleasant* towns" recommended by my Fo. 1632, he could not resist it, and was willing, in his second edition, rather to contradict himself than to dispute such an authority: therefore he has "*pleasant* towns".

Alton. I think he was right, and you wrong, even though "peasant towns" may be thought to express the meaning of the poet. I see, too, that Dyce, in the very opening of the play, follows the directions of the Corr. Fo. 1632 in the station he assigns to the Warder of the Castle.

Collier. Proving exactly the ancient arrangement of the scene, the Warder standing above the gateway, while Lord

Bardolph enters below. This is new, and belongs to no previous edition of the play, but it is not of much consequence. The Warder ought to retire on the entrance of Northumberland, as is also there shown; but in all impressions anterior to mine, he never made his exit, but was supposed to remain on the stage during the whole interview between Lord Bardolph and Northumberland. This course was most improper, as the old Corrector established, and as Dyce was convinced.

Newman. These are matters of small moment, as you say, compared with verbal emendations, of which we have a very important one near the end of Act II, sc. 2, where Falstaff is talking of personal sufferings and diseases, the pox and the gout, adding, "and so both the diseases prevent my curses". Here Dyce again proved his inconsistency most remarkably, but in a contrary way: "diseases" is misprinted *degrees* in all editions; and, in 1857, Dyce declared that "no tolerable sense" could be obtained from the old reading *degrees*, and therefore he then, as he well might, adopted "diseases", the word substituted by the old Corrector: this, of course, affords a clear meaning, and, as Dyce asserted, was supported by a MS. note in Mr. Singer's folio 1632.

Collier. The fact is that Mr. Singer's confirmatory note in his folio was never heard of, and, I believe, had no existence, until after I produced my Corr. Fo. 1632, so that it was only a confirmation in as far as it was a copy. Dyce, however, affected to put faith in it, and, on the authority of both, substituted "diseases" for *degrees* in 1857. In 1864, however, a timid fit seems to have come over him, for there again we find *degrees* instead of "diseases", thus restoring

what Dyce himself had previously said afforded "no tolerable sense".

Alton. It is indeed difficult to place confidence in an editor so "infirm of purpose" that he returns to what his mind had previously rejected, merely stating in 1864, "I now regard that emendation as doubtful", without assigning a single reason for his doubt.

Collier. How can that reading be doubtful, which makes sense out of nonsense, and refers to the very "diseases" which Falstaff had himself just enumerated? The mistake of *degrees* for "diseases" was so easily made, when the ear only was consulted, that we find that very blunder in an old poem quoted by Brown in his "Chaucer's England" (II, 268), published as recently as 1869:

"But that a man may voyde infyrmittee,
Without *degrees* fet from beyond the see."

Here Mr. Brown could not understand the line with "degrees", and therefore put a mark of interrogation in parenthesis after the word; but if he had only read "disease" for *degrees*, the meaning would have been clear enough. The same in Shakespeare: only read, "both the *diseases* prevent my curses", and the difficulty is at an end.

Newman. Most certainly; and your old Corrector erased *degrees*, and substituted "diseases".

Alton. Which Dyce properly accepted in 1857, but strangely refused in 1864. He was an amiable and learned man, but a very weak editor, easily persuaded by any one who "whispered *nonsense* in his ear".

Collier. His want of editorial courage, and nothing else, made him exclude from his text the new line offered by

the Corr. Fo. 1632, and absolutely necessary to the sense (Act I, sc. 3),

"A carefull leader sums what force he brings",

but he took care to add it in a note.

Newman. It amends a passage which everybody allows to be defective, and which, with the new line, is perfectly intelligible. In the opening of Act III, Dyce again pays tribute to the Corr. Fo. 1632, by taking "shrouds" from it, instead of *clouds*, as it stood in every edition until the time of Pope. Malone was obstinate for *clouds*.

Alton. Yet how glad Dyce was, when he came to Act IV, sc. I, to abuse you for recommending the change of "Let us sway on" to *Let's away on*: this, he contends, is *most vile*, though he does not condescend to explain why it is so vile. Mowbray was eager to take the field; and how much more natural was it for him to exclaim colloquially, "Let's away on!" than *Let us sway on*, which, if it mean anything, can only mean the same thing clumsily expressed.

Newman. Yet, only a few lines lower, when Dyce comes to the words "guarded with rage", he is compelled to be obliged to the Corr. Fo. 1632 for the true language of the poet—"guarded with *rags*."

Collier. In my turn, I admit myself wrong as to the military expression "a point of war"; for though Dyce did not know it, Stephen Gosson used it in 1596 in some lines he prefixed to Nicholas's "History of the West Indies",

"And threatning trumpet sounds a *point of war*."

So again, if another authority be necessary, we read in a tract printed in 1591, on a conflict between the Centurion

and five Spanish gallies, "The trumpet of the Centurion founded forth the deadly *points of war*."

Alton. One quotation, if truly applicable, is enough ; but, like other commentators, you are sometimes fond of displaying a little vain learning by needless repetition.

Collier. You are right ; but as I admitted my own error, in regard to this expression, I was willing to enforce it by a second quotation. It has not, I think, been my usual practice to multiply quotations.

Newman. I agree with you ; but sometimes I like to see them, especially where the point to be established is at all novel. Such, however, is not the case here ; and Mr. Singer's "bruit of war" was most unfortunate : he, however, does justice to your old Corrector in the line (Act IV, sc. 2)

"Under the counterfeited seal of God",

instead of "*zeal* of God"; while Dyce, in the same place, inserts the authority of Walker, as if it were superior to that of the old Corrector, when he must have known that Walker here, and in many other places, only followed and confirmed him.

Alton. Dyce's note on Pistol's couplet (Act V, sc. 3)

"Where is the life that late I led, say they ;
Why, here it is : welcome this pleasant day",

is amusing in more ways than one.

Collier. If I guess what you mean, it is not more amusing than many other notes in the same predicament.

Alton. Why, in his edition of 1857, he denies, more than by implication, that it is anything but blank-verse, though Pope and Theobald told him the contrary ; but in 1864, in spite of their example, he all of a sudden finds out that

rhyme must have been intended, and alters his text accordingly. What was the reason for this change? Merely that he found it given as rhyme in your second edition, because such was the emendation in your Corr. Fo. 1632. This is another involuntary admission of the reliance he placed on the very authority he abused. Every old copy told him that it was not meant to rhyme; to this day the editors of the Globe Edition say the same; yet he, in spite of them all, even in spite of Singer, follows the instruction contained in your Corr. Fo. 1632, and prints the lines exactly as you have read them: such faith does he repose, at times, in the authority on which you so much rely. That faith, we may feel sure, would have been unbounded, had he been the discoverer and possessor of your invaluable volume, now in the British Museum.

Collier. No doubt it would have made a great difference in his estimate of it. As to this play, there is no more that seems to require particular notice, and we may therefore close our labours for the day.

Newman. They are "labours we delight in"; and we are only doing poor and tardy justice to a very ill-used personage, let who will have been the old Corrector.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

Collier. We may "with seasonable swiftness" pass over minor points which may, or may not, be disputed, and come to a passage, near the close of Act I, in which those very words occur, and which, in fact, are an emendation which even Singer could not dispute, but produced his modern

corrected folio in support of the change in the margin of my old Corr. Fo. 1632. It requires no enforcement, as, I think, you will both admit, and consists of the mere alteration of a letter. You will bear in mind that, after the departure of the French Ambassadors with their insulting present of tennis-balls, King Henry resolves on instant war, and orders immediate preparations: not a moment is to be lost in making them.

Newman. His words are these, as you give them, and as, I apprehend, they ought to stand everlastingly:

“Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition,
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with seasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings.”

Alton. And what can be the objection to this exhortation to the utmost speed in collecting the “proportions”, or preparations, for hostilities?

Collier. Why, for “seasonable swiftness”, that is to say, swiftness demanded by the instant resolution, Dyce would read, with the old copies, “reasonable”, the very last word the king would use under the circumstances;

“That may with *reasonable* swiftness add
More feathers to our wings.”

Can anything be more tame and poor, at the very moment when the young king is urging the swiftest dispatch? Even Singer could not be brought to admit such an absurdity.

Alton. Important and incontrovertible as the improve-

ment must be considered, the alteration of the text is also so trifling and probable: the old compositor merely took up an *r* instead of the next letter to it. Henry was thirsting for instant revenge for the insult just offered, and "reasonable swiftness" must on all accounts be out of the question: what the King required was swiftness adapted to the eager anxiety of his mind.

Collier. It was almost an insult to his own nobles to suppose that *reasonable* speed in seeking such an enemy would satisfy them. Besides, as you say, the mistake of the printer was so easy: I can produce two instances of its occurrence in works of the time; and this is a case where I cannot be blamed for adding a second quotation to enforce the first. In Spenser's "Fairy Queen", B. II, c. 9, ft. 49, we read in the edition of 1590,

"So that no time nor reason could arise."

Here "reason" ought, of course, to be *season*,

"So that no time nor *season* could arise."

It speaks for itself.

Newman. Certainly; but what is your other quotation?

Collier. If possible it is still stronger, and is taken from a work printed in 1598, to which I was the first to assign an author (Edward Guilpin), in the third satire of his "Skialetheia", where he is speaking figuratively of *seasoning the cask* of the understanding, and where *seasoned* is misprinted "reasoned";

"Having so well fore-reason'd thy mind's cask."

Newman. There cannot be a doubt about it; but even without these proofs of the facility with which the blunder

could be committed, the passage itself shows that Shakespeare must have written,

"That may with *seasonable* swiftmess add
More feathers to our wings."

Alton. "Reasonable fwiftness" is here almost preposterous; and how Dyce, with the correction before him, could print it, is beyond comprehension. Nothing can be more inapplicable than Dyce's note from "Troilus and Cressida", because the hero is there jeering the priest Helenus for allowing "reason" to overfway his courage.

Collier. Dyce was desperately hard put to it to discover a pretext for avoiding a wonderfully small, though as wonderfully certain and valuable, emendation in my poor reviled Fo. 1632. If his quotation from "Troilus and Cressida", Act II, sc. 2, prove anything, it proves that "reasonable" must never hereafter appear in the text of this scene of "King Henry the Fifth". "*Seasonable* fwiftness" means speed adapted to the imperative suddenness of the occasion, whereas "reasonable fwiftness" can mean only as much speed as may be convenient.

Newman. You have just passed over another capital alteration of the blundering old text, where the King is made to tell the French Ambassadors,

"I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my soul of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France."

Can anything of the kind be better? And this is the amended reading of your Corr. Fo. 1632, whereas the old and eternally repeated text has been,

"and show my *sail* of greatness."

How was Harry the Fifth to show his "*sail* of greatness" when he roused him on the French throne? A sail upon a throne!

Alton. Those who here contend for *sail* are the same gentlemen who were so prosaic as not to be able to understand "foul-tainted" in "Much ado about Nothing", and insisted upon *foul-tainted*, as if (as Steevens observed) they alluded to a fowl which had been fly-blown in the kitchen. Here, again, they are equally at fault; and because they cannot comprehend how Harry could "show his foul of greatness" on the throne of France, they make him hoist *sail*, as if he were escaping from it.

Newman. They refuse a figure of speech where one was certainly intended, and, as if to balance the account, they insist upon finding one, where it is entirely out of place.

Collier. I never had a moment's doubt that it was merely a printer's error in composing *sail* instead of "foul".

Alton. I do not mention it as any confirmation; but even Singer here was in favour of "foul of greatness"—at least, "he saw little objection to it"—as if his seeing, or not seeing, an objection were of much consequence.

Newman. Dyce himself seems to have been seized with a fit of remorse when, in 1857, he recalled a note in his "Remarks" of 1844, where he blamed you, not for innovating, but for adhering to the old text. In his note on Act II, sc. 2, he at once adopts an emendation inserted by you; and how absurd it is to explain the words "late commissioners" as *lately appointed* commissioners, when the king was in the very act of naming them! "*state-commissioners*" cannot be wrong; and Froude, in his "History", I, 450,

speaks of the *state* commissioners, who had been selected for the trial of Anne Bullen.

Collier. The description of the death of Falstaff (Act II, sc. 3), as Theobald amended the text, must stand upon its own merits, and I have not attempted to disturb it, although Dyce blames me as if I had : as to Dame Quickly's words, "When I saw him fumble with the sheets", we may aptly quote P. Holland's translation of "Pliny", B. VII, p. 183, where he tells us, that one of the sure signs of death is "to keepe a fumbling and pleeting of the bed cloathes". This was printed in 1601, while the second quarto of this "drama" appeared in 1602 ; but the description given by the Hostess is not contained in any of the three quartos of 1600, 1602, or 1608. They were slavishly printed from each other, and are in all respects very imperfect, while the folio 1623, as I apprehend, contains insertions, subsequent to the earliest performance of the drama, in order to give it fresh spirit and novelty. Thus, there is no trace in the quartos of the address of Henry to his soldiers before Harfleur, and of various other striking portions.

Alton. However popular it may have been in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, the play had obviously gone quite out of recollection by frequenters of theatres after the Restoration ; for when Crown dedicated his "Juliana" to Lord Orrery, he thus hyperbolically spoke of that nobleman's "Henry V", without the slightest allusion to Shakespeare : "It is your lordship's pen hath assisted Henry the Fifth in a second conquest of France, and in the noblest characters of valour, love, and friendship, hath made the English wit and language as triumphant as his arms : nor could a story, acted with so much glory and success, be

attempted by any pen beneath your lordship's." The date of this disgusting flattery was 1671.

Collier. But what say you to the following unnoticed allusion to Shakespeare's drama, which allusion was printed two years after the Restoration?—

"It was no impeachment
To the glory won at Agincourt's great battle,
That the achiever of it, in his youth,
Had been a purse-taker."

Newman. From whence do you quote those lines?

Collier. From a very popular comedy, printed in the year 1662; but, in truth, affording no contradiction to your position that our great dramatist's "King Henry the Fifth" had been forgotten before the Restoration; because, although "Anything for a quiet Life," by Thomas Middleton, was not printed until 1662, internal evidence proves that it was written in 1612 or 1613, just about the date when Shakespeare had retired to Stratford-upon-Avon, and while, we may well believe, his "King Henry the Fifth" had not ended its run of popularity. It is singular that when Dyce edited Middleton's laughable comedy, he missed this clear and early allusion to Shakespeare and his three dramas, which illustrate the varied career of King Henry the Fifth.

Newman. It is in a note to "Anything for a quiet Life" that Dyce makes the droll blunder of supposing that a clown's old breeches were made of *Naples* fustian, when all that is meant is that the fustian breeches were "naples".

Alton. He might as well say that the "naples vesture of humility" of Coriolanus had been brought from Naples. I remember that, in a note to "Coriolanus", Dyce talks of the

*atrocit*y (his own word) of some emendations suggested by the old Corrector; but surely never was anything quite so atrocious as Dyce's attempt to persuade his readers that "naples fustian" meant fustian imported from Naples.

Newman. Here is his very note upon the point, in his own words: "In the rates of merchandises (reign of James I.) various sorts of *Naples fustians* are mentioned." Just as if the clown had worn breeches of Naples fustian, and not *naples* fustian.

Collier. It was a strange and laughable oversight; but I do not see that it advances our inquiry into the mode and degree in which Dyce and others have used (and abused, even while they used) the corrections offered in manuscript, in my folio 1632. Returning to his notes upon the historical play before us, you will see that, however abusive he is at times, he can be civil enough at others. He seems to have been troubled with a fit of remorse, when he wrote as follows regarding my adherence to the old text in a place (Act II., sc. 1) where he had advocated its abandonment: "I have now to regret that in my 'Remarks', etc., I found fault with Mr. Collier for adhering to the old text." This apology was quite needless on every account, for I did not even know that he had found fault with me.

Newman. And two or three pages onward he arrives at a small change you had advocated, and where Dyce merely observes, "Read with Mr. Collier's Corrector," taking care in several other instances to insert the Corrector's emendations in notes, which emendations he would fain have placed in his text, had he not been so reluctant to avow the obligation: thus he reprints "mountain fire" (as if Edward the Third, notoriously a little man, were a hill!) from the

folio 1623, but lets his readers know that "*mighty* fire" is the word fitly substituted by the old Corrector.

Alton. Another harmless artifice on his part is to assign the commendation of a particular change to one of his "afflictive friends," as you justly called them; as where the old text tells us that the "threaden sails" are "*borne* by the wind," instead of *blown* by the wind, as the old Corrector puts it, and as one of Dyce's advisers approves, when he says, "I believe that Collier's Corrector is right."

Collier. We need not pause upon such trifles, but pass on to Act IV., sc. 2, where Dyce forgets to mention that the reading,

"I stay but for my guidon."

was made by my old Corrector a century or more before it occurred to anybody else. "Guidon" was used in Shakespeare's day either for a standard, for the bearer of a standard, or for a troop of soldiers under a standard. Florio, in his translation of Montaigne (1603, p. 109), says, "The Lord Elstree was then guidon to the Lord Vandosme"; and in Holland's "Livy" (1600) we read that the enemy "disordered and huddled the ensigns, guidons, squadrons, and troupes of foote and horse." In fact, the word is by no means unusual with this old and capital translator; and in B. VIII., p. 284, he speaks of "captains and *guidons* of horsemen which were sent every way."

Newman. Dyce refers only to Holinshed, and very appositely, although the old Chronicler does not in that place use the word "guidon", but *standard*.

Collier. There can be no dispute that the old text of Shakespeare is here corrupt; and all I contend for is the originality of the emendation in the Corr. Fo. 1632, made,

as we may speculate, not very long after the book was published. Our great dramatist was indisputably well read in Holland's "Livy"; and in Act IV. sc. 1 of the play before us we meet with the well-known line,

"There is a soul of goodness in things evil",

which may be compared with Holland's plain prose, "There is nothing so bad, but it hath some goodness in it (B. II. p. 270)."

Alton. The sentiment might not be uncommon, but Shakespeare's felicity of expression was quite uncommon. I begin to tire a little of the minute, not to say insignificant, notes upon this play.

Collier. So do I; but there is one small emendation that is of real importance to the sense of the poet: it occurs after the battle of Agincourt, when Montjoy enters and Henry the Fifth asks whether "he comes again for ransom"? the herald's answer is

"No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To *book* our dead, and then to bury them."

Such has been the unquestioned text from 1623, or perhaps earlier, until my second edition was published in 1858—that is to say, for more than two centuries; and, but for the discovery of my Corr. Fo. 1632, it might have continued the text for two, or even ten, centuries more; yet everybody now admits that it is wrong.

Newman. No: the exception, however, proves the rule; for Mr. Singer maintains that the change "to *look* our dead" is a *strange phrase*. So it may have seemed to him,

but Dyce and everybody else who has printed the passage (Globe Sh., p. 461) has seen that "to look our dead" was the phraseology of the time for "to look *for* our dead".

Alton. It was Singer's ignorance of the language of the period that made him condemn it: he deserved great credit for what learning he had acquired in spite of circumstances, but a knowledge of the English of Shakespeare's day was not among his attainments, as might be shown by nearly every book he edited.

Collier. Dyce has proved that Singer was at fault in the commonest acquaintance with Shakespeare; for the use of "to look" in this manner occurs in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and in "As You Like It," besides various instances in Beaumont and Fletcher. To these we might add others from Shirley's "Love Tricks," where Rufaldo says, "My brother Antonio is but gone to look his sister"; and from the translation of Boccacio in 1620, where we read, "Give her the garments, and bid her go look her lady." There is no end of such proofs.

Newman. And the mistake of *book* for "look" was so easy, as sometimes to be almost inevitable.

Collier. Exactly so; and in Dyce's edition of Middleton's "Roaring Girl" (Works II, p. 519), we meet with the contrary, not *book* for "look" as in Shakespeare, but "look" for *book*—a blunder, by the way, which the editor strangely preserved: one of the characters thus speaks of books and their bindings:

"Unless by their gay covers we are fir'd
To read the vilest *books*."

Dyce allowed "looks" to stand in his text, when the mere

word "covers", *i.e.*, *bindings*, if nothing else, ought to have set him right.

Newman. Well, as regards Shakespeare and his "Henry the Fifth" the blunder will never be repeated: it is little less than ridiculous to imagine Montjoy proposing to "wander over the bloody field," memorandum-book in hand, in order to write down the names and qualities of the French who had been slain at Agincourt. Yet, but for your *Corr. Fo.* 1632, such would probably, to all time, have been the supposition.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Alton. I am not convinced that Shakespeare had anything to do with this "history."

Collier. When I wrote my "Introduction" to it in 1858, I was, perhaps, a little too positive upon the point, and fancied he had had more to do with it than I now think.

Newman. It is a difficult question at this distance of time, and with our scanty information; but are you not of opinion that in the very opening his young spirit and dashing hand may be seen?

"Comets importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky", etc.

Might he not so have written when first he came to London, and joined a theatrical company? And again—

"We mourn in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive!
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car."

Collier. I admit the vigour of the lines, but Marlowe was probably an older author than Shakespeare; and I hardly find any lines in this play that Marlowe might not have written. I do not say the same of Greene, who was still older than Marlowe: he was not a vigorous, but, according to the notions of that day, rather an elegant writer. However, it is no part of our business now to settle Shakespeare's claim, but to examine the emendations made by the old Corrector of the Fo. 1632. "The First Part of King Henry the Sixth" was certainly a very early production, and we are sure that a drama on the events of his reign was in existence in 1592. Shakespeare *might* have been the original author of it, but more likely Marlowe, who was killed in 1593.

Alton. Malone, as we know, contradicted himself flatly upon the question of authorship; but all we have to do with is the real or supposed emendations of the text: as far as I can see, the old Corrector took less pains with them in this play than usual.

Collier. And, possibly, for this reason:—he had never seen the play acted. My notion is that many of the corrections in my Fo. 1632 were made in consequence of the accurate, or inaccurate, recitations of old performers, when the dramas were publicly acted: now, we have not a syllable of information that "the First Part of King Henry the Sixth" was ever acted after its supposed first production on 3rd March, 1592, and eleven immediately subsequent days: we know of no revival of it during the reigns of Elizabeth, James, or Charles, so that the old Corrector might have had no opportunity of listening to the actors in their different parts: hence, possibly, the fewness, and comparative insignificance, of his emendations in my Fo. 1632. Of

course, this is a mere speculation on my part, and it applies, in some degree, to the two other dramas on events in the reign of Henry VI.

Newman. You think that the old Corrector listened attentively to the performers, and often made changes in the corrupt text of the Folio 1632, in accordance with their better recitation.

Collier. I only say that *it may be so*; and when I find people speaking disparagingly of the corrections, and doubting their authenticity because they see (or fancy they see) pencil-marks under the ink, that fact (supposing it to be fact) gives me the greater reliance upon the proposed changes of text. What does it show but that the old Corrector first, and, perhaps, in some haste, made certain of his notes, and afterwards, and upon consideration, put them in a plainer and more permanent form?

Newman. Certainly, no course could be more natural: perhaps some of the pencil-marks, if they really exist, were only hints for subsequent reflection and decision.

Collier. I never saw any such marks, but if they are visible, and have been detected by a microscope (which instrument I never thought of using), it proves that the emendations, in such cases, were the result, not of hasty hearing, but of patient pondering and deliberation. But I am tired of the question as to the authenticity of the emendations: I am willing (for the sake of argument merely, observe that) to take them to be, from first to last, forgery and invention: still, after what has been said and seen, who shall deny that many of the proposed changes restore the undoubted meaning, aye, and *the very language*, of the poet? Let the enemies of my poor belaboured and belied

book do as they will : they are quite welcome to lay every emendation at my door. I am not, indeed, the father of the bantlings, but I should be proud of the paternity, if I were : I gladly welcome them into my Shakespeare family. In most, or many, of them the resemblance to *their true fire* is complete and perfect. Who says otherwise? Certainly not Dyce : he, over and over again, admits them into his text, however grudgingly, because he is satisfied that they abolish a corruption, and restore the genuine language of Shakespeare.

Alton. Very true : how often does he not in effect say "this emendation must be what Shakespeare wrote" : "I prefer the change made by Mr. Collier's Corrector, because I am convinced it is the true text" : "I have no hesitation in adopting this word, or this expression, from Mr. Collier's Corr. Fo. 1632" : "I cannot doubt but that Shakespeare's pen is seen in this change", etc., etc.

Newman. However, we meet with very little of such language applicable to the play in our hands.

Collier. And, perhaps, for the reason I have assigned : the old Corrector never saw the three parts of "Henry the Sixth" acted, and therefore made few notes upon them, and those by no means of importance.

Alton. Dyce gives us an instance of perverseness, and reluctance to follow the Corr. Fo. 1632 on his second page of the "First Part of Henry the Sixth", in the line as it stands in all the old copies,

"Than Julius Cæsar or bright ——"

He fills up the blank with *Berenice*, a name of four syllables, when only three are wanted, and that is merely a modern

introduction, while the old Corrector furnishes what was in all probability the true word, "Cassiope", consisting of only three syllables, as the name was then pronounced,

"Than Julius Cæsar or bright Cassiopé."

Drayton printed it *Cassiopey*, which settles the point of pronunciation; but Dyce would almost rather be wrong with anybody (Βερενικη) than right with the old Corrector. What earthly objection can there be to *Cassiopé*, which exactly fits the place, and was inserted in the Fo. 1632 long before the blank was filled up in any extant edition?

Newman. Malone suggested that the old printer could not read the word, and therefore left it blank: if so, could *Berenice* be read by ignorant eyes more easily than *Cassiopé*? However, Dyce declared against Cassiopé, apparently on no other account than because it was recommended by your old Corrector.

Alton. Ridiculously enough, Dyce left the blank in his first edition of 1857, because he could not then reconcile himself to "Berenice". He was resolute in being wrong in his second edition of 1864.

Collier. That scene ends with a couplet, "steal" rhyming with "weal"; and here, once for all, Dyce admits the antiquity of the old Corrector's emendation: "steal" is *send* in all impressions till Mason changed it; but, as Dyce truly remarks in his first edition, "Mr. Collier's Corrector had so changed the text *long before* Monk Mason."

Newman. Why did he omit "long before" in his second edition, as if he wished to favour the notion that the emendations in the Corr. Fo. 1632 were modern?

If Theobald, Hanmer, or even Capell and Ritson, make changes, he always puts it as if their examples had been followed in the margins of the Folio 1632, and never as if two independent authorities, at distant dates, had hit upon the same improvement of the old text: thus, in this very case, Dyce's words in 1864 are—"Mason saw that *steal* was the true reading, and so did Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector." "Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector" saw it, perhaps, before Mason's great-grandfather was born.

Collier. That goes to the question of the authenticity of the whole of the emendations in my Corr. Fo. 1632, which I shall here leave to Mr. Dyce's repeated declarations that changes proposed in the Corr. Fo. 1632 give *the very language of Shakespeare*. I want no more, and who can want more? I am thoroughly tired of the idle question of authenticity.

Alton. So am I, and so, I believe, are other people. Let us now proceed with some of those changes. We may pass over such as "The whiles" for *Otherwiles*, etc., and come to "Our gracious lady" instead of *our lady gracious*, for which Dyce refers to Walker's *Crit. Exam.* and your old Corrector, just as if Walker had not seen it in the Corr. Fo. 1632, from which you had extracted it, and printed it before Walker wrote upon the subject.

Collier. Dyce prefers "our lady gracious", but why, he does not explain: probably because the Corr. Fo. 1632 has "our gracious lady" (Act I, sc. 2). Further on (Act III, sc. 1), Dyce inserts an alteration of his own, viz., "*faithful service*" instead of *humble service*, on the ground that "humble" has occurred in the preceding line: there the Corr. Fo. 1632 alters "humble servant" to "*honour'd servant*", but Dyce

could not bring himself to adopt the same course. When the old Corrector alters the strange tautologous expression

“Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Embraces thee in his heart.”

to “Warlike and *matchless* Talbot”, which in all probability must be right, Mr. Dyce does not seem to see that “warlike” and “martial” mean the same thing; but justifies the misprint by quoting some half dozen similar tautologies—as if doing so would settle the point: besides, about half his instances make against himself; for it is not tautologous to say that a matter is “clear, shining, and evident”: it is only a reduplication for the purpose of enforcement. It is not tautologous to say it is “clear, shining, and evident,” that Mr. Dyce would rather do almost anything than adopt an emendation at the hands of the old Corrector, however “clear, shining, and evident,” may be the improvement of the text. In the instance before us, it is “clear, shining, and evident,” that “Warlike and *matchless* Talbot” is far more likely to have been the language of Shakespeare, than “Warlike and martial Talbot”; *i.e.*, warlike and *warlike* Talbot.

Newman. Surely that is indisputable, as well as a subsequent emendation, late in the play (Act 5, sc. 3), where the old reading is,

“Ay, beauty’s princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.”

This is admitted to be nonsense; but how does the couplet stand in the Corr. Fo. 1632? thus admirably,

“Ay, beauty’s princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and *mocks the sense of touch.*”

Meaning, of course, that beauty defies description, and is too delicate to be profaned by hands.

Alton. How does Dyce recommend that it should stand?

Newman. Thus absurdly; besides making "fuch" rhyme with *crouch*, which it never yet did, I will venture to say, in the history of our poetry:—

"Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses *crouch*."

Collier. Dyce is only in fault for following a leader who was not unfrequently judicious in his suggestions, however wrong he may have been here—Sir Thomas Hanmer. I feel confident that the emendation I have adopted recovers the true meaning of a charming passage. So of the rhymes in four preceding lines; Dyce admits that they are "very probably" right in the Corr. Fo. 1632, yet he cannot prevail upon himself to allow the indisputably good rhymes of "fuch" and *touch*.

Newman. If he allow the rhymes of "let her go", and "heart says no", of "glassy stream" and "counterfeited beam", he might surely be content also with "fuch" and "touch" instead of "fuch" and *crouch*; which, in fact, is no rhyme, and never was a rhyme.

Collier. The whole of this interview between Suffolk and Queen Margaret much resembles the style of Robert Greene; and Steevens pointed out, in that author's "Planetomachia", printed in 1585, a passage in which the very same words occur: in further confirmation, I may adduce the following from Greene's "Orpharion", 1599, where, in fact, he repeats himself, "She is a woman, therefore, to be won", and, again, "Argentina is a woman, therefore, to be

wooded, and so to be won". The lines in this play are almost identical, viz.:

"She's beautiful and therefore to be wooed ;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."

Dyce takes no notice of either ; and perhaps we may finish here for to-day, since there is really nothing else worth remark, either in his quotations or his criticisms, as regards the "First Part of Henry the Sixth".

Alton. Very willingly, for in my opinion we have already spent too much time upon a comparatively uninteresting and unauthentic play.

Newman. One merely verbal point before we separate : it refers to the line in the opening scene, as it stands printed in all the folios,

"Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears."

Here, "nourish" has been considered a misprint for *marish* (*i.e.*, *marsh*), as it must be pronounced for the measure. "Marsh" seems of old to have been spelt very diversely ; and in Lord Surrey's translation of Virgil, Book II (1557), which I was reading last night, I met with it as *marrise* : it is where Sinon asserts,

"I lurked in a marrise all the night."

Collier. But we must not be too positive that "nourish", the word in all the folios, means *marish* or *marsh*. Pope was the first to substitute *marish* ; for Rowe, in 1709, reprinted "nourish" ; and Theobald gave it *nourice*, or *nurse*, contending that the passage, construed with reference to the preceding line, might be understood as representing England, in the character of a nurse, allowing babes to

"fuck at her moist eyes". The image, at best, is very disagreeable, and I feel confident that Shakespeare was not the author of it: it was not even one of his juvenile contributions to the older drama, as it may have existed before he joined a theatrical company in London. At that early period his style was, most likely, not so formed as to enable us to separate, at all clearly, what *he* may have written, as distinguished from Marlowe, if not from Greene.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Collier. Can anything well be clearer than that a rhyming couplet was intended, when Warwick asks in indignant grief (Act I, sc. 1),

"And are the cities that I got with swords,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?"

In the old play of the first part of "The Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster" (upon which the "history" before us was founded), Warwick's question stands thus: "Must that, then, which we won with our *swords*, be given away with *words*." Yet Dyce, although the rhymes are almost forced upon him, insists upon substituting *wounds* for "swords", and why?

Newman. Apparently for no better reason than because the jingling couplet, to which dramatists and auditors were then so partial, was restored by your old Corrector of the Folio 1632.

Alton. And note Dyce's inconsistency: just afterwards he finds "helpless" inserted in MS. in the margin, and *hapless*

erased in the printed body of your book ; and although the latter fills the place sufficiently well (often an operative reason with Dyce), he substitutes "helpless" for *hapless*, on the ground that "helpless", and not *hapless* must have been Shakespeare's word.

Collier. There he was quite right, because the Corr. Fo. 1632 warrants it ; but why did he not follow the same course in both places ? He was right, too, when just before the re-entrance of Gloster (Act I, sc. 3) he read, "her fury needs no spurs"; but this, although a valuable emendation, was merely speculative, *warranted by no authority*: in the very next line, "fast" is avowedly derived by him from my old volume, supported, however, by the example of Pope.

Alton. What but infatuation could make him, in the next scene, reprint "the silent of the night"? as if the adjective rendered a genitive case necessary, when the unexampled expression was occasioned by nothing but the blunder of the old compositor in printing *silent* for "silence", the adjective for the substantive,

"Deep night, dark night, the *silence* of the night."

Dyce tells us that in "the *silent* of the night" "the adjective is used as a substantive"; but why should it have been so used, and where else in our language is it so used ?

Newman. He pays you the compliment of preferring you to Theobald as to the words "hardily" and "hardly", near the end of Act I.

Collier. And I accept it as a compliment, considering Theobald's undoubted ability and ingenuity in many of his conjectural emendations: no one man has done anything like so much, in that way, for Shakespeare.

Alton. You have said, on the authority of Defoe, that Scotsmen do not understand irony ; and see what a proof of it is afforded by Dyce, a native of Aberdeen, when he censure the line, obtained from the Corr. Fo. 1632,

“To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.”

Dyce simply observes, “Assuredly Gloster is in no laughing humour”, not perceiving that the Duke only laughs ironically, in the bitterness of his resentment :

“My staff ! here, noble Henry, is my staff :
To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.”

He relinquishes it, scornfully laughing at the notion that, under the circumstances, he would wish to keep it.

Collier. The additional line may not strictly be necessary, but it fits the place so exactly, that we may feel sure it was accidentally omitted by the known carelessness of the compositor of the folio 1623. Just afterwards, he misprinted *youngest* for “proudest”, a word that has given some needless trouble ; and farther on, he confessedly printed *free* for “fair”, a substitution willingly adopted by Dyce. When in Act III, sc. 1, he prints,

“Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band.”

Dyce allows that “nourish”, which spoils the measure, ought to be *march*, but like me, I am sorry to say, had not resolution to correct, in his text, a typographical error, which might be reconciled to a meaning.

Newman. But he was bold enough, like you, to alter *Nell* to “Meg” in Act III, sc. 2.

Alton. And common sense required it, recollecting that the King was addressing his own wife, Margaret. How

droll it is to see Dyce in the same scene refusing to adopt "ungentle" (which he finds in the Corr. Fo. 1632, and in Singer's supposititious MS., besides being clearly supported by the meaning of the poet) because Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer had not hit upon that alteration. When he comes to the second scene of Act III, where Suffolk says to Margaret,

"I can no more :—live thou to joy thy life ;
Myself *to* joy in nought, but that thou livest."

he cannot resist the change, but calls it "the very slight alteration of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector". It may be slight, but it is nevertheless an unquestionable improvement of the text of every edition extant, until you published your "Notes and Emendations" in 1853.

Collier. I never denied Dyce scholarship superior to my own, but it was, to say the least of it, imprudent for him to blame me, as if I had not known that Theopompus wrote in Greek, when he himself, by a strange slip, had not Greek enough to discover that *plulantia* was a misprint for "philautia" (φιλαυτια) in his Greene's Works, II, 115. However, although these are points hardly worth talking about, I must claim your attention for a moment to show you how insensible Dyce was to a joke. In reference to Cade's familiar expression to Lord Say, "You shall have a hempen caudle", Dyce states that it comes "under the head of nonsense", forgetting that "caudle" is properly *cordial*, and that it is applied to hanging on account of its first syllable *cord*, as "the help of a hatchet", also put into Cade's mouth, refers to death by decapitation. Cade threatened to hang Lord Say, or to cut off his head.

Newman. Dyce does you justice (not, indeed, by hanging you, or cutting off your head, though some of your enemies, in their misplaced animosity, might hardly object to it) when he prints "rebel" for *rabble*, hitherto the invariable text, and to which nobody objected, until you produced what has been called your "fatal folio", fatal because it extinguished such notable rivalry in nonsense.

Collier. That change of "rebel" for *rabble* also, be it observed, appeared, as Dyce states, in MS. in Mr. Singer's copy of the folio; but it did not get there until after my vol. of "Notes and Emendations" was published in 1853; and then, all of a sudden, this and various other changes appeared in it, copied, as it should seem, by some rogue, and foisted upon Singer. I acquit him of any such artifice; but Dyce, who said that he had never seen Singer's folio, and did not at all know the age of its MS. notes, still found it useful to refer to it often, if only to disparage my book, and its genuine emendations.

Alton. And thus it was that "rebel" for *rabble*, with other changes, appeared in both.

Collier. Yes; and whenever they accorded, Dyce noted the fact, without at all adverting to the difference in the age of the MSS.

Newman. Dyce has no fewer than two and thirty closely printed pages of notes upon this play, but most of them relate to very insignificant points, only incidentally touching the Corr. Fo. 1632: still, to the very last he is indebted to it, and is obliged to admit "old" in reference to Lord Salisbury, viz., "Old Salisbury", instead "*Of* Salisbury", as it has been constantly printed and misprinted since 1623.

Alton. Note, as a curious point, the poverty of our stage

in the time of Shakespeare : though it had several trumpets, it had only one drum—"found Drumme and Trumpets" is what Warwick exclaims in the last line but one in the Folio 1623, but afterwards the company had increased their properties, and there the words are "found Drums and Trumpets"!

Collier. We shall next take in hand the Third Part of the same king's reign, founded upon the older play of "The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York", printed in 1595. What we consider Shakespeare's Drama did not, as you know, make its appearance until it was included by Heminge and Condell in their folio 1623. It will not occupy us long, I apprehend.

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Alton. If, as you say, the old Corrector of the folio 1632 took small pains with the two earlier plays on the incidents of the reign of Henry VI, he seems to have cared even less for the accuracy of the text of the third drama applicable to the same reign. Probably he did not consider it worth much attention.

Collier. Perhaps so ; for as far as we know, like the other two parts, he could not have seen it represented on the stage : at least we have no record that it ever was acted in the form in which it has reached us in the four folios.

Newman. Like the two former parts, it was founded upon an older play, called on the title-page in 1595, "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the death of good King Henry the Sixth", the only known copy of which is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

Collier. Where I had the satisfaction of placing it many years ago, and it is still the unique copy.

Newman. I see that you assign it, not like Chalmers to Marlowe, but to Robert Greene.

Collier. And for the reasons assigned in my edition of 1858. I take it to have been the very play which Greene accused Shakespeare of copying, when he said, in 1592, "There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers", and perverted a line in it,

"O ! tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide",

for the purpose of applying it to Shakespeare. It is mainly on this account, combined with certain coincidences of style, expression, and thought, that I made up my mind that Greene, and not Marlowe, was the real author of "the True Tragedy" of which Shakespeare availed himself in "The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth". We are, I think, entitled to consider that drama, as it stands in the folios, the work of Greene and Shakespeare.

Alton. You mean that Greene originally wrote the play, and that Shakespeare added to and improved it. Then, what date do you assign to the first production of Greene's play "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York"?

Collier. It was not printed until 1595 ; but as Greene began authorship at least eleven years earlier, we may be pretty certain that he wrote it for the Earl of Pembroke's players (as the title-page informs us) before 1590. Shakespeare, coming to London about 1586 or 1587, may have found the play in course of representation, thought it capable of improvement, and adapted it for the company of players (those of the Lord Chamberlain) to which he belonged. King James afterwards made them his servants.

Newman. That seems quite in the natural order of things, as they existed, we will say, anterior to about the year 1596, when "Edward the Third", of which we have already spoken, was anonymously published.

Alton. Possibly that "history" was also anonymous, because Shakespeare had done to it much the same, only a great deal better, that he had done to "The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York", which had been printed without any author's name in the preceding year. He was a more practised dramatist when he took up "Edward the Third" for additions and improvements, than he had been when he made additions and improvements in "The True Tragedy", possibly before 1590.

Newman. And therefore, it may be, that his genius shone out more brightly in "Edward the Third", than it had done in "The True Tragedy", which considerably preceded it. Now let us examine some of the emendations in what in all the folios is called "The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth".

Collier. We may, I think, dismiss them briefly; but first as to the expression (Act I, sc. 4), "We bodg'd again", which Dr. Johnson suggested might mean *budg'd*, or ran away, again, but in fact only means we blundered or *botch'd* again, like a bad tailor: Fortescue, in his "Forest", printed in 1571, tells us that "Theophrastus, the philosopher, had to father a badde tailor, or *bodger*."

Alton. Your quotation is new, but the wonder is how, even without it, Johnson could have so mistaken what was intended by the poet, whether that poet were Shakespeare or Greene.

Newman. I must say that, in my opinion, you and others

dismissed too summarily the emendation of the old Corrector, when in the same scene he gave the line,

“Would not have stain’d the rose’s hues with blood,”

because not only does it convey the meaning of the poet, but conveys it in words he was most likely to have employed, and which might easily have been misheard.

Collier. True; and as it completes the sense, it renders needless the violent supposition that parts of two lines had been lost. It is one of the points I should certainly reconsider if I had to go over the ground again.

Newman. In this part of the scene, though he does not adopt your very words, Dyce is indebted to you and the Corr. Fo. 1632 for the stage-direction (never used before) when York *casts back the bloody napkin* to Margaret.

Collier. But Dyce adds, what I did not think necessary, that York also gives back the paper crown: the line, “There take the crown”, etc., seemed to me sufficiently to explain itself, and there was no MS. stage-direction in my old folio.

Alton. Instead of yielding to Walker’s imprudent suggestion, near the opening of Act II, that *deeds* ought to be substituted for “meeds”, Dyce very properly (though without acknowledgment) copies your note and its quotation, showing that the word “meeds” was often used in the sense of *merits*, or *deserts*.

Collier. And I have since found a passage, in a very rare book of that time, which singularly supports the same position—Hynd’s *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel printed in 1606, where on p. 11 we read, “And yield a branch of laurell as ensigne of thy conquest, for this thy *meede* doth *merit* both nobilitie and courtesie.”

Alton. Surely in the next Act, sc. 2, there ought to be no dispute about substituting *carriage* for courage in Queen Margaret's line, addressed to her unhappy husband,

"But this soft carriage makes your followers faint."

Dyce here preserves *courage* for "carriage", and he fights hard in its justification; but, as you say in your note, the corresponding line in the older play, "The True Tragedy",

"This *harmful pity* makes your followers faint",

renders it evident that "soft carriage" is the correct reading, and it is found in the margin of your Corr. Fo. 1632: it was the "soft carriage", *i.e.*, the *harmful pity*, of the king's character, that disheartened his friends.

Collier. And the facility of the misprint, *courage* for "carriage", together with the contradictory character of the epithet "soft", as applied to *courage*, ought to have convinced even Dyce, that "courage" was merely an error of the press.

Newman. Singer, too (if his authority be worth alleging), declares that the emendation "soft carriage" is so obvious, that "it ought long ago to have been admitted into the text of this play."

Alton. This emendation is, therefore, one which Dyce strangely rejects; so that here you cannot complain that he has been indebted to your Corr. Fo. 1632.

Collier. That is certainly so; and others who have adopted the new reading have properly acknowledged their obligation to the old Corrector. Let Dyce torture the word "courage" as he will, it can never be disputed that the detection of this easy misprint has restored the true language

of Shakespeare, who here only altered the "harmful pity" of the old play into the *soft carriage* of the drama as it was represented in his day.

Newman. What do you say to Dyce's own emendation in the first scene of Act III?

"Let me embrace thee, sour adversity."

In the old copies it stands,

"Let me embrace the sour adversaries."

Collier. Without hesitation, I say that I highly approve of it, and like it better than the change in the margin of the Corr. Fo. 1632,

"Let me embrace *these* sour adversaries."

I have little doubt that Dyce's change is what the poet wrote, and I give him credit for the emendation.

Newman. That is but justice; and I think that his character as an editor would have stood higher, if he had always been as candid.

Collier. He was by nature rather niggardly in the expression of approbation; but, as I have said before, he was never intemperate in his language, but when he had a pen in his hand. *Vivâ voce* he could not offend; and when first I showed him my Corr. Fo. 1632, he freely and openly admitted its high value.

Alton. And so he often admits in print, though he now and then forgets to acknowledge the obligation. His worst feature is the manner in which he frequently endeavours to show by location (not by words) that the *old* Corrector had only repeated the suggestions of comparatively modern

annotators: thus on the penultimate page of this play, with reference to the line,

“For hardy and redoubted champions”,

he cannot bring himself to abandon “undoubted” of the old editions, and adds in his note these words, “Here Capell conjectured, and Mr. Collier’s MS. Corrector reads ‘*redoubted* champions’”: by this location he meant to insinuate that the Corrector had only adopted Capell’s proposal, though Capell must have lived some hundred years later.

Newman. And, moreover, Dyce must have been sensible that the change of “undoubted” for *redoubted* was required, as the *undoubted* language of Shakespeare’s day; but he would rather leave his text defective, than recognise the source of its improvement.

Collier. And it gave him an opportunity (of which he too often availed himself) of having a fling at the old Corrector, as if, in point of fact, Capell had been the earliest authority for the substitution of “redoubted”. This was unworthy of Dyce, who, when my volume of “Notes and Emendations” was published in 1853, wrote me word, in a note I still preserve, that he was wonder-struck at the number of authentic emendations it contained.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Collier. Before we begin upon “Richard the Third”, let me recall your attention to what passed between us when we last met, as to the line in the “Third Part of King Henry the Sixth”,

“And this soft carriage makes your followers faint.”

Queen Margaret is reproving her husband for his want of spirit and energy in the war; and Dyce tells us that the old copies are right when they give the passage thus absurdly,

“My lord, cheer up your spirits : our foes are nigh,
And this soft *courage* makes your followers faint.”

Newman. The mere reading of the passage shows that “soft courage” is a contradiction in terms, as you contend.

Collier. And which contradiction in terms is cured in a moment by the correction of the easiest misprint—*courage* instead of “carriage”: it was the King’s weakness and apparent indifference that Margaret was protesting against; and I omitted, when the passage was under our consideration the other day, to refer you to a quotation from one of our very best purely English writers, which is directly in point, and which at once establishes that “soft carriage” must have been what Shakespeare wrote.

Alton. But is the proof wanted? Does not common sense revolt at the very combination of softness and courage?

Collier. It does; and if Dyce had seen the following words in Philemon Holland’s translation of “Livy” (a book I have before referred to), published in the year 1600, I feel confident that even he would have given up the point, and printed “soft carriage”, as the old Corrector of my folio 1632 recommends. Holland’s words are: “Appius raged and tooke on, inveying against his brother Consul, who by his *soft carriage* of himselfe had betrayed the weal publike” (p. 61).

Alton. Most convincing, and exactly to the point. I wonder whether Mr. Dyce would have been content here

to substitute "*soft courage*" for "*soft carriage*", and thus make contradictory nonsense of the passage from Livy. "*Soft carriage*" is, of course, gentle deportment: Queen Margaret, as you say, blamed her husband for his tamenefs and want of vigour.

Newman. Of course.—Now we may proceed with "King Richard the Third".

Collier. We need not pause upon such small matters as "not" for *no*, "in" for *on*, "thy" for *my*, etc., which occupy the earlier text and notes, but come to the fourth scene of Act I, where Mr. Dyce ventures to omit five lines found in all the folios, because they are not in the quarto copies of the play, and because there is some little confusion in the dialogue between Clarence and his murderers.

Newman. Are you not going a little too fast—post-haste?

Alton. Or post-horse, according to Dyce. Can any misprint well be more palpable than where Richard is made to say (Act I, sc. 1) that Hastings must not die,

"Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven."

How was he to get to heaven on a post-horse? "Post-haste" was carelessly misprinted "post-horse"; and Dyce not only preserves, but strives to justify the blunder.

Newman. Merely because he finds the compound "post-horse" in another play, where Rumour, as a sort of Chorus, is only speaking figuratively.

Collier. And when the most usual expression is, and was, "post-haste", as in Tarlton's "News out of Purgatory", 1590: "Either a man's soule must in *post-haste* goe presently to God, or else with a whirlwind, and a vengeance to the Devil."

Newman. Horse for "haste" was a not unlikely misprint;

and when Dyce talks of Rumour riding a "post-horse", it was because all who, like Rumour, carried news from one part of the kingdom to another, then necessarily rode post-horses. But now for the lines which you say are omitted by Dyce in the same Act, scene 4.

Alton. Rather a bold emendation, to strike out five lines, most likely written by Shakespeare, and *contained in every folio impression* of his works.

Collier. No doubt some confusion there prevails, but I had rather let it remain till doomsday, than run the risk of omitting a single word or syllable from Shakespeare's pen. And what are the five lines? these—a most pathetic appeal by Clarence to his murderers:—

"Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you
Would not entreat for life? As you would beg
Were you in my distress, so pity me."

Alton. Does Dyce venture to strike out those lines? it seems impossible!

Collier. Use your own eyes. True it is that the words "*so pity me*" are inserted in the margin of my Corr. Fo. 1632, and they are necessary to the completion of the sentence; but would it not have been far better to insert such a harmless and small addition, than ruthlessly to sacrifice what precedes, because the passage was not quite intelligible. Can we not suppose that Clarence's speech might be a little broken and imperfect, at the moment when his life was in such peril? Reject "*so pity me*" if you will, because it is derived from my odious volume, but why must all the rest be sacrificed?

Alton. Why, indeed? But I see by Dyce's note that he only followed a bad example: even the accurate and painstaking Capell expunged the lines. How could such a drudge dare to expunge the merest fragment attributed to our great dramatist 250 years ago?

Newman. There is this to be said in extenuation of Capell and Dyce, that the five lines are not extant in any of the quartos.

Collier. That is really no excuse for such insolence, as I must call it; because the folios, *where the lines are found*, were avowedly not reprinted from the quartos, where the lines are not found. Dyce was a man rather of strong will than of strong judgment; and if some friend convinced him that such, or such another, course ought to be taken, he took it, and could not lightly be removed from it.

Alton. Much depends upon the strength of his conviction.

Collier. And that conviction often depended too much upon the opinion he entertained of his advisers. He never relied sufficiently upon his own superior powers and attainments: I think I have expressed this view of his generally excellent character before. I knew him for a quarter of a century; and hundreds of times has he appealed to me for my opinion, even after I began upon my first edition, and before I discovered my Corr. Fo. 1632. Now let us go to something else.

Newman. I find him in several places agreeing with your old Corrector, and fairly admitting it: for instance, in the words "But *fore* I fear"—"death" for *life*—"distrain" for *restrain*, "engraven" for *ingrave*, and so on, all being derived from the Corr. Fo. 1632, but none of them, I think, very striking or important emendations.

Collier. I do not know why he should at times be so inconsistent, but he refuses to adopt "reckless" instead of *wretched* (Act v, sc. 1), which is an obvious improvement, and so admitted, and yet accepts "pointless" from the old Corrector, though Capell had offered him *hurtless*. I admit with Dyce that, just at the end of the play, "abate" answers the purpose in the line,

"Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord",

nearly as well as "*Rebate* the edge"; but the first is comparatively unusual, only occurring in this place of Shakespeare, while *rebate* is constantly used by old writers in reference to the blunting of the edge or point of weapons. However, either word will answer the purpose, and the change, I frankly admit, is not necessary.

Alton. Certainly it is not so necessary as "powerless arm" for *edgeless sword* in the ghost-scene (Act v, sc. 3), which Dyce, as it should seem, refuses merely because "powerless arm" is the reading of the Corr. Fo. 1632, while he admits that *edgeless sword* is "an accidental repetition" in the old copies. If so, why did he not accept the substitution of "powerless arm"? He had just before been compelled to place "pointless lance" in his text, and perhaps he could not bring himself so soon to make another concession to the old Corrector. This, it must be owned, is a poor way of editing an author like Shakespeare.

Collier. Dyce had many merits, and many qualifications, but he wanted moral courage: he was even afraid of being right. Hence not a few of his rejections of the most evident improvements of the barbarisms and blunders of old transcribers and typographers. What I say applies not

only to his Shakespeare, but to his Greene, Marlowe, Peele, Middleton, and, indeed, to every old dramatist that he edited. I often told him so: take the last couplet of his "Tamburlaine", pt. 1, in proof of what I say,

"Then, after all these solemn exequies
We will our rites of marriage solemnise."

How does he print the last line, merely because the old printer or transcriber had thrust in a word never written there by the author?

"We will our *celebrated* rites of marriage solemnise."

As late as 1850, he asked me what he ought to do in such a case? Of course, I urged him to strike out the obtruded word, and to state in a note that he had done so. However, he had not the moral courage to do what was evidently right. I am confident that Marlowe wrote the couplet thus, and that the compositor blundered, even in the first line, when he printed "solemn" for *sacred*, his eye having caught "solemn" from the end of the second line;

"Then, after all these *sacred* exequies,
We will our rites of marriage solemnise."

Alton. Most likely; though this, only in a secondary way, applies to our inquiry, by showing that Dyce, with all his admitted learning, had not a mind of a character that qualified him to be an editor of Shakespeare. As you say, he was afraid even of being right.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Collier. There are four old plays founded upon incidents and persons in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and two of them have been assigned to Shakespeare, but only one of them really belongs to him, as far as can now be ascertained.

Alton. That is the one before us to-day, the last in the division of "Histories" in the folio 1623, where it originally appeared: no quarto edition of it has ever come to light.

Collier. True: of two others there are quarto impressions, and the third remained in manuscript until it was printed by the Shakespeare Society, under the editorship of Mr. Dyce, who, as usual with him, took the greatest possible pains with it.

Newman. You mean "Sir Thomas More". That is rather a dramatic biography, than a historical play.

Collier. So is "The Life and Death of Thomas, Lord Cromwell", printed (as is stated, though I never saw a copy of it of that date) in 1602, and again in 1613, with the initials of Shakespeare on the title-page; but published by a bookseller who was far from scrupulous on such points—Thomas Pavior. It was certainly entered at Stationers' Hall in 1602, and it had then been performed by the company to which Shakespeare belonged. It was not by him, although a line in it,

"How smooth and easy is the way to death",
somewhat resembles a line in "Venus and Adonis",

"The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger".

Yet the whole drama is perhaps more in the style of Heywood, to whom I should assign it. The author is careless as to historical facts, and the plot is unartificially constructed: still, there are some good scenes, and a few admirable passages in the dialogue.

Newman. Have I not seen the drama of "Lord Cromwell" attributed to Drayton?

Collier. Yes, but only because he wrote and printed a historical poem or "Legend of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex", containing a stanza in which the hero is made to acknowledge that when abroad he had supplied his necessities "as a comedian", a circumstance passed over by some authorities, but well known to Drayton, who was born not very long after Cromwell was beheaded.

Alton. You spoke of four plays growing out of the reign of Henry the Eighth: what is the fourth?

Collier. An amusing comedy by Samuel Rowley, the actor, which mainly concerns the humorous part of the character of the king, his wanderings about the streets at night with Will Somers, his jester, and other "drolleries". It may have been written earlier (certainly not much), but it was printed in 1605, and is by no means devoid of merit or merriment.

Newman. Does it at all touch the main incidents of Shakespeare's "King Henry the Eighth"?

Collier. Certainly not: I only spoke of it incidentally, as one of four popular performances connected with that reign. Now we may proceed to consider the emendations in Shakespeare's "King Henry the Eighth" proposed by the old corrector of my folio 1632, of which Dyce and other editors have, or have not, availed themselves.

Alton. "King Henry the Eighth" never appeared in quarto, and the first we hear of it is, I think, in Heminge and Condell's folio of 1623.

Collier. Not exactly so; for it was entered for publication on the 12th February, 1604, though we never afterwards hear of any such edition; and Nathaniel Butter only obtained licence to publish it, according to the terms used in the books of the Stationers' Company, "If he get good allowance before he begin to print it." These words are unusual, and show that, two or three years after the death of the daughter of Henry the Eighth, there was still some hesitation, from the fear of giving offence. It is probable that the drama had been first acted at the Globe not long anterior to the date of the entry at Stationers' Hall.

Alton. We may presume, perhaps, that Butter, the bookseller, failed in getting "good allowance" for the printing of it; and, consequently, that it did not make its appearance in type, until it was inserted by the player-editors in their folio 1623.

Collier. That is just my view of the matter.

Newman. Are you of opinion that when the Globe Theatre was burned down in 1613, it was Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" that was under representation, with the new title of "All is True"? Why should the name have been changed?

Collier. Possibly, I only say possibly, the "history" had so often been acted under the title of "King Henry the Eighth", that the managers of the Globe Theatre wished to give an appearance of novelty to it, and therefore called it "All is True". This is mere speculation; and it really has nothing to do with our inquiry as to the authenticity of the text and emendations.

Alton. Pardon me: some critics have said that additions had been made to the text, as well as an alteration of the title in 1613: if so, those additions may have been by Shakespeare, or, as some have thought, by Ben Jonson.

Collier. I do not believe that Ben Jonson ever touched the play, but that it was wholly by Shakespeare. Why may he not have been the author of the complimentary lines to James I in Cranmer's speech? Shakespeare was alive, both as a writer and actor, in 1603, the date at which "King Henry the Eighth" was perhaps produced.

Newman. I think we are bound to treat the drama as the work entirely of Shakespeare; as his from beginning to end.—Now for the emendations. I see that Dyce and his friends are at issue in the outset—the first scene—where they cannot agree about the word "communication", and what it means: they need not have differed, if they had condescended to take the word of your old Corrector—"consummation", which the old compositor had misread.

Collier. What can be clearer than the expression "the consummation of a most poor issue"? So, again, on the next page,

"A beggar's brood
Out-worths a noble's blood."

"Brood" is from my Corr. Fo. 1632, instead of *book* of the folios. Dyce's friends admit that *book* is wrong, and would read *brat*; but though the obvious allusion is to the low birth and breeding of Wolsey, as compared with the blood of nobility, Dyce would here, as well as in so many other places, rather repeat nonsense, than be indebted to the Corr. Fo. 1632.

Alton. What can *book* have to do with the question?

Wolfey was anything but bookish himself, though an encourager of learning.

Newman. Only note, too, the absurd obstinacy of adhering to the old text in Act I, sc. 2, in the speech of Queen Katherine, where she complains that commissions sent down among the king's subjects have

"flaw'd the heart

Of all their loyalties";

and just afterwards adds,

"Yea, such which breaks

The *ties* of loyalty":

The folios have *fides* for "ties" of your old Corrector; and who shall say that "ties", in its connection, is not the very word of the poet? The Queen does not complain that the "*fides* of loyalty", but that the "ties" of loyalty were broken: we talk of breaking the fides of laughter, "laughter holding both his fides"—but not of loyalty.

Alton. And we may almost break both our fides with laughter at the silly perverseness of those who refuse to admit the misprint of *fides* for "ties" in the passage before us.

Collier. The compositor misheard the person who was reading the manuscript to him while he picked up the letters, and printed *fides* for "ties"; that is all. Can anything be more intelligible than breaking "the ties of loyalty", or anything more unmeaning than breaking "the fides of loyalty"? his "heart" has been "flaw'd" already.

Newman. Shakespeare wrote for popular audiences; and why should critics fancy that he would employ terms they could not comprehend, when others in use every day, and more forcible, were at hand, and quite unobjectionable?

Alton. To show how easily "baseness", in this scene, might be mistaken for *business*, look at this, in Lord Campbell's "Life of Wolsey", quoted from Cavendish, "so *basely* did the Almoner persuade him", instead of "so busily did the Almoner persuade him", as it stands in the original.

Collier. So again, as to "trembling contribution", of the old copies, which nonsense Dyce preserves on his next page:

"Sixth part of each?"

A trembling contribution!"

The Queen, of course, means, as the Corr. Fo. 1632 establishes, that the contribution is treble the "sixth part" the people had hitherto been called upon to pay. "*Trebling* contribution" cannot fail to be right", yet Dyce repeats "trembling", and strangely asserts that I "express no opinion upon it", when in my note I justify "trebling", and absolutely place it in the text. This statement, I apprehend, was a mere slip of Dyce's pen.

Newman. The old printer must have fancied, from the accidental extension of the stroke through the letter *t*, that there was a mark over the *e* to denote the absence of the *m*, and in this way Shakespeare's "trebling" might be read *trembling*; just as in Spenser's *Virgil's Gnat*, line 616, it is said that the Romans "trembled their forces", instead of "*trebled* their forces", when they came under "the ruined walls of Carthage".

Collier. The very same blunder, and occasioned, probably, in the very same way. When we afterwards come to "the confession's seal", in the same scene, where it is "*commissions* seal" in all the folios, Dyce gives the emendation solely to Theobald, omitting to add (I do not, of

course, say purposely) that "confession's feal" is also the emendation in the Corr. Fo. 1632.

Alton. It went cruelly against the grain with him at any time to mention that "odious volume", as you fairly term it, unless when he luckily has an opportunity of denying its authority. Surely nothing can be more certain, than that the concluding couplet of this scene should be complete; but Dyce and the old copies make it miserably lame and imperfect in these words,

"Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height."

Dyce is content to give in his note the excellent way in which the obvious defect is cured in the Corr. Fo. 1632, but could not prevail upon himself to insert it in his text, viz.:

"By day and night,
He is a *daring* traitor to the height."

Is it not self-evident that the epithet "daring" had escaped in the prefs, or in the MS.?

Collier. This, to my belief, is one of the many places where a blunder may have been corrected by the old owner of my folio 1632, by means of more accurate recitation on the stage. No actor of the part of the king could have concluded the scene by such a line as "He's traitor to the height": his ear alone would be sufficient to prevent such an outrage upon versification.

Newman. We may pass over Dyce's claim to originality in "*Or springhalt*", instead of "*A springhalt*", which he says (we may believe, truly) he had made "long before" he saw the change in the old Corrector's notes: let us come to the line,

"Men of his way should be most liberal."

The allusion there is to the Cardinal, and to his power in the state, but Dyce refuses to amend "Men of his way" to "Men of his *fway*".

Alton. And very absurdly, I must say, since the allusion is not to Wolfey's personal bounty as a churchman (recollecting that liberality was not a virtue then usually attributed to his cloth), but to his political influence.

Newman. To justify "way" instead of *fway*, Dyce is compelled to resort to Singer, a fact which of itself establishes the distress of his case.

Collier. Most assuredly; for I have often heard him laugh at Singer's uneducated blunders and speculations. We need not pause upon "where", "me", and such trifles in the Corr. Fo. 1632, but turn to Act II, sc. 2, where the King is "discovered" reading, and to remind Dyce of which peculiarity made him so angry in his note on *The Tempest*. In the old copies, and in the simplicity of our early stage, the King draws the curtain, and thus makes the discovery of himself; but by the Corr. Fo. 1632 it seems clear that at that time the curtain was drawn back by a pulley at what is called "the wing". Mr. Dyce, not adverting to this fact, quite modernises the matter, and tells us that "Norfolk opens a folding door", a contrivance then utterly unknown.

Newman. This mistake has no connection with our discussion as to accuracy of text. You mention in your note some fancied resemblance between a scene in this drama and one in Robert Greene's "James the Fourth of Scotland", printed in 1598. I have read it lately, and I own found little to support your notion.

Collier. It was only, as you call it, a notion, and such it was to be considered; but you will remember Anne

Bullen's speech, ending with the words "And wear a golden forrow".

Newman. Of course I do : who can forget it ?

Collier. Well, reading Greene's "Arbusto", an early work, though the first known edition of it is dated 1617, I met with an expression that reminded me of Shakespeare's language in this scene : it is where Greene makes a disconsolate lover put this question—"Or shall I esteem that lover happy, whose greatest gain is but a *golden griefe*?"

Alton. The resemblance is only between the words "golden forrow" and "golden grief". Was it not merely accidental, like many other similarities ?

Collier. Perhaps so. When Dyce, not long afterwards, strongly censures the old Corrector for altering "salute my blood" to "*elate* my blood", he ought, in mere fairness to have added that I declined the emendation. He might, too, have mentioned that in Act II, sc. 4, "desire the Court" of the folios, is properly amended to "*defer* the Court" in the Corr. Fo. 1632 ; but it did not answer his purpose to be just, either to the old Corrector or to me, as is evident from his weak and petulant note upon the plain words "Yet fill'd with my abilities", in Act III, sc. 2 : he tells me that "here I blindly adopted the reading of the folios". Who would not adopt it, when the folios *all agree*, and afford *the clearest meaning in the plainest words* ? Dyce's ingenuofness was here unfortunately counteracted by his ingenuity, and made him substitute *fil'd* for "fill'd", and unjustly blame me for not doing the same.

Newman. There are two stage-directions here in the Corr. Fo. 1632, which clearly denote the manner of the old actor, whoever he may have been, in the part of Wolfey.

Collier. Perhaps Burbadge; but we are too apt to assign all leading characters to him, when the fact may be that he confined himself to more bustling and soldierlike parts, such as Richard or Othello. There were other eminent performers in the company, who would possibly be better adapted to Wolsey.

Alton. Harris had it at one time, and obtained great reputation in it.

Collier. Yes, but that was after the Restoration: the engraved portrait of Harris as Wolsey is a great rarity, and has been sold for a large sum. Coming back to the Corr. Fo. 1632, you spoke of two new stage-directions.

Newman. I did; but neither of them appears in modern editions, yours excepted: one of them relates to the hero, after the King has made his exit "frowning upon Wolsey", while the nobles follow "smiling and whispering." These have been obtained from the folios; and why should not the others, equally descriptive and characteristic, have been inserted, when they so distinctly represent the old practice of the stage. If we are told that the king goes out "frowning", and the nobles "smiling and whispering", where can be the objection to adding, from the Corr. Fo. 1632, that when Wolsey opens the fatal paper given to him by the king, he "reads and trembles", "sinking in a chair", just before the re-entrance of Norfolk, Suffolk, etc.? This, we may be sure, was the ancient *business* of the scene, and it might be useful even to modern performers.

Collier. Very true: but these new stage-directions are in manuscript in the Corr. Fo. 1632, and that seems to have been enough to condemn them. Returning to verbal emendations, only observe how readily Dyce (Act III, sc. 2) admits the loss of a line, where it is not at all wanted, while

he often refuses to insert even a word, where the sense really requires it, arrogantly exclaiming, "What nonsense!" at a mere suggestion by Malone.

Alton. There, I think, you do Dyce injustice: it is his friend Walker who exclaims "What nonsense"! referring to Malone's note.

Collier. It may be so; and I should be sorry to wrong Dyce, often as he wrongs me, though sometimes I believe unintentionally. Nothing but perverseness and a rooted dislike of my old corrector could have made him (Act IV, sc. 2) prefer *colour* to "coldness", where, in the sleeping scene, Patience says:

"How pale she looks,
And of an earthy *coldness*."

The old reading in every copy is *cold* for "coldness", the last syllable having dropped out; and Dyce, rather than follow the Corr. Fo. 1632, prints, "And of an earthy *colour*". If Lady Macbeth looked "pale", how could she look of an earthy *colour*, which never is pale? Her looks were "pale", and she was, besides, "of an earthy *coldness*": the very first syllable, "cold", which is preserved in all the folios, shows incontestibly that Shakespeare's word was "coldness", and not *colour*.

Alton. Singer, one of Dyce's "afflictive friends", told him to print *colour*, and he did so without exercising his own better judgment. How came "cold" into *the text of every folio*, if the true word had been *colour*?

Newman. And how often do we not speak of the "coldness" of the earth, and the "coldness" of the ground, not of the *colour* of it. Paleness is the absence of colour.

Collier. All I want is to arrive at the poet's language;

and when Dyce, in Act v, sc. 2, blames me for altering "ftirs" to *strives*, I admit at once that he is right, as I would show, had I to go over the ground again: "ftirives" is as good a word as ftirs", but that "ftirs" was Shakespeare's word I readily admit.

Newman. Do you say the same about "queen" and "crown" in the Porter's speech in the next scene?

Collier. Certainly not; though Dyce is satisfied because one man might bless his Yorkshire mare, and another his Devonshire cow. The Porter had no such remote thoughts as chines and cows in his head, but, naturally enough, adverted to his "queen" and her "crown" the moment before she was to pass to her coronation. The worst enemy of my Corr. Fo. 1632 admits that the emendation there offered is "certainly entitled to consideration".

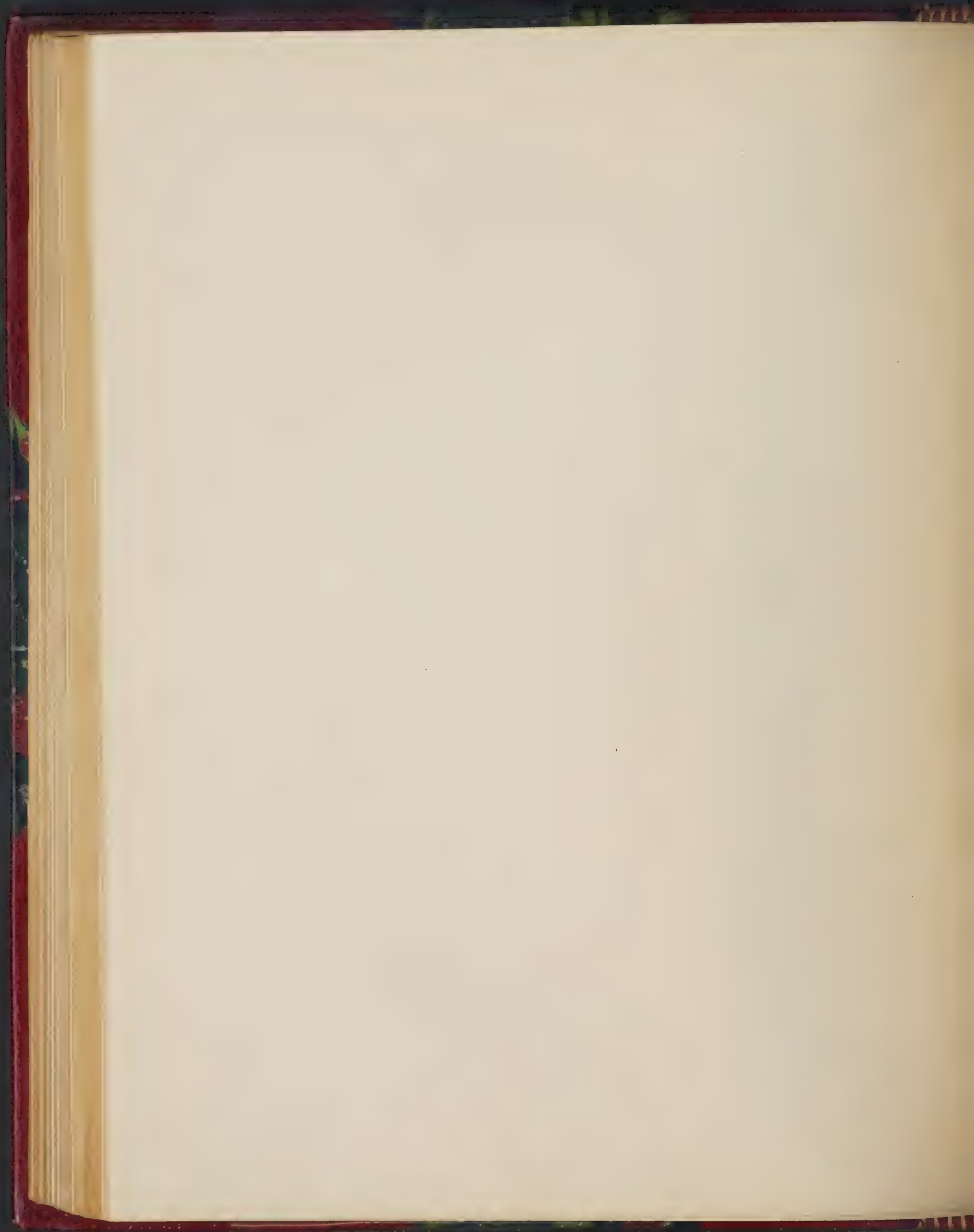
Alton. Dyce's note upon this curious perversion of the poet's language is, I think, the last we need notice; for whether *prick* ought to be "pack", *way* "ways", or *to* "unto", are not matters of so much moment, as to require us to dwell upon them, though Dyce may consider them worth separate and elaborate notes.

Collier. When next we meet, we shall take up the third division of the four folios—"Tragedies", beginning with "Troilus and Cressida", and ending with "Cymbeline".

END OF PART II.

TRILOGY,

ETC.



TRILOGY.

CONVERSATIONS

BETWEEN

THREE FRIENDS

ON THE

EMENDATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S TEXT

CONTAINED IN MR. COLLIER'S

CORRECTED FOLIO, 1632,

AND

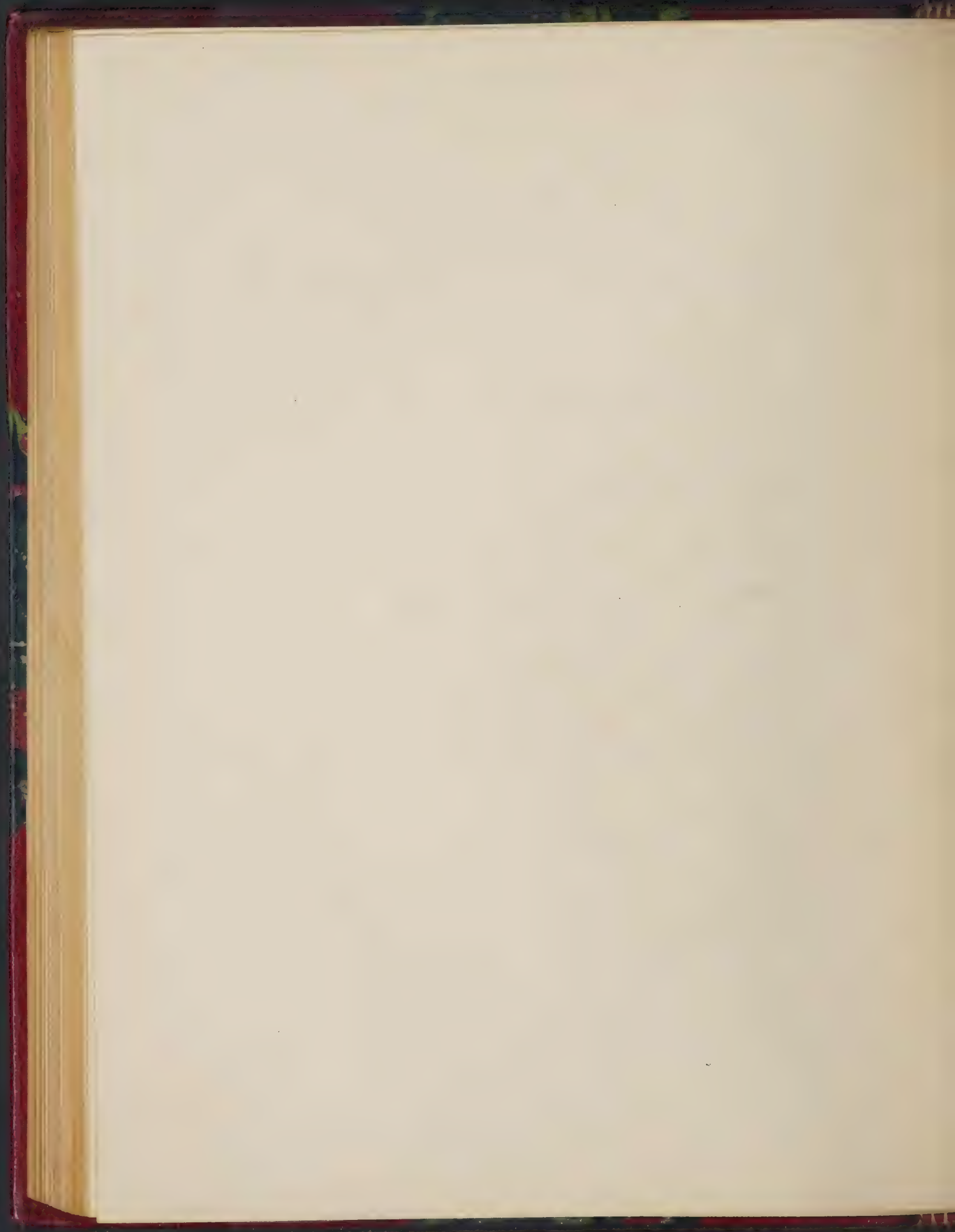
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PART III.—TRAGEDIES.

LONDON:

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.



TRILOGY, &c.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Alton. I am by no means sure that we are doing any service to Shakespeare, and his readers, by endeavouring to settle his true text, and thus disturbing pre-conceived notions as to its accuracy: many of them, like the ante-reformation preacher, prefer the *mumpsimus* of ignorance to the *sumpsimus* of the Latin liturgy. They have been so accustomed to corruptions, that they have come to like them better than corrections.

Collier. That is a matter of little or no importance: by degrees people will become sensible of the nonsense they have heard eternally repeated, and will gradually, though slowly, be reconciled to the valuable changes contained in my Corr. Fo. 1632. My confidence as to this result makes me more desirous to force the truth on unbelievers: they will sooner or later see the error of their way.

Newman. But in the mean time, you make them uneasy: at present they have a sort of superstitious belief in the grossest errors, and they are contented.

Alton. Most true; and only the other day at a dinner, where my next neighbour was induced to talk about some-

thing beyond the usual modern table-topics, I met with a singular confirmation of the folly, as regards many people, of making even the most obvious correction of a notorious passage in Shakespeare's "King John."

Collier. A correction, do you mean, derived from my Corr. Fo. 1632?

Alton. Yes. Formerly, some fifty or sixty years ago, as I have heard, well educated people used to converse, at and after dinner, upon literary subjects: at least they were not then forbidden; and the gentleman whom I sat next a few days ago, revived the practice, and happened to quote the line put into the mouth of Melun, in "King John",

"Unthread the rude eye of rebellion."

I asked him, what was meant by *unthreading the rude eye of rebellion*? He looked surprised, but added that he never doubted that it meant that the rebels should abandon the course upon which they had entered. But, asked I, how is it that "unthreading a rude eye", and how is such a tailor's simile applicable to a rebellion? It is merely a gross and ridiculous misprint for

"Untread the roadway of rebellion."

You see how nearly the letters, used in the misprint and in the true text, correspond, and how easy it was for an ignorant and mechanical compositor to make the mistake. Very true, he replied: I see exactly what you mean; but it never struck me till now what nonsense I had been hearing and reading. You have entirely unfettered my old notion, entertained from my infancy; but assuredly I shall never quote the line again, as I have always heard it quoted, and even recited on the stage.

Collier. And as, I apprehend, the old Corrector of my folio 1632 did *not* hear it recited at one of our early theatres, and therefore made the emendation.

Newman. Perhaps so; but his own sagacity may have discovered the absurdity, which is evident, when we read the one line against the other. You want to show by this example, that some people may not thank us for thus upsetting their antiquated prejudices.

Collier. We may, I think, put such silly people entirely beyond the pale of our consideration. Now let us proceed to the emendations in "Troilus and Cressida", proposed in in my Corr. Fo. 1632, and employed or rejected by Dyce and other modern editors.

Alton. The first we need notice is in the third scene, in the line, as it stands in the old copies,

"Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works"?

Clearly wrong; but made right by a small change of the old Corrector's, who substituted *wrecks* for "works", the allusion being clearly not to the "works", but to the "*wrecks*", or ruins of the "works" of the Greeks.

Newman. Does Dyce adopt the alteration.

Collier. In his first edition he printed "works", after all the folios and quartos, adding in a note that the old Corrector "speciously" offered *wrecks* as the true reading: Dyce's then text however was "works"; but because Walker, after the publication of my volume of "Notes and Emendations" in 1853, pronounced "works" *palpably wrong*, Mr. Dyce, in his second edition, having no confidence in his own judgment, at once altered "works" to *wrecks*, and was obliged reluctantly to allow that he took the change from the margin of my Corr. Fo. 1632.

Alton. It is therefore I contended the other day, that Dyce was so "infirm of purpose", and had so little reliance upon himself, that he was ill qualified to be an editor of Shakespeare. He felt in 1854 that the emendation was necessary, but he did not dare to adopt it, until his friend Walker had declared in favour of it.

Newman. What can Dyce intend by asserting that "foul-pure" (Act 1, sc. 3) "conveys no meaning at all"? It is "*sole* pure" in the old editions, and surely "foul-pure" is very intelligible, as implying that the praise was as pure as if it came from the foul of the applauder.

Collier. The praise "transcended", because it was "*foul-pure*", not because it was alone pure; though "praise" and "sole-pure" had meaning enough for a profane editor, who, you will remember, could not understand "foul-tainted" in "Much ado", etc. and wished that Henry V should spread a *sail*, not show his "foul of greatness", when he roused him in his throne of France.

Alton. When Dyce complains that your old Corrector reads "botchy fore" for "botchy core", it would have been only fair in him just to add that you had refused the emendation in your edition, though I myself have some doubt whether you were right in doing so.

Newman. That admission was too much to expect from a rival commentator.

Collier. It is hardly worth notice, but if Dyce had meant fairly, he would have added the mere fact that in this place I was not misled by the old Corrector. We must not dwell, I think, upon his notes regarding such matters as "the fifth hour", "stale" for *pale*, "short-aimed" for *short-arm'd*, "he shent our messengers" for *we sent our*

messengers, etc. But we need not be surprised that, when adverting to the word "disposer" (Act III, sc. 1.), amended to *dispraiser* in the Corr. Fo. 1632, he could not find a syllable to say in his own excuse for absolutely having done the very thing that he had blamed others for doing, and of which he had set so whimsical an example in his "Peele's Works", I, 125. However, it is perhaps hardly fair to condemn him, even on his own evidence, recollecting how many years had passed since he committed the error. To be sure, he might have used language less strong in reference to what he calls the "most foolish" notes of his adversaries, but a man is never so angry as when he knows he has rendered himself ridiculous. Dyce could give, and forgive, abuse, but my worst offence was making his readers sometimes smile at his mistakes.

Alton. You were the first to alter "thrice reputed nectar" to "thrice *repured* nectar" from the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the 4to, 1609; and then, all of a sudden, it was found that Dyce's and other exemplars had the same admirable reading: it is odd that Dyce did not mention this fact in 1857, but silently printed *repured* from your edition of 1844.

Collier. He was quite welcome, and possibly he was not then possessed of his 4to. copy of the drama: still, it would only have been just to say that I was the first to alter *reputed* to "repured". He did not know it, but "repured" was not then an unusual word: it occurs in T. Heywood's "Love's Mistriffs",

"Repur'd by your two virtues, these impereal
May change to brighter chairs in the heaven's ethereal."

And in Storer's "Life of Wolsey", 1599,

"With precious savour here for aye endures,
And temp' red spirits with holy breath *repures*."

Dyce gives no example of the use of the word, whether in prose or verse.

Newman. In the third scene of this third Act what a convincing proof we have, that the most excellent and obvious emendation of Shakespeare's text has been rejected by Dyce and some others, merely because it was inserted in the margin of your Corr. Fo. 1632. It is where the priest Calchas says,

"That through the sight I bear in things *above*
I have abandoned Troy."

That is, "I left Troy in consequence of foreknowledge derived from heaven."

Collier. The old readings of the quarto and folio impressions being,

"That through the sight I bear in things *to love*."

The old compositor blundered by reading "above", which was the word of the poet, *to love*, which is absolute nonsense; and all the old Corrector did was to restore "above", which renders the meaning most apparent—Calchas had quitted Troy, because he had been divinely forewarned of the fatal issue of the siege.

Alton. Perhaps this is one of the instances where a corruption has been occasioned by the mis-hearing of the old compositor, to whom the MS. was read by a boy as he forced out the letters: it was very easy for him to mis-hear "above" and print *to love* mechanically, without attending to the sense of the passage more than some of those moderns

who have proposed changes in the text. What meaning, for instance, can be made out of the line, as Dyce gives it,

“That through the sight I bear in things *to Jove*.”

Collier. Read the whole as I give it, and nothing more is needed : call to mind, says Calchas,

“That through the sight I bear in things above,
I have abandon’d Troy, left my possession,
Incurr’d a traitor’s name”, etc.

This, however, is one of the suggestions that has not been adopted; so that we cannot complain that here Dyce and others have used, but refused an emendation offered by the old Corrector of the Fo. 1632.

Alton. And not only refused, but abused the authority for one of the best changes proposed in this drama. Dyce adds in his note, that this emendation had been advocated by you before you discovered your Corr. Fo. 1632.

Collier. It may be so, but I know not where; and mark the insinuation contained in Dyce’s words “suggested by Mr. Collier, *and perhaps by others*”, when he well knew that no others had suggested it. If others had suggested it, do you think Dyce would not have paraded their names, as the real and original authors of my emendation?

Newman. A case in point occurs soon afterwards, when Dyce is under the hard necessity of admitting his obligation to the old Corrector in the lines,

“For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell’d, and is mirror’d there
Where it may see itself.”

It is “and is *married* there” in all old, as well as in all

modern editions, but Dyce is compell'd to own that they are all wrong.

Alton. He justly calls it a "*certain* emendation": he cannot escape from it.

Collier. But he endeavours to take the gloss from it by adding, that it is also found in Singer's MS. ; into which, I do not scruple to say, it was copied after the publication of my Vol. of "Notes and Emendations", in 1853. But for my Corr. Fo. 1632, *married*, for "mirror'd" would have been reprinted and repeated for ages, as it had been from 1623 to 1853, nobody during the whole 250 years having hinted at the emendation, or dreamed that it was needed.

Alton. Here then, we have another undeniable proof on all hands of the value of your Corr. Fo. 1632: even the "Globe Shakespeare" contains it, but with no notice that it is an emendation. In a subsequent part of the same scene, where these lines occur,

"Keeps pace with thought, and almost like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb *crudities*,"

Dyce does not venture to touch the word "*crudities*", though conscious that *cradles* of the old copies must be an error, not merely from the sense, but from the measure: *cradles* may possibly be strained to sense, but then "*crudities*" fits the place admirably, not merely on that account, but because a word of three syllables is required for the line.

Newman. It is laughable to see Walker and Dyce arguing that "*daughters*", in this very scene, is a trisyllable, and yet are content with *cradles*, which, by no stretching on the rack of pronunciation, can be lengthened into more than a disyllable.

Collier. We may pass over Dyce's claim to "each"—"each heavier"—because he tells us "it occurred to him long before Mr. MS. Corrector was heard of"; and we may even allow that the very rare book "Bâretti's Italian Dictionary," was actually "before him" when he wrote his note upon *capocchio*, and come to another mode adopted by him for admitting that the old Corrector was right: he prints (Act IV, sc. 4) "by friendship nor by speaking", observing merely that "it reads oddly", and then adds in a note the correction in the Fo. 1632 "by *silence* nor by speaking", which, he must admit, does not "read oddly": why then, plain people might ask, did he not adopt it?

Alton. And plainer people might answer "because the word *silence* was the emendation of the vexatious old Corrector." The same objection, and no other, prevailed as to "chainful potency" (Act 4, sc. 5) which Mr. Dyce pronounces "stark nonsense", merely because he could not understand what was meant by the potency of a chain; adding, in his love for "the learned Greek", that I was *εὐρετικός* in discovering the meaning.

Collier. Dyce was too good a scholar (in spite of his blunder about *φιλαυτία*, formerly pointed out) to render it necessary for him to parade his Greek, even in abuse of me; and I never made any sort of pretension to rival him in that language, however I may sometimes have ventured to set him right in my own.

Newman. He is even provoked when you set yourself right by reading "zeal" instead of *seal* on the same page, though he does the very same thing and on the very same authority, the old MS. Corrector.

Alton. Surely we may here omit a great deal of what

Dyce says so emphatically, sometimes in capitals, at others in Italics, regarding the words "impair" and "impure" and the confusion between them: nobody disputes it, and a good deal more of the same kind of annotation upon "adversity", "discoverers", etc. Let us advance as far as Act 5, sc. 4, where he again is compelled to owe the word "sleeveless" to the MS. note in your "fatal folio", and with obvious repugnance names the old Corrector.

Newman. You must, however, allow his triumph over you where the word "aims" is misprinted *arms* in Act 5, sc. 7: here Dyce catches you, as he thinks, tripping, and observes that Mr. Collier "evidently does not know" that Capell printed *aims*.

Collier. Why should I quote Capell upon such a point, when I had the Duke of Devonshire's copy of "Troilus and Cressida" under my eyes, where the line stands precisely thus,

"In fellest manner execute your *aims*."

Dyce, at the time he wrote his note, was very angry with me for putting him right as to the words "gull" and "gall" in his "Middleton's Works" (I, 477), which he repented he had ever dedicated to me. In the interval I had ventured to reprint Shakespeare: that was in 1844; and it was instantly followed by Dyce's "Remarks" in opposition to it: he never could forgive me for stepping before him, as to an edition of all Shakespeare's plays and poems, though I never heard of his intention, until I informed him I had engaged with my publishers.

CORIOLANUS.

Newman. Were we not the other day a little too minute, and needlessly critical, upon some of the changes in and notes on "Troilus and Cressida" derived from the Corr. Fo. 1632? I think that we remarked upon various small emendations, which did not require, nor indeed deserve, the pains and time we spent upon them.

Collier. I am not at all of your opinion; but I admit it is only natural that I, as a lover and editor of Shakespeare, should think no time and no pains misapplied in settling the true text of such a dramatist. He is perhaps the greatest poet the world has ever seen, indisputably the greatest dramatic poet, and I consider it due to his fame and merits to neglect nothing, however insignificant in itself, that can elucidate his language and meaning.

Alton. Recollect, too, the volumes upon volumes that have been produced to settle the text of such dramatic poets as Euripides, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes. Great, they unquestionably were, but as unquestionably not so great as Shakespeare.

Newman. That is a point on which we are not called upon to enter; but do not for one moment suppose that I intend to disparage Shakespeare: it would be nothing less than ridiculous to imagine it; but what I mean is, that in our conversations we need not dwell upon really trifling matters of correction and criticism, and thus give them an importance beyond their merits. There are many trifling points adverted to by various editors, that might be passed over entirely, or at all events dismissed summarily. Dyce

has no fewer than 257 notes upon this drama, occupying nearly forty closely printed pages, at least two thirds of which might have been advantageously omitted ; and why are we to waste time upon them.

Collier. And many of them are beyond the pale of our inquiry : we ought to limit ourselves to those notes only which illustrate the manner in, and the extent to, which he, in particular, has been indebted to the old Corrector of my Folio 1632.

Newman. There are scores of places in his notes on "Coriolanus" where Dyce has been compelled to mention and quote that surprising, and, to many, unwelcome volume.

Alton. And of not a few of those we need say nothing ; but, on the other hand, there are nearly twenty places in which he has most unwillingly been driven to admit his obligations to the old Corrector, having actually derived his text from him, and *from him only*. In all those instances, and on that authority merely, he has made his edition different from any that preceded it, excepting always your own.

Newman. How often does he not say "I here give the text of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector"—"So Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector"—"I adopt the reading of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector"—"This is the excellent emendation of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector," etc.

Collier. Besides the numerous places where he couples the old Corrector with Hanmer, Mason, Ritson, Capell, and others, always taking care to put the Corrector last, as if in truth they had all preceded him and he was merely a follower. This is a course unworthy of Dyce, who had previously admitted, incautiously perhaps, that the MS.

Corrector had "lived long before" Pope, Theobald, Capell, or any of the modern commentators.

Alton. Dismissing that really trifling matter, let us look at the first emendation, of any importance, that he derived from your corrected folio.

Collier. Just turn to Act 1, sc. 3, and to the words "at Grecian swords contemning." So I printed it conjecturally in my first edition of 1844, but Dyce, in his first edition of 1857, at once refused "contemning" and printed *contending* from the second folio, quoting in his support a writer in Blackwood's Magazine. But what did he do in his second edition of 1864? He saw that I persevered in favour of "contemning", and that it was the emendation of the old Corrector of my Folio 1632, and *on that authority alone*, in his own teeth and in spite of Blackwood, he adopted "contemning" adding, fairly enough, the real source of the emendation.

Newman. A remarkable instance of his absolute reliance upon that book which has been the source of so many other improvements.

Alton. But you had preferred "contemning" ten years before you discovered it in your contemned and despised corrected folio, 1632. Now it must be the text as long as Shakespeare is admired and reprinted: even the Globe Shakespeare adopts the word, tho' as usual, and consistently with its plan perhaps, it gives no notice of the improvement, or of the cause of it.

Collier. In the next scene we have a strong proof of Dyce's irresolution: he believed that

"Unheard of boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er"

was what the poet might have written, and yet Dyce dared

not remove the corruption, though censuring Singer for declaring that it was "very improbable".

Alton. What say you to the expression "To the pot, I warrant him".

Collier. I admit that I was wrong in printing "to the port"; for I have since found many good authorities for the vulgarism. Look at this from B. R.'s (Barnabe Rich?) translation of Herodotus, 1584, in the tale of Candaules—"There is no remedy that one of you both must *to the pot*, either the mayster or the man": and in G. Whetstones's "Rock of Regard", 1576—"Their enemies foe did flie, or *go to pott*". Dyce is right there.

Newman. It was your oversight; but in the passage "Thou art lost Marcius", Dyce says that "lost", instead of *left*, was an emendation by Mr. Grant White, when he might have seen it with a note in your edition of 1844.

Collier. It is a trifle of no moment; and Dyce gives me credit for "More than thy fame I envy", in the eighth scene, and for "coverture for the wars", instead of *overture*; but they are both in the Corr. Fo. 1632.

Newman. Then, this brings us to Act II, sc. 1, where in the speech of Menenius we meet with some singular corruptions, and particularly the important word *first* for thirst—"the *thirst* complaint."

Collier. For this correction I would willingly rely upon the common sense of any reader: it is a misprint that in truth corrects itself. What can be the objection to these words from the mouth of the merry old man, descriptive of his own character: "I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, *with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't*, and to be something imperfect

in favouring the *thirst* complaint." Only substitute *first* for "thirst" and what nonsense is made of it. The words "thirst" and *first* were so easily misheard, and therefore misprinted: "a-first" for *a-thirst* is a very old corruption in the ballad of "The Friar and the Boy", and Mr. Wright, the editor of a reprint of it in 1836, quotes various instances in which *a-first* is put for "a-thirst"; while in Lazarus Piot's "Silvayn's Orator", 1596, containing the speech of the Jew on the pound of flesh, the word "thriftie" is misprinted *thirstie*—"Wherewith the father being displeased disinheriteth the *thirstie* son of his patrimonie" (p. 202.) Nothing could be more likely than that "thirst" should be misprinted in various ways; and in Tarlton's "Tragical Discourses", 1567, Fo. 135, he speaks of "glutting the lascivious *thrust* of this ravynous apostat", viz., the monk to whom the story relates.

Alton. Surely we may dispense with other proofs, not merely because those you have brought forward are so convincing, but because the error is so self-evident. The word "biffon", which occurs in the same speech, and afterwards in a more remarkable passage, I see is spelt *bliffon* by your favourite translator Holland, on p. 334, of his "Livy", where he tells us that Appius Claudius, the Cenfor, was surnamed Cæcus, that is, *bliffon* or blind.

Collier. That, I apprehend, is merely an error of the press in a book that has very few blemishes of the kind. Your mention of Holland and his "Livy", reminds me of a mistake I made in the next speech of Menenius, where I said, in my last edition, that "dismiss the controversy bleeding", ought to be *pleading*. I was wrong; the expression was almost technical in Shakespeare's day in reference to unfinished lawsuits.

Newman. How do you establish that? It has always seemed to me that to "dismiss the controversy pleading", was the exact meaning of the poet.

Collier. However unwilling I may be, I must convict myself of being wrong there. In Dr. Wilson's *Arte of Logicke*, first printed in 1551, we read as follows—"The Judges seeing the matter so doubtfull and so hard to determine for either partie, fearing to doe amisse, left the matter *raw*" i.e. "bleeding", as in Shakespeare. The passage I have in my mind from Holland's "Livy" runs thus, when a lawsuit was undecided: "for all now lieth *bleeding*, and in extreame hazard." Dyce does not say I was mistaken, he only observes that "Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector substitutes *pleading*." He had no authority on the point, or he would certainly have adduced it. I only want to be just and to correct myself as well as other people. As to "the *thirst* complaint" there cannot be a doubt.

Alton. So I say of "empyric phisique", often spelt so of old, while the compositor could make nothing of it but *emperickqutique*. It converts pure nonsense into a very plain meaning.

Newman. Next we come to "the napless vesture of humility", printed in the folios "*Naples* vesture of humility", as if it had been brought from Naples to be worn in Rome, and regarding which, and Mr. Dyce's droll blunder in his edition of Middleton (IV, 425), we have perhaps already said enough.

Alton. Which may, however, properly introduce us to the "*woolvish tongue*", as it stands in the first folio, while in the second, *tongue* is altered to *gowne*. What infinite trouble these two words "*woolvish tongue*" have given the

commentators! There can be no doubt, however, that *tongue* must be read *togue* or *toge*, i.e. *toga*; but what could they make of "woolvish"?

Collier. Johnson tells us that it means *hirsute*, and Steevens says a great deal about wolf in sheep's clothing. Dyce did know what to do with the word, and in his first edition of 1857 simply reprinted *wolvish*, although in 1853 my volume of "Notes and Emendations", founded upon the Corr. Fo. 1632, had offered him the admirable word "woolless", in entire consistency with "napless", in an earlier part of the tragedy. In 1857 he could not bring himself to adopt "woolless" on the unwelcome authority of the old Corrector, and was content with *wolvish*, though everybody, but himself, saw it was wrong.

not

Newman. That was four years after your Vol. of "Notes and Emendations" came out. What did Dyce do in 1864, when his second edition appeared?

Collier. In the meantime, my second edition of 1858 had been published with "woolless" instead of *wolvish*, as applied to the "togue", or *toga*, worn by Coriolanus; and impartial people saw that was the very word wanted: even Dyce's "afflictive friends" could not dispute it; and in consequence of this defect and others, to some of which we have already adverted, he called in his edition of 1857, did what he could to stop the circulation of copies that had got out into the world, and published his edition of 1864. In 1864 he obliterated "*wolvish* togue", and substituted the very word *he had before utterly rejected*.

Alton. Avowing fairly, however, that he was indebted for it to your old volume of 1632.

Newman. He could not well do otherwise, for even his

friends deserted him; and now, owing solely to your corrected and much abused folio, "woolless togue" must inevitably stand as the language of Shakespeare.

Collier. That, I take it, is quite certain. And now we may go on, without noticing minor points, to the scene (Act III) where Coriolanus in his fury against the mob, calls upon the Senators to "*revoke* their dangerous *bounty*", as the Corr. Fo. 1632 has it, and as the text must hereafter stand, in spite of all the poor defences of the old reading, which Dyce upholds, though the new reading only requires us to admit that "revoke" has been misprinted *awake*, and "bounty" *lenity*, two very easy errors with the old compositor.

Newman. Yes, something more must be done; for "impotence" must be substituted for *ignorance*, where the hero urges the Senators to conceal their want of power.

Alton. No very unlikely mistake we must also allow: seeing that the printer of 1623 could just before compose *woolvish* instead of "woolless", surely we may suppose that he was careless enough to make the other mistakes, especially when the corrections most aptly fall in with the whole spirit of the angry address of Coriolanus.

Collier. At the same time, nobody is to be blamed for adhering to the old text in every case where it can be fairly understood without the grossest violence to our language. In this part of the tragedy, possibly, the original manuscript was very corrupt, or the compositor of it unusually inattentive, because only a few lines onward he presents us with what everybody, even Dyce and his coadjutors, allow to be a most egregious blunder.

Alton. And which egregious blunder would have been

preserved to the end of time, but for the old Corrector : you allude to *bosom multiplied*, instead of "bisson multitude", the indisputable language of the poet.

Collier. I do : everybody has seen that the old text could not be right, yet nobody, with all the ingenuity of all the commentators, could discover the true words until I found them in my old despised and maligned folio of 1632. On that authority I printed them in 1853, and even my bitterest opponents have ever since been compelled to welcome them as "an excellent emendation."

Newman. Must it not ever appear strange, I might say unaccountable, that when we see so many invaluable emendations by the old Corrector, we cannot give him credit for a few others not quite so palpable ?

Alton. That to my mind is an unanswerable logical inference.

Collier. Irresistible. Thus, in the second scene of this very Act, is it not more likely that Volumnia (whose entrance, by the way, Dyce alters at the sole instance of the old Corrector) should impatiently address Coriolanus as "O, son, son, son !" than as "O, *sir, sir, sir !*" ?

Alton. Unquestionably.

Collier. And we may feel even more certain about the inserted line,

"To brook control without the use of anger,"

not merely because it is found in the margin of my Folio 1632, but because common sense requires the addition.

Newman. Dyce admits that "the passage is obscure", and that the additional line makes it clear, yet, with childish obstinacy, I must say, rejects it. As to the change of *carriage*

for "courage" in Act III, sc. 1, we need here say nothing, having already shown the blunder into which Dyce fell regarding it, when we were examining Henry VI, Part 3.

Collier. Dyce cannot refuse the important change in Act IV, sc. 1, "Whose *house*, whose bed, whose meal" etc., simply adding "So Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector." All the rest of his notes are comparatively trifling, now adopting and now rejecting small improvements, and in one case absolutely recalling an emendation he had inserted in his first edition, acting throughout upon no intelligible principle.

Newman. Only remark the difficulty in which he involves himself as to "cheer" or *chair*, five lines from the end of Act IV: he owns that the text is very much corrupted, quotes various suggestions by as many editors, and ends by refusing the very word (only *cheer* instead of "chair") which clears away all obscurity.

Alton. But that word, you must remember, was contained in the odious volume upon the representations of which you so much, and so justly rely.

Collier. Dyce's later notes to this tragedy merit no particular comment: he is generally at variance with other editors, and sometimes with himself, and resorts to any authorities rather than to the Corr. Fo. 1632. We may just remark, as to the words (Act V, sc. 5) "Which he did end all his", that nobody seems aware that "end", in Dyce's extracts from the *Hereford Times* (note to what authorities he is driven), means that a wheat-rick is "well-ended", because the end, top, or apex of it is not made up, as it sometimes was, of stubble or stover, but of as good sheaves of corn as the whole body of the stack.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Alton. "Titus Andronicus" is a tragedy with the text of which, on various accounts, we may consider ourselves entitled to take greater liberties, than with any other of the whole number assigned to Shakespeare in the folio 1623, or in the other folios.

Collier. I think with you; but I think also that Shakespeare had more to do with it than some of its editors imagine: that question, however, is no part of our present business.

Newman. He was probably quite a young man when it was written, and his taste and style were not then formed. If it were not his, the rival dramatist stole from "Venus and Adonis" the beautiful paraphrase for a lady's tongue, when Marcus calls it "that delightful engine of her thoughts."

Alton. "Venus and Adonis" came out in the very year of the first entry of the play at Stationers' Hall—1593. But, as you say, our business is only with the emendations of the text in your Corr. Fo. 1632, and with the use that modern editors have made of them.

Collier. Taking Dyce's edition as our text. How soon he deserts his friend Walker, and admits that "Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector is right" in reading "their shadows", meaning the shadows or ghosts of the Andronici!

Newman. Surely, it will not be necessary in this drama to descend to many such particularities as we have noticed in others: I have looked over all Dyce's notes, and may not some of them be dismissed briefly—such, for instance,

as where he refuses "acclamations" in favour of *proclamations* (Act 1, sc. 1), merely because the verb *proclaim* occurs in a later part of the scene? "Acclamations" must have been Shakespeare's word. It is almost ludicrous, too, to find Dyce so often justifying one misprint by another, when, in fact, the same blunder has only been repeated.

Alton. If the old compositor have misread a word once, it is, at least, very likely that he will misread it again.

Collier. There is a remarkable proof of it in Dyce's note upon "substance" in the same Act, where, in his "Marlowe's Works", he allowed it to stand *subjects*. Here he quotes "subjects" from two other pieces by the same poet, just as if the repetition of an error proved that it was not an error.

Alton. Why, on that very account it is more likely to be a misprint. See what Dyce says regarding "the morn is bright and gay" (Act 2, sc. 2), which he wishes to stand "the morn is bright and *gray*", as if a gray morn could be bright: it often turns out a bright day, but that is because it is not bright at the commencement. Dyce made just the same mistake in his "Peele's Works" ("Old Wives Tale", p. 449), and therefore he was bound to insist that the line in the play before us,

"The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,"

ought to run "bright and *gray*." The morn was bright because it was not gray.

Collier. He owns himself to have been wrong as to "fudden dumps", when he recommended "*sullen* dumps", merely because he met with "fudden dumps" in a sonnet by Spenser; but the "dumps" might properly be called "fudden" in one place, and *sullen* in another.

Newman. But in this tragedy they are neither, but "dreary dumps" according to the quarto impression in 1600: the dumps were made *sudden* in the folio, the old printer having caught the word from the line below.

Alton. Let us not waste time on such trifling matters, but go on to the substitution by your old Corrector of "dine" for *drive*, which is allowed by Dyce in Act II, sc. 3.

Collier. Not, however, with the consent of other editors, to whom Dyce here actually opposes himself in favour of the emendation.

Alton. Which cannot well be disputed; and we may therefore allow these gentlemen to settle it among themselves without our interference: we have not time or inclination to discuss their bickerings. Mr. Dyce says nothing upon the material couplet

"She is a woman, and therefore to be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore to be won,"

which, as we have already seen, are more than in substance contained in two of Robert Greene's tracts, and which, as in the case of "King Henry the Sixth, Part I", connect him also with "Titus Andronicus". Here Dyce is silent.

Newman. And so may we be as to such highly important matters as *parws* or "claws", *their* or "this", and several other words of about equal insignificance, and where either may be said to suit the place equally well.

Collier. Or, possibly, equally ill. In the opening of Act III, we have a curious proof of Dyce's determination sometimes to let nonsense stand, rather than amend a line as it is found in the margin of my Corr. Fo. 1632. Old Andronicus is lamenting his dead sons, and throwing himself on the ground exclaims,

"For these, these (Tribunes) in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears."

So it stands in the old copies ; and how is the passage amended in my folio ? thus :

"For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep *anguish* in my soul's sad tears."

The meaning of course is that he writes in the dust with his tears the deep *anguish* of his soul. What then can be better than the old Corrector's emendation, which Dyce calls a *reficting* of the last line ? His friend Walker had pronounced the word "tears" as "very suspicious", but Dyce, availing himself of the word, reprints what has no meaning, instead of the really beautiful sense of the poet.

Alton. Such a course makes one weary of such criticism, and such editing. Not long afterwards Dyce professes not to be able to understand a novelty which is proposed in *The Globe Shakespeare* ; and we need not wonder at it, when he could not understand how Andronicus was to write his anguish by his tears in the dust. Not long afterwards, in reference to the word "tears", he asks (quoting Homer's Greek not very appositely) whether the author of this tragedy was not "affecting the classical" ? If so, it would be more like Greene than Shakespeare.

Newman. I am thoroughly tired of these uninteresting and paltry points.

Collier. But here is something that will perhaps enliven you ; where Dyce prints a word nowhere else found in English, "succeedantly", rather than accept the ordinary adverb *incessantly* which was offered by "Capell and Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector"—the MS. Corrector, as usual, being

placed last as the follower of Capell, whom in fact he had preceded by a good century. Again, in Act v, sc. 3, Dyce shows the same preference as to the regulation of a divided speech: "Capell and Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector assign the whole to Marcus, and no doubt rightly," says Dyce.

Alton. As I have before remarked, this is a poor way of editing a poet like Shakespeare; and you never would have had to complain of it, had not Dyce once been your intimate friend.

Collier. I do not complain, but he pursued the same course systematically; anything in fact to disparage and depreciate my old folio of 1632. I cannot but repeat what I have before asserted; that I never meant to enter into any rivalry with Dyce. I aided him all I could in his various books: for his "Peele's Works" I lent him manuscripts out of my own collection: for his "Middleton's Works" I gave him unique tracts and plays from my own shelves; and when I entered into an agreement with a publisher for an edition of Shakespeare, I had no knowledge that Dyce had ever contemplated such an undertaking. From that moment our intimacy was at an end; and no event of the kind ever grieved me more. Hundreds of times he has dined at my family table, and yet before I quitted London, and afterwards, he passed me in the streets without the slightest recognition. It was no fault of mine, that I anticipated him in an edition of Shakespeare; and could I be expected to refuse a thousand pounds (it was a considerably larger sum in the end) merely because it interfered with a scheme he had never even hinted at, either to me or to any of our friends? Dyce was in many respects an admirable man: his attainments were many and most creditable, but he had one great failing, which I need not name.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Alton. This tragedy does not seem likely to give us much trouble.

Newman. Do not call it trouble : it is to me a real pleasure, not so much to set previous editors right, as to do our great dramatist justice by restoring his corrupted text.

Collier. That is the proper view of the duty we are endeavouring to discharge. "Romeo and Juliet" was printed three times in quarto before it made its appearance in the folio of 1623 ; and so popular was it, that there was a fourth edition in quarto five years after the date of the second folio, but it requires no notice.

Newman. May we not say, that if your old Corrector had done no more than he has done in "Romeo and Juliet", our obligation to him would not have been heavy ?

Alton. I partly agree with you ; his emendations are not very many, and, with some exceptions, it appears to me that he has not taken his usual pains with the text of this often acted tragedy.

Newman. The subject was very early on our stage, for Brooke, who told the story in English verse in 1562, informs us that even then a play had been written upon it, which he had seen acted. Whatever may have been done with the play, it is certain that Shakespeare well knew, and even used, in one place, the very language of Brooke.

Collier. We need not go into that, because our great dramatist chiefly resorted to Painter's "Palace of Pleasure". As for the emendations in my Corr. Fo. 1632, you are, I think, disposed to slight them a little ; but we shall be able to

fettle that question better when we have gone through them. Look at the first we come to of any importance: I contend that it cannot be refused.

Newman. You mean "puff'd" for *purg'd* in the couplet,

"Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,
Being *puff'd* a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes."

The word "puff'd" has been refused by Dyce.

Alton. But surely very absurdly: the image is of a fire which, when blown by the breath, that is *puff'd*, throws out sparks into the eyes of the blower. Now, unless you can make *purg'd* of the old copies mean the same as "puff'd", the emendation must be right.

Collier. Most certainly: who talks of *purg'ing* a fire, and where can any parallel passage be pointed out? Then, the mistake of the old printer is so easily accounted for: as usual, he did not consider the sense, and seeing "puff'd" carelessly read it *purg'd*.

Newman. It seems one of the many instances where Dyce wittingly and obstinately preferred the old corruptor to the old Corrector. I do not say exactly the same of the change made on the next page, because "unharm'd" affords a clear meaning.

Alton. So it does, but how prosaic and inferior to the line thus amended,

"From Love's weak childish bow she lives *encharm'd*:"

The usual text has been "unharm'd", which was substituted by Rowe: the word in every old copy but the first is *uncharmed*, which may be said to prove that the true language of the poet was "encharm'd", only the printer began the word with the wrong letter.

Collier. The meaning of course is, that chastity was, as it were, magically protected, or "encharm'd", from the pernicious effects of Cupid's bow. Even one of Dyce's friends (so to call them, though they often misled him) was in favour of "encharm'd", but still he could not prevail upon himself to be indebted to the Corr. Fo. 1632. Dyce and Singer (not exactly *par nobile*) are at variance about "married" or *made*, in the opening of Sc. 2; and how Dyce could have persuaded himself to mar meaning and metre by making a couplet end with the very same word for the rhyme, is a mystery.

Newman. We cannot here lay the blame on his "afflictive friends": besides, the line, as you give it from the old Corrector's notes, is proverbial, and is to be found in Puttenham's "Art of English Poesie", 1589.

Collier. In the opening of Act II, Dyce gives up the "auburn Cupid" of his first edition, so that we need say no more about the difference between Abraham, Adam, and "auburn", and without more pause proceed to Sc. 3 of the same Act, where Friar Laurence, according to the old copies, speaks of "*unbruised* youth", altered most properly by the old Corrector to "unbusied youth", in reference to the idleness and indolence of the young: here Dyce was compelled to say in his note "Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector substitutes *unbusied*": in fact, he felt convinced that *unbruised* was a blunder, and thus amended the text by his note without inflicting upon himself the plain admission that the old text was defective. He does just the same where the Nurse complains of the "*weak* dealing" of Romeo, instead of "wicked dealing", if he led Juliet into a "fool's paradise". No sane man can well doubt that the old com-

positor misread or misheard "wicked" and took up the letters for *weak*. How would it be "*weak* dealing"? It would be most *wicked* dealing.

Alton. Very true; but have we time to spend upon such "mites of matters"? Let us go on to Juliet's soliloquy in Act II, sc. 2, and the much disputed passage,

"That run-awaye's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms."

Collier. You are quoting the words of the old editions, but the Corrector of the Fo. 1632 gives them thus:

"That *ennemies'* eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms."

"Run-awayes" must be wrong according to the admission of every body, and, of course, the question is, what is right? The conjectures on the point are endless, and the dispute will probably be interminable: nobody can be thoroughly satisfied with any of the proposed changes; and all I say in defence of that of the old Corrector is, that he pleases me better than others: as I state in my note, "*ennemies*" (so often spelt in Shakespeare's day) is not unlikely to have been misprinted *runnawayes*; and the sense requires that the proceedings of Juliet and her lover should not be seen by their hostile families. Dyce's proposal "That *rude day's* eyes may wink" is singularly unfortunate, because Juliet is invoking the aid of night, and contemplating the absence of all light, "Come, civil night," etc. Day, whether rude or civil, was to be entirely absent. I do not say that "*enemies eyes*" is right, but only that it is, probably, less wrong: it accords with the sense.

Newman. I see that the last American editor of Shake-

speare (Mr. Furness) after giving all the conjectures and all the notes in support of them, is content to reprint the old word "runaways", but it is to be remarked that he and others omit the hyphen of the folio 1623, *run-awayes*, which ought not to be forgotten.

Alton. The only certainty is that the old Corrector of the Fo. 1632 erases "run-awayes" and inserts *ennemies*; and there the question must, I suppose, be left.

Collier. Mr. Furness is least of all satisfied with "ennemies"; but he can substitute nothing, and, therefore, reprints the old blunder, as I confidently think it.

Alton. Our criticisms on corrections in this tragedy have even now run out to a length I did not anticipate: is there much more to be said as to the obligations of editors to the Corr. Fo. 1632?

Collier. Not much, I think. Three pages after "run-awayes" we come to a small but indisputable emendation of "rear-word" for rear-ward: the article "a" before rear-word" proves that it is a compound substantive, and one of Dyce's friends pronounces in favour of it; but still Dyce cannot endure it, and therefore prints *rear-ward*, apparently out of mere opposition to the note in the Corr. Fo. 1632. Nearly the same may be said of "Cynthia's bow", instead of Cynthia's *brow*; but here, while supporting the corruption by one authority, Dyce resists it by another, and therefore reprints

"'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow",

although her *brow* could occasion no reflex: it was her "bow" whose brightness produced the appearance as of the "morning's eye", which had alarmed the lovers.

Newman. Nothing can well be more palpable. But really these very obvious matters are hardly worth talking so much about.

Collier. Certainly not, were we engaged upon any author but Shakespeare. I admit myself in error when I printed "the earth does drizzle dew", instead of the *air*, etc., and Dyce, who eagerly points out my mistake, cannot make his note sufficiently obvious and emphatic without the use, not only of Italics, but of capitals. I erred in numerous, if not in good, company—all the quartos and all the folios; but that I erred, I admit.

Alton. And very fairly acknowledge it. Although the "air drizzled dew", and the *earth* could not drizzle, yet it is a mistake to suppose that the earth evaporates no moisture in the evening of a hot day: it contributes its share to invigorate vegetation.

Collier. Very likely; but here that question does not arise. Let me say only a word or two on Juliet's dying apostrophe to the dagger, as she stabs herself,

"This is thy sheath: there rest and let me die."

Dyce acknowledges that the correction in my fo. 1632, "rest", instead of "rust", is to be preferred, although older authorities have "there *rust* and let me die". This is one of his last notes in his edition of "Romeo and Juliet" and, as far as it goes, it is a testimony in favour of the labours of my patient and very painstaking old Corrector. American editors are, however, at variance, for while Furness adopts "rest", Grant White prints *rust*, and endeavours to vindicate his choice. All the folios have *rust*.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Collier. Before we open "Timon of Athens", I want you to look at a passage, with reference to an emendation in the tragedy we read last ("Romeo and Juliet"), where the Prince, near the end, commands "Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while". The old Corrector properly alters "outrage" to *outcry*, but Dyce adduces two instances of the same misprint to justify "outrage". One blunder ought not to authorise another; and Dyce himself, in his edition of "The Custom of the Country" (B and F IV, 426), warrants the use of *outcry*, where an officer entering to quell a noisy disturbance, inquires "who made this *outcry*?" There seems no doubt that the old printer made a mistake in "Romeo and Juliet", and composed "outrage" instead of *outcry*. Since we parted, turning over the English Boccacio of 1620, on fo. 193, I met with a passage which shows, beyond dispute, that the distinction between "outrage" and *outcry* was then well understood: it runs thus:—"Upon this mutinous noise and *outcry* the neighbours came forth of their houses with lights, staves, and clubbes, greatly reprovng them for the *outrage*."

Alton. That is very clear: in "Romeo and Juliet" the old compositor did not make the distinction. Shakespeare's word must have been *outcry*, not "outrage".

Newman. Shakespeare knew that an *outrage* was to be punished, but an *outcry* to be silenced. After all, the difference is not very material.

Collier. Only, it is so usual a practice with commentators to think that one blunder, instead of correcting another, justifies the repetition of it. This remark, however, does

not apply to the earliest at all important emendation in "Timon of Athens" (the drama we have now to examine), where the Poet says to the Painter,

" My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of verse."

Suppose any commentator had told us to substitute *waxe* for *verse*, should we not have laughed in his face, and not the less because he added, that it was the custom in the age of Timon to write on waxed tables?

Alton. Most certainly: in the time of Shakespeare, no popular audience would have understood it.

Collier. And was it so very unlikely that the old mechanical compositor would print *waxe* instead of *verse*? In the old copies such was the blunder; and the poet was made to say that his "free drift" moved itself "in a wide sea of *waxe*".

Newman. The word "*verse*", carelessly written by a hand of that day, might easily have been misread *waxe*. I see that Dyce admits that "*waxe* is certainly suspicious".

Alton. He knew that *waxe* was wrong, and that "*verse*" was right; but he could not endure the old Corrector, and, rather than follow him, declared *waxe* "suspicious" in his note, but printed it in his text in preference to a word that could not be suspected. Poets of that day wrote "*verse*"; they did not write *waxen*, or on *waxe*.

Collier. That is hardly a fair way of putting it; Greek poets wrote "*verse*", and removed the *waxe* to show the "*verse*". As to the *verse* in various parts of this tragedy, Dyce openly and fairly expresses his concurrence with me that many speeches and sentences, originally in measure,

had been corrupted into prose and so printed; but when he comes to the introduction to "Apemantus' Grace", he cannot persuade himself that the old corrector is warranted in altering "sinner" to *fire*, although the rhyme in the next line absolutely requires it: Apemantus is speaking of intoxicating wine:

"Here's that which is too weak to be a *fire*,
Honest water, which ne'er left man in the mire."

Newman. How can it be disputed? "too weak to be a *sinner*" is there nonsense; and if it had been sense, "dinner" would have inevitably offered itself as the rhyme, when the company was just sitting down to a banquet. "Fire" of course refers to the strong beverage, the effect of which was often to leave "man in the mire".

Collier. It is the "wine-*fire*" which Montaigne refers to, when Florio thus renders the *quis aquam temperet ignibus* of Horace,

"Who shall allay
Wine-*fire* with water?"

Florio's translation, as you know, was published in 1603, perhaps seven years before "Timon of Athens" was written.

Alton. "Too weak to be a sinner" may perhaps be strained to some kind of meaning, looking at the context; but "fire" must have been Shakespeare's word misprinted *sinner*. Apemantus has various other rhymes in his preceding speeches.

Collier. The long *f* was partly in fault, I dare say, in misleading the compositor; and in Raleigh's "History of the World", printed in 1614, p. 95, we meet with the word "fire" actually misprinted *send*: it ought to run,

"Whence all to blessed light his wondrous power did *fire*."

The rhyme to this line is *higher*, as in the case before us it is "mire". I may add that in my copy of Raleigh's "History" *send* is actually altered to *fire* in an old hand in the margin—otherwise I might not have observed the error.

Newman. This is strongly and strangely confirmatory; but in my judgment the blunder in the play before us is as certain as the emendation.

Alton. The fact seems to be that in these old play-books, whether in quarto or folio, we never can be too suspicious of misprints. Look at the opening of Act II, where "And able horses" has always been an error for "*A stable o' horses*". Dyce just mentions it; but as the correction was derived from the margin of your Fo. 1632, he was glad not to be compelled to place it in his text. However, he must have been sure that it ought to have been there.

Newman. Just the same with the line in a speech of Flavius (Act II, sc. 2), "I have retir'd me to a wasteful *nook*", instead of "cock" of the folios, which is utter nonsense: "a wasteful nook" means, of course, an unused corner, out of sight, where his weeping could not be seen: Dyce's interpretation is laughably absurd—"a pipe with a turning stopple running to waste."

Alton. It is ludicrous; but he was misled by Capell's "cock of water": Dyce is ready to put faith in anybody rather than in the old Corrector. Let us go on to something better.

Collier. We must go on a good way, then, especially if you mean something more amusing. Just look at this, in Act III, sc. 2, as it stands in the folios:

"Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every *flatterer's sport*."

This Dyce denounces as "the veriest nonsense", and so it is; but the old Corrector tells us to read, "Is every flatterer's port", that is to say, "every flatterer's deportment or conduct", and what can be better? The printer of the Folio 1623 carried on the last letter of "flatterer's" to the beginning of the next word, and hence the confusion: it is as clear as daylight, but Dyce cannot accept it at the hands of my "old MS. Corrector", and prints in his edition "every flatterer's *spirit*". The difference is small, but very apparent; and so, afterwards (Act III, sc. 6), is "the legge of the people", instead of "the *tag* of the people", to which Dyce, in his note, adds "rightly, perhaps," when he really had no doubt about it, and printed *lag* for "tag".

Newman. Just before, he agrees with the change "foes" for *fees*, because Warburton and the old Corrector made the same suggestion, but Dyce takes care, as usual, to give Warburton precedence, although he wrote his note so many years after the old owner of your Folio 1632. Why could Dyce not fairly say "So Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector and Warburton"?

Alton. Very true; but perhaps we have had this unfairness sufficiently exposed already. It makes one smile to see Walker (Shakesp. Verfis., p. 135) declaring that one passage in this play (Act IV, sc. 3) "puzzles him", when there are so many others that nobody can clearly understand.

Collier. At all events, one small change in the same speech, "rothers" for *brothers* (which, singularly enough, Mr. Singer found in his MS. also), clears away a difficulty formerly considered insuperable.

Newman. Dyce seems to have been "very hard bested" in rejecting, or not noticing (which is a course he sometimes

adopts) palpable emendations in Act v of this tragedy: take, for instance, the word "purfes" (for *purposes* of the old corrupt copies) in the painter's speech, near the opening of the first scene: Timon is reported again to have become rich, and the Painter urges his friend the Poet to "tender his love" to him once more, adding that "it was very likely to load our purfes" with what they fought. Who but Dyce could dream here of adhering to *purposes*, especially when you point out in a note the very same blunder corrected in MS. by Chapman himself in his "Memorable Masque", published in 1613?

Collier. Here, again, Dyce must have been impelled by his aversion to the old MS. Corrector.

Alton. And by nothing else; the misprint is evident, and it arose in all likelihood from mishearing. The case of "black-corner'd night" for "black-cover'd night" was different; yet it seems hard to believe that Dyce should adhere to so stupid a misprint. Nevertheless he does so with his eyes opened by your Corr. Fo. 1632.

Newman. We may apply to him what is said of Lady Macbeth, "her eyes are open, but their sense is shut."

Collier. Let us pass now to one of the most remarkable emendations in my very remarkable Corr. Fo. 1632. Few of the alterations of the absurd old text have received so much attention; and nobody ever dreamed of the change before I printed it in 1853 in my volume of "Notes and Emendations".

Alton. Of course you refer to Act v, sc. 1, and to the lines,

"To stop affliction, let him take his *halter*,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself."

Collier. I do. The words in all the folios are, "let him take his haste"; and it has been vindicated, because, as Dyce and others contend, the expression "take his haste" (which I say has no parallel in our language) is not uncommon. Dyce has collected these supposed parallels, and I assert that there is not one of them equivalent to, or even remotely resembling, "Let him take his haste." What are they? *Make your speed*; but Timon's word is *take*, not "make". We know what is meant by *make speed*; and "with all his haste", from Chapman's "Odysssey", B. IV, only resembles the passage in "Timon of Athens" because it contains the word *haste*, of which thousands of other examples might be given if they were of any use.

Newman. Timon's expression is "take his haste"; and all the search of all the antagonists of your Corr. Fo. 1632 has failed to produce those words in that connection or with that meaning. Lear's "make your speed" is not *take your speed*; if it had been so, there might have been some plausibility in the resistance; but where in English, excepting in this play, are the words "*take his haste*" ever found? That is the question.

Collier. Mr. Grant White, the excellent American editor, quotes from "Midsummer Night's Dream", "take his gait", but "gait" is not *haste*: it only means *way* from, A. S. *gan*, to go. Why is a field-gate called a gate, but because it is a *way* through. As you say, I defy anybody to produce from any writer in our language the words "take his haste" as equivalent to *make speed*. To tell a man to "take his halter" is intelligible enough.

Alton. Especially with the words "and hang himself" following almost immediately afterwards.

Newman. Besides, Timon had that object directly in view ; and how was hanging to be accomplished without a "halter"?

Collier. And what says Burton in his "Anat. of Melancholy" (Part I, sect. 4), where we read, in reference to the fatal end of a madman, "Socrates his *cicuta*, Lucretia's dagger, *Timon's halter*, are yet to be had." Here the very word "halter" occurs, as if Burton then had the passage in Shakespeare in his mind. In another and an earlier publication by Lodge, "Catharos", 1591, we find mention of Timon's fig-tree and the use to which it was to be put. Diogenes there says,

"These kind words require a courteous requital : harke thee, Cosmophos ; thou knowest Timon's fig tree.

Cosmo. And what of that ?

Dio. Why, goe *hang thee thereon* : the world hath too many love-worlds."

Alton. There can be no doubt about it ; and never again ought we to see the blunder of *haste* for "halter" reprinted. As you state in your note, it probably arose from the letter *r* having been omitted, or worn away, in the MS. used by the old compositor. I rely in a great measure upon the unexampled phrase "let him take his *haste*", instead of the common expression "let him take his *halter*".

Newman. And how was each man to hang himself without a halter ? Note, too, Dyce's ridiculous inconsistency : in his edition of 1857 he declares in so many words that *halter* may be "the true reading", and thanks you for making him acquainted with it ; but in his edition of 1864 he opposes it might and main, not saying one syllable of his previous approbation.

Collier. This was hardly fair dealing; but he was in a dilemma, for his injudicious friends had stepped in to misadvise him, and to overcome his own conviction.

Newman. *Cave amicos* here as in many other places; and they put into his hands the very references which, when examined, prove the contrary of what was wished to be established.

Alton. Another proof that Dyce was not a man adapted to edit Shakespeare: his timidity disqualified him, in spite of his learning.

Collier. The last note in this tragedy, that we need touch, seems to be on the word "rear'd"—"Some beast *rear'd* this", etc. Dyce, after a paltry insinuation unworthy of him and of his long intimacy with me, allows, nevertheless, that "rear'd" must be right. Warburton had certainly suggested it in modern times; but the old Corrector had written it in his margin very many years earlier: it only needed the addition of the letter *r*, so as to make the word "rear'd" instead of *read*, and hardly required the two pages of notes that Dyce indulged himself in. It will probably be for ever impossible to explain all the difficulties connected with Timon's "epitaph"; and Dyce was quite welcome to what he derived from me on the point, though he might have added to whom he was indebted: he would then possibly have gained in candour the trifle that he might lose in reputation. I cannot deny, and do not wish to deny, that in 1858 I was much irritated against him for the manner in which he had treated me and my Corr. Fo. 1632 in 1857. I still thought reconciliation not impossible, but I was mistaken.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Collier. We may illustrate the line

“Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough”

by a quotation from a very curious book, “Webbe’s Travels”, published in 1599, where, in a very brief passage, the name of the city, pronounced *Room* in the time of Shakespeare, is spelt in three different ways; it is there Rume and Roome, and again, just afterwards, Rome: the writer is speaking of persons travelling to do penance in the capital. However, this point does not belong to our inquiry into the value (authenticity I always take to be out of the question) of the emendations in my Corr. Fo. 1632. We shall have enough to do if we adhere strictly to that.

Alton. Yet not so much, perhaps, as regards “Julius Cæsar” as some other dramas.

Newman. Dyce seems, now and then, to be ingeniously disingenuous in his references to you, and quotes Craik’s note on the word “reasons” (Act I, sc. 3) as if you had actually printed it *seasons*. “Is it possible that Mr. Collier can hold the new reading, which he gives us on the authority of his MS. annotator?” Dyce well knew, when he quoted Craik’s interrogation, that “reasons”, and not *seasons*, was the word in your edition, but it seems he could not bring himself fairly to say so.

Collier. That is a trifle, though he might certainly have added that my text was correct. He takes care, however, in his second edition, to adopt the emendation of “heavy honey-dew of slumber” (Act II, sc. 1), in accordance with the old Corrector, although in his first edition he had

repeated the corruption of every ancient and every modern copy of the play. Here he professes to follow, also, Singer's MS. Corrector, though he must have been aware that Singer's MS. Corrector had never been heard of, indeed had no existence, until after the publication of my volume of "Notes and Emendations" in 1853. From thence it had, probably, been copied into Singer's folio.

Newman. Dyce's object seems to have been, as you have already stated, to disparage your Corr. Fo. 1632, by representing Singer's as of equal authority.

Collier. Yet, in the first scene of act III, Dyce avows that he follows the example of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector, in boldly transferring the words "Are we all ready?" to Casca, instead of Cæsar, to whom they have usually, but most incorrectly, been given.

Alton. He could not help admitting the obligation, seeing that the change was necessary, and could not be found elsewhere.

Newman. Do you not think that every body, even yourself, is in error as to the passage in Brutus's speech,

"To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love."

That is the old text, and various changes have been proposed in order to remove, or amend, the word "malice", which has occasioned the difficulty.

Collier. The emendation in my Corr. Fo. 1632 is

"Our arms in strength of *welcome*", etc.

Alton. And Capell suggested

"Our arms *no* strength of malice", etc.

which Dyce follows, and certainly seems clumsy, though I own I do not like your "strength of welcome": how could "welcome" have been misprinted *malice*?

Newman. There is the difficulty.

Collier. And do you propose to remove it?

Newman. Yes: by a word that might have been misheard, or possibly misread, by the old compositor, which begins with the same letters, and, as it seems to me, fills the place admirably. Read as follows, and what more is wanted either for sound or sense?

"To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms in strength of *manhood*, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence."

Alton. Capital! Nothing can be better: your old Corrector is well corrected. What say you?

Collier. I am entirely of your opinion: the word "manhood" might be easily misheard, or misread, *malice* by the old mechanical compositor. I do not think it capable of dispute: their arms received Mark Antony in the full power and vigour of "manhood", and with "hearts of brother's temper". There is not, I think, a better emendation in the whole play.

Alton. It shall stand to all time, as conveying the very meaning of the poet in his own language.

Newman. It occurred to me suddenly last night, when I was reading the tragedy in anticipation for our meeting this day.

Collier. I give you full credit; and looking at the emendation on all sides, it seems wonderful that nobody has ever guessed at the easy change of *malice* to "manhood". It

removes all difficulty, and it must, I am convinced, have been Shakespeare's word.

Newman. I am heartily glad that I pitched upon it. Dyce is always talking, as he does in this instance, of the *ductus literarum*; and with regard to "manhood", for *malice*, it must in that respect also have satisfied his requirements. Now, let us proceed with other emendations.

Collier. I must pause a little longer upon your admirable conjecture: it ought to make your reputation.

Alton. What you have just said, about Dyce's often repeated *ductus literarum*, very fitly brings us to an emendation in the same scene, which Dyce, nevertheless, pronounces "a most vile alteration", viz., "loins" for *limbs*. I maintain that it is an excellent alteration: the line in the old copies is,

"A curse shall light upon the limbs of men,"

which has led to many absurd speculations, one certainly of the most absurd being Dyce's substitution of *minds* for "limbs". What becomes here of his *ductus literarum*?

Collier. Besides, it was full as likely that a curse should fall upon "the limbs of men" as upon their *minds*. My old Corrector reads,

"A curse shall light upon the *loins* of men",

meaning the generations of men, men yet to be begotten; and this change has very properly been accepted by more than one authority, for there can be little doubt it is what the poet intended, and wrote.

Newman. Antony prophesied that a curse should fall upon the progeny of men, after the slaughter of Cæsar.

Collier. In my turn, I own myself wrong as to the word "unlucky" (Act III, sc. 3) in the line,

"And things unlucky charge my fantasy."

Alton. Yet *unlikely* has had other advocates besides you. You are not obstinate in error, although justly positive where you think you are right.

Collier. And therefore I cannot give up "new-hearted", instead of the poor inexpressive "new-added" of the folios; with which Dyce himself is dissatisfied, and substitutes what is just as tame and unmeaning, *new-aided*. As Craik observes, "new-hearted" is "the very sort of word one would expect to find where it stands." Only read the context (Act IV, sc. 3):

"The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, *new-hearted*, and encourag'd."

Newman. It seems to me beyond dispute: the old compositor heard the compound word "new-hearted" without the aspirate, and thought it was *new-added*.

Collier. It would be difficult to find a stronger instance of Dyce's inconsistency than is afforded earlier in the scene. There cannot be the least doubt that in the line, as it stands in all the folios, and, indeed, in every edition of Shakespeare until I brought forward my Corr. Fo. 1632,

"I shall be glad to learn of noble men":

the word "noble" ought to be *abler*, in reference to the preceding speech by Cassius.

Alton. And what is Dyce's inconsistency? I see that he prints it "abler men".

Collier. Yes, he does so in 1865; but in 1857 he had done the very contrary: he mentioned the irresistible emendation in his note, yet coolly added "but the old reading is not to be displaced".

Newman. In his second edition he had seen the error of his way, as he had seen it in many other places, though, as here, omitting to acknowledge it.

Alton. All which exemplifies his unfitness for the duty of an editor, at least of such a poet as Shakespeare. The change of *noble* to "abler" is, as you say, irresistible; and so Dyce found it in 1865, though he could not find it in 1857. How he must have detested the old Corrector!

Newman. I apprehend there is nothing more in the later portion of this tragedy that need detain us, excepting the remarkable character of Brutus, given by Mark Antony near the very close: your old Corrector there makes two emendations, one material, the other small and consequent upon it: he puts it thus:

"All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a generous honest thought
Of common good to all, made one of them."

Collier. And surely such must have been the language of Shakespeare, though Dyce refuses it, and prefers an interpolation of his own, by putting a hyphen (how often has he protested against the improper insertion of hyphens) where the folios have none, and thus reducing the noble verse of the poet, as it were, to mere prose:—

"He only, in a general-honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them."

Alton. Dyce does not venture a syllable in support of his

petty innovation; he does not even tell us that the folios have no hyphen; but he places it in his text, merely as if he were repeating what had been printed 250 years ago. He never thought of the hyphen in his first edition of 1857.

Newman. And how well we could have spared the injurious piece of insignificance in his second edition of 1865! Craik was entirely with you.

MACBETH.

Newman. The emendations of the text of Macbeth do not, in quantity or quality, claim much notice.

Alton. Dyce's notes do not seem of a character to do him credit: in one place, his language, in reference to you, is certainly beyond the limit of gentlemanlike restraint.

Collier. As I have before said, he could not control his pen: he was as easily led away by it, as by the injudicious friends by whom he was surrounded. I never had a word of difference with him in all the five and twenty years that I knew him so intimately.

Newman. That is to the credit of both.

Collier. He appears not to have imagined that I should venture to edit Shakespeare; and I never shall forget the blank look he put on, when, late one night, I informed him that within the last hour I had signed an agreement with a publisher to prepare a new impression of the Plays and Poems. I had lent Dyce aid (as he over and over again acknowledged in parole and in print) for his Peele's Works, Greene's Works, Middleton's Works, Webster's Works, and, in short, for every book he had edited; and I asked him,

with some confidence, to assist me now and then in my new undertaking. He paused for some time, and at last only said, in a very dry cold way, that "he should himself have been afraid of such a task", adding that most of his notes upon Shakespeare were merely in his head.

Alton. Incredible! notes on seven and thirty plays merely in his head?

Collier. I use his very words, and I own they surprised me; for I had often seen him writing in his copy of the twenty-one volumes, which he had always put away (he constantly sat at a table with a handy drawer opening in front of him) in some haste as I entered the room. I reminded him of it; but he asserted that all he had "scribbled" consisted of the briefest memoranda, for use, perhaps, hereafter, but which would be intelligible to nobody but himself. I thus saw at once what I was to expect: I interfered, in fact, with a project of his own; and from that hour to his death we gradually became more estranged. What I have now stated I put in print before we absolutely ceased to have intercourse, and I sent him a copy of it; but he made, and could make, no reply. Enough, and possibly too much, upon this disagreeable personal matter. Now, let us proceed to the text and notes of "Macbeth".

Newman. Those which show the obligations of Dyce, and others, to the old Corrector of your Folio 1632 are comparatively few, and generally not important.

Alton. One of Dyce's earliest notes (Act I, sc. 2) is in exact accordance with the old Corrector, viz., "quarrel" for *quarry*; which Dyce prefers, though you do not, for you adhere to all the folios in reading *quarry*, and not "quarrel".

Collier. Here, therefore, Dyce goes beyond me in adopting the MS. change. I thought, and still think, that *quarry* gives a "more obvious and striking meaning" than *quarrel*:

"And fortune on his damned quarry smiling,"

was a then well known and well understood figure of speech, comparing slaughtered enemies to slaughtered game. The difference is not much, only *quarrel* is prosaic, and "quarry" poetical: Dyce preferred here, as in some other instances, the real to the figurative.

Alton. When Dyce, just afterwards, prints the line,

"Shipwrecking storms and violent thunders break",

he says not a word to acknowledge that he accepts "break" from the old Corrector.

Newman. He followed Pope; and this saved him the pain of allowing the claim of the old Corrector.

Collier. A mere trifle, and hardly worth notice; so, when Lennox, on the entrance of Rofs, ought to say that he "*comes* to speak things strange", it signifies little whether we read "*comes*" or *seems*, only one is plain English, and the other requires addition to make it intelligible. Rofs could not well "*seem* to speak" before he even opened his mouth. However, we need not be delayed by such obvious matters, any more than by Dyce's note to tell us that *χαλαζα* is Greek for *hail*. Such scraps are unworthy his undoubted scholarship.

Newman. He does not forget to mention that the old Corrector substitutes "*blankness* of the dark" for "blanket of the dark" (Act I, sc. 5), but he omits to notice the very material change, on the same authority, of *no* to "*do*" in the famous hemistich—

"Who dares *do* more is none."

It is quite decisive upon the important point, although it remained "no" in all the folios, until Southern amended *no* to "do" in his folio of 1685. Rowe, in 1709, was the first to print the text as it now stands, and possibly he had it from his friend Southern.

Collier. Have I not some reason to complain of Dyce's injustice when referring to Lady Macbeth's question in Act I, sc. 7, "What beast was't then", etc.? he does not honestly and fairly mention that I rejected *boast* of the old Corrector, although I stated it in my note. I left the passage precisely as I found it in all the folios, and, indeed, in every edition of "Macbeth", from its first appearance in 1623 to our own day. It must have been some disappointment to Dyce to find that I avoided the error, and saw that *boast* could not be right, inasmuch as "beast" was put in direct opposition to "man" in the preceding speech. My very note states the objection.

Alton. But, perhaps, it did not suit Mr. Dyce's purpose of disparagement and detraction to do you that small piece of justice.

Collier. Yet on the very next page he does not scruple to complain that I did not use him "fairly" about his many notes of admiration.

Newman. He is sorely put to it to find fault, when he is reduced to the necessity of objecting (Act II, sc. 4) that you spell the word "travelling", as applied to the fun struggling with darkness, in the old way *travailing*, to indicate that it seemed a work of labour.

Alton. Turn over a few pages to Act III, sc. 3, and it is quite pleasant to see Dyce obliged to resort to the Corr. Fo. 1632, for the omission of "a servant", as it stands in all

modern editions, where one was evidently not only not necessary, but in the way. Farther on, he cannot trust himself to explain "who cannot want the thought" without resorting to you, who tell him that it only means *Who cannot but think*.

Collier. Nothing can well be more insignificant than most of Dyce's earlier notes on this tragedy; but in Act IV, sc. 1, we come to an excellent emendation inserted in my Corr. Fo. 1632, which Dyce at once rejects, because he confounded "bladed", or *bleaded*, corn with corn in the blade: corn "in the blade", as he quotes it from Scot's "Discovery", was not corn that could be "lodged" or *laid*, because it is then only like grafs; but "bladed" or, as properly spelt from the AS., *bleaded* corn is *corn in the ear*, when it is heavy, and therefore liable to be borne down by violent wind or rain. Dyce was utterly ignorant of all matters relating to agriculture; and if Mr. Staunton, whom he quotes, had known half as much of husbandry as he did of chefs, he would have been able to set Mr. Dyce right, instead of leading him wrong. It is only *bleaded* corn, *i.e.*, corn full in the ear, that can be "lodged". I know it well, because I was, in a manner, brought up on a farm.

Newman. Then, again, how futile is Dyce's reasoning on the proposed alteration of *sights* to *flights*, misread by the compositor, because he confounded the long *s* with the letter *f*. *Sights* may be just as intelligible as regards what the Witches had shown the hero; but what Macbeth refers to is the "flight" of Macduff to Fife, or why does he exclaim, "The castle of Macduff I will surprise"? Nobody else, Macbeth declares, shall escape him, as Macduff had just done.

Collier. Besides, does not Dyce say that Singer's folio

with MS. corrections, reads "flights"? He has before frequently quoted it in confirmation, but here he gives no weight to it. This is blowing hot and cold with a vengeance: I have reason to know that Singer's corrected folio was, as it were, trumped up out of my volume of "Notes and Corrections" of 1853; but Dyce did not know it, though he might well suspect it.

Newman. We now come to something definite, for Dyce (Act v, sc. 2) avowedly takes the word "course", instead of *cause*, from the Corr. Fo. 1632.

Alton. But not, as you will see, without the permission of his friend Walker, whose authority Dyce, as usual, places first in his note. On the next page he takes "chair" from your old Corrector, but asserts that he had previously "felt confident" on the point.

Collier. Very truly; but he might say the same of various other changes: the more natural and probable they were, the more "confident" he would certainly feel. In this instance, Bishop Percy was also confident, but the change was not made, until, I think, it was enforced by your old Corrector.

Alton. Dyce is quite in a passion with you as to the drug *fenna*, and asserts that you misrepresent him, and "something more". What the "something more" may mean he does not venture to explain.

Collier. And I am sure I do not know, even after again reading his angry note on the subject. I only laughed at him, recommending him to take some of the "purgative drug" in order to cool his "unmannerly ire". As he never made or relished a joke, so he never forgave one; and if he had a pen in his hand, he almost appeared to put on

another nature, quite distinct from his usual quiet and pleasing urbanity.

Newman. I think we need remark only upon one other note, and that is on a word very applicable to Dyce's irritated state of mind—*cool'd*. He prints,

“The time has been my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek.”

Here your old Corrector instructs us to read “my senses would have *quail'd*,” and Dyce, while he owns that the proposed change is “very plausible”, refuses to insert it, owing, no doubt, to the fact that, as regards the Corr. Fo. 1632, he could not overcome his violent repugnance to be set right on that authority. Every unprejudiced person must admit the misprint, and willingly accept

“The time has been my senses would have *quail'd*”

as the true language of Shakespeare. The prosaic blunder possibly arose from the old compositor, or the boy who read to him, not being able at once to make out the ill-written letters of a somewhat unusual word.

Alton. “Hamlet” comes next when we next meet. I do not bear in mind any very important changes in the well-known text of that tragedy; but we shall see.

HAMLET.

Collier. Dyce has two and thirty pages of notes, in small type, upon the popular tragedy of “Hamlet”; but we can put our remarks into a much smaller space.

Newman. He seems more than usually feeble and uncertain in many of them.

Alton. Not only feeble, but in some instances futile: the truth may be that the text of "Hamlet" is more fixed and settled than almost any other play in the Folio 1623.

Collier. There are at least six quarto editions of it, five of them anterior to the publication of the first folio; and from the day when it was produced, probably in 1602, to our own time, it has been a great favourite with performers as well as with audiences. We can trace it on the stage during about two centuries and a half.

Newman. How far back can we trace the old story on which Shakespeare founded it?

Collier. Only to 1608—the date of the sole existing copy of it; but we are sure, from Henflowe's Diary, that a play on the subject was acted in the summer of 1594; and we may guess that it was not then by any means a novelty, as his share of the receipts was only eight shillings. No doubt that was the old Hamlet, founded upon the popular novel, then current, and of part of which old drama Shakespeare may possibly have availed himself. It is a new fact, as regards the tragedy and its story, that among the MSS. belonging to the Trevelyan family, I found one dated 1595, in which "Hamlet's Historie" is mentioned: it might either be the tract, or the early play founded upon it.

Newman. Looking over an old book of travels, Sir Thomas Smith's "Voyage to Russia", printed in 1605, I stumbled on, I think, the earliest printed notice of "Hamlet" as a stage play. I copied out the very words and spelling.

Collier. That was within two or three years of the date when Shakespeare's drama was first acted and printed: what are the words?

Newman. These, and there can be no mistake about the

allusion. "His father's empire and government was but as the poetical Furie in *a stage-action*, compleat, yet with horrid and wofull tragedies—a first but no second to any *Hamlet*; and now Revenge, just Revenge, was coming, with his sword drawne, against him, his royall Mother, and dearest sister, to fill up the murdering scenes."

Collier. Very curious, new and interesting; but after all the allusion may have been to the older "Hamlet", which we know, on the authority of Nash, was extant as early as 1587, if that, and not 1589, be the true date of his preface to Robert Greene's "Menaphon".

Alton. The mention of Hamlet's *sister* seems to make it doubtful, for there is no sister in Shakespeare.—We may now proceed to the notes and emendations, as we find them in Dyce's and other editions, since the publication of your volume of "Notes and Emendations" in 1853, which took everybody so much by surprise.

Collier. And regarding which the surprise is not even yet at an end.

Newman. "Hamlet", as we have it in the Folio 1623, must have been composed from manuscript as well as from printed copy, or we cannot account for the various insertions in the folio not found in any of the quartos.

Collier. And it is material to bear that fact in mind in considering the earliest important emendation of "distill'd" to *bechill'd*, in the passage,

—"whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him." (Act I, sc. 2.)

This is the old reading of the quartos; but it is remarkable

that the folio 1623 has *bestill'd*, instead of "distill'd". In *bestill'd* we see the very commencement of the true word, which is found in the margin of my Corr. Fo. 1632,

—"whilst they, *bechill'd*

Almost to jelly", etc.

The old printer of the folio could not, of course, understand how anything could be "distill'd to jelly", and intended to print *bechill'd*, but missed the reading of the second syllable, although he preserved the first.

Alton. Besides, as you say in your note, how could jelly be *distill'd*? Distillation produces water, not "jelly": distil any unfermented liquid, and the product is water. What say our dictionaries? "to distil is to fall in drops", not to solidify, so as to become jelly.

Collier. Affuredly: therefore Robert Greene, in his "Menaphon", which contains the first mention of any "Hamlet", tells us, "And therewith her eyes *distilled* such abundance of tears, as stopped the passage of her complaints." We might quote hundreds of instances of the use of the word "distilled", but not one where anything, whether solid or liquid, was *distilled into jelly*. No jelly ever is distilled; it is an absurdity on the face of it, and we may be sure that Shakespeare wrote

—"whilst they, *bechill'd*

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb", etc.

The mistake was so easy; and, as I said before, the old compositor of the folio 1623 almost got at the right word when he printed *bestill'd* instead of "bechill'd".

Newman. I do not see how there can be a doubt about the fitness of the change, and the great improvement of the

text, yet Dyce fights hard for it, as well as for many other obvious blemishes. When Chapman, in the sixth *Odyssy* (line 106), tell us

“Wine she likewise fill’d
Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill’d
Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,”

he uses the word, most properly, to signify that she added the oil *drop by drop*. It is absurd to say that the soldiers were *distill’d*, drop by drop, when they saw the ghost.

Alton. I think that nothing can well be more certain than that the emendation of *distill’d* to “bechill’d” must have been the language of Shakespeare. What is the next passage requiring notice?

Collier. In the next scene of the same act, where Dyce blames me, by implication, because I found the old Corrector making a change—“*running* it thus”, instead of “wrong it thus”—which word “running” I had myself adopted before I had ever seen my Corr. Fo. 1632. Yet Dyce gladly admits the word “running” into his own edition, taking care, however, to add that he had been “long convinced” of the fitness of the change: it is but fair to add that he introduced it into his first edition, but not until he had seen it in my two impressions.

Newman. Surely the question, arising in Act II, sc. 2, regarding *for* or “four” in the speech of Polonius, “he walks for hours together”, cannot be worth the long note Dyce makes upon it: “for hours together” is the colloquial expression, and the old courtier is speaking colloquially, and never intended to inform the Queen, that her son walked “in the lobby” for precisely *four* hours at a time.

Alton. Either way, it is not of much consequence; but it

is of great consequence to point out just afterwards, that in Hamlet's speech "For if the fun breed maggots in a dead dog", etc., Shakespeare is only repeating himself: in his "Edward the Third", recently *ascertained* to be his play, our great dramatist uses the very same figure and in the same way, showing that his meaning was that the sun, the *god* of day, kissed the carrion, and, consequently, that all the old editions are decidedly wrong in reading "a *good* kissing carrion."

Newman. The corresponding passage in "Edward the Third" establishes the important fact that Warburton's change of "good" to "god"—"being a *god* kissing carrion"—was not only justifiable but admirable.

Alton. And it is astonishing that the authority for it, which you refer to, was never discovered by any of the commentators, not even by Malone, who absolutely quotes "Edward the Third" as affording the parallel passage.

Collier. As far as I am concerned, I take shame to myself for having passed over an authority which is quite conclusive in favour of Warburton's emendation, and Johnson's celebrated eulogy of it. We may now pass on to the third act, near the conclusion of scene 2.

Newman. You refer to Hamlet's soliloquy, where Dyce recalls the change he had formerly made in the line,

"And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on."

Collier. No alteration could possibly improve that reading; but at one time (*Few Notes*, p. 141) Dyce wanted us to substitute

"And do such business as the *better* day
Would quake to look on."

You see that in his note he blames himself for having proposed the alteration. When, however, he recalled it, he ought also to have recalled his untrue assertion that I was so ignorant of Milton as to call "Hail! holy light" a "portion of Satan's address to the sun." He could not mean to state what was false, but he does me injustice when he says that I spoke of "Hail! holy light" as any part of Satan's address. I made no such statement anywhere or at any time; but in his eagerness to accuse me of ignorance, he made a singular misstatement. As, however, self-vindication is no part of our present business, we may proceed to other matters.

Alton. How could Dyce justify Hamlet's address to the Ghost in the closet-scene (Act III, sc. 4), "What would *your* gracious figure?" The old compositor merely misprinted *your* instead of "you", and thus changed the most natural and solemn mode of address

"What would you, gracious figure?"

into the formality of a courtier's inquiry as to the wishes of his prince. These may be, and are, insignificant matters; but surely when Dyce adopts the rhyme at the end Act IV, sc. 3, and complains that the old Corrector converts "haps" into *hopes*, instead of adopting Walker's pedantic ἐπέχω, he might just have mentioned that you also had rejected the emendation: on the contrary, he leaves it to be supposed that you printed *hopes*, and not "haps".

Collier. A little unfair, perhaps; but such a degree of candour was hardly to be expected from a rival commentator, especially when, almost at every step, he was put out of humour by irresistible emendations. Nothing can well be

more evident than that in Ophelia's ballad (Act IV, sc. 6) we should read

“*Gone* to his death-bed,”

as the old Corrector gives it, and as, in effect, it stands in “Eastward Ho!” which Dyce was compelled to refer to: still, it was a change which he could avoid, and therefore did avoid it, rather than receive it at hands so objectionable as those of the MS. annotator on my Folio 1632.

Newman. And, partly for this reason, we need take no notice of several of Dyce's remarks in this portion of the tragedy, though a few of them are upon points of some interest, while others give no assistance in understanding the text of the poet. For instance, he affords us no new light upon the gravedigger's expression “Get thee to Vaughan”; and although he has a long note upon “Drink up eifel”, with many quotations, we are left at the end of them only just where we were.

Alton. In the folios, the word “eifel” is spelt *Efile*, and I do not consider Hanmer's proposal to read Nile, or Nilus, so contemptible and inadmissible as Giffard thought it, especially in connection with the mention of a crocodile, at the close of the line.

Newman. Eifel or Efile has always been taken for a river, vinegar, or some liquid that Laertes might “drink up”; and I do not see how it can apply, but Florio, in his Dictionary, 1598 and 1611, has the word Eile, which he describes as a huge Indian animal, with loose horns and a tail. I do not think it is at all useful here.

Alton. Certainly not: the opposition in Shakespeare is clearly between drinking and eating.

Collier. Dyce has no fewer than eight quotations upon

"drink up", which cannot want one of them; but he adds nothing to our information about Eifel or crocodile. He also says not a syllable upon the remarkable emendation offered in the Corr. Fo. 1632, very near the end,

"But let this *scene* be presently perform'd",

instead of let "this 'fame' be presently perform'd." Horatio throughout speaks of it as a representation on a *stage*, and Fortinbras mentions "the noblest of the *audience*": therefore we may easily be convinced that the old printer blundered, and misread "scene" *fame*, the last a miserably tame expression, used at a moment of great excitement.

Newman. Few things can be clearer than that the line should run precisely as you read it,

"But let this *scene* be presently perform'd."

Besides, the misprint was perhaps the easier when the word "scene" was spelt *sceane*, as we have already had it in this very play.

Alton. While the words "stage", "audience", and "performed", all point the same way.

KING LEAR.

Collier. I want to direct your attention particularly to some emendations in this drama, derived from my Corr. Fo. 1632.

Alton. Some proposed emendations you mean.

Collier. Call them so, if you like: I hold them to be certainties. Take the first of them, and in the very first scene, when Cordelia has been deprived by her father of her

“moiety” of the kingdom, and where she calls upon him,
as an act of justice,

“that you make known
It is no vicious blot, nor other foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonoured stoop,
That hath depriv’d me of your grace and favour.”

Newman. You give the text as you contend it ought to stand, not as it does stand in every old and in every new impression.

Collier. Not exactly so; because Mr. Singer in his edition *stole* (I can use no milder term, and I exposed the theft long before his death) the emendation, with the exception only of the word “stoop”, and printed it as if it had been the offspring of his own ingenuity and sagacity.

Newman. He has done shabby things of the same kind before, but perhaps upon a smaller scale; but the change of text is here so marked, so obvious, and so certainly right, that I wonder he could run the risk of exposure.

Alton. As to its being certainly right, he was entitled to his own opinion; but inasmuch as the important alteration was derived from your Corr. Fo. 1632, and from no other source, he was bound to have stated it.

Collier. And the mere statement would have been sufficient. The passage, since the original publication of the tragedy in 1608, has always stood thus corruptly: you will already have marked the difference,

“that you make known
It is no vicious blot, *murder or* foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonour’d *step*
That hath depriv’d me of your grace and favour.”

Old Lear had never charged the affectionate and innocent

Cordelia with *murder*, or anything like it; and Walker, in his *Critical Examen* (III, 275), plainly asks, "What has *murder* to do here?" willingly supporting the emendation. In truth, "murder" was a gross misprint in every ancient and in every modern impression; and that blunder having been, in some way not explained, detected and set right by the corrector of my folio 1632, ought never again to have appeared in print.

Newman. It is not very difficult to explain how the blunder occurred, for the old compositor of the first edition of "King Lear" (from which all the others are more or less copied) misread *nor other*, as it must have stood in the original MS., and printed *murther*, as the word was then frequently spelt.

Collier. Exactly so; and being in a blundering mood, seeing *stoop* in the next line, he misread it "step": in fact, one correction may be said to authorise the other; and there can be no doubt that "dishonour'd *stoop*" was also the language of Shakespeare, though reduced by the old mechanical printer to the tame prosaic "dishonoured *step*". I only instanced this example to show how Singer, here and elsewhere, plunders the Corr. Fo. 1632, without the slightest recognition of the authority for an emendation of the highest value.

Alton. At all events, Dyce does not follow his example: he declares the old reading "very suspicious", but absurdly argues himself into the belief that "murder" is "not so much out of place in the mouth of Cordelia". "Stoop" for *step* he does not venture to touch.

Collier. His mind was, as I have before shown in several places, so essentially prosaic, that perhaps he did not per-

ceive the essential difference between a dishonour'd *stoop* and a "dishonour'd step": Cordelia is adverting to supposed baseness to which she had never condescended.

Newman. Yet could Singer see the utter absurdity of putting "vicious blot", "murder", and "foulness" on the same level, and in the same category of crime. As to the misprint of *murther* for "nor other", you will find a curious blunder, as to the word "mother" for *other*, in a letter from the Queen of France to Wolsey, quoted in Campbell's Life of the Cardinal, where she tells him "Now I have no *mother* to put my trust in, but the king, my brother, and you": the words "other", "mother", and "brother" seem to have puzzled the compositor.

Alton. You spoke, when we began to-day, of some farther particular emendations you wished us to look at in this tragedy. It seems to me that we need not pause to notice a good many of the comparatively small changes in the two first acts.

Collier. There is one, really of considerable value, depending merely upon a single letter, and that letter only an aspirate, in Act II, sc. 4, which is well worth comment.

Alton. What is the word?

Collier. The poor old king has been turned out of doors by Goneril, and Regan tells him nevertheless to return to her, when Lear indignantly exclaims:

"No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' th' air;
To be a comrade with the wolf, and *howl*
Necessity's sharp pinch."

Such is the emendation in the Corr. Fo. 1632, and such, I am confident you will agree with me, ought hereafter to be

the text : Lear declares that he will, like the wolf, "*howl* the sharp pinch of necessity", rather than return to Goneril. The old text is,

"To be a comrade with the wolf and *owl*
Necessity's sharp pinch."

Can anything be clearer than that the sharp pinch of necessity is the accusative case after *howl*? And yet Dyce and others most ludicrously persevere in repeating the old blunder, as if "necessity's sharp pinch" were merely an exclamation.

Newman. Besides, what propriety can there be in making Lear represent himself at once as the comrade of the bird, as well as of the beast?

Collier. And does not common sense tell us that "necessity's sharp pinch" was exactly that which the hungry wolf must *howl* in his agony for food? We need not hesitate as to the facility with which printers, two or three centuries ago, omitted or inserted the aspirate : look at this quotation from a book printed in 1567, G. Fenton's "Tragical Discourses", "He broke out such groans and sighs of hideous disposition, with *owling*, crying, and foaming at the mouth like one possessed."

Alton. It surely requires no argument, however conclusive, and no quotation, however apposite. Dyce is, I see, furiously angry with you for pointing out in his B. and F. IV, 410, a ludicrous instance, where he allowed *me high* to be printed for "my eye": he tells you that "he has no hesitation in asserting that the emendation is utterly uncalled for"; but he might, I think, call a good while before he found anybody to agree with him.

Collier. How easy it is to account for some blunders :
Dyce (Act III, sc. 3) prints

“Thou perjur’d and thou simular of virtue.”

When the text unquestionably ought to be

“Thou *perjure* and thou simular of virtue.”

“Perjure” was the word for *perjurer* ; and Shakespeare uses it in L. L. L., Act IV, sc. 3 : how then came it to be misprinted *perjur’d* in “Lear”? In the MS., doubtless, the final *e* was turned up with a sort of flourish, and was thus mistaken by the compositor for *d*. This is a very small matter, I own ; but the substitution in Act IV, sc. 6, of “plot” for *block*, a word so easily misheard, is of much more importance, and at once establishes what the old wandering-witted king refers to : instead, therefore, of “This a good block”, the old Corrector puts it as an exclamation, “’Tis a good *plot*!” and Lear instantly follows it up by a statement of what his *plot* is, viz. :

“It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt”, etc.

“This a good block” is sheer nonsense, and “’Tis a good plot”, however resisted, must have been the expression of the poet. Steevens’s notion that Lear is reminded of “felt” by his hat, which in all probability was not *felt*, is little short of ridiculous.

Newman. Yet Dyce would rather accept it than the clear meaning afforded by “’Tis a good plot”, for which we must thank the old Corrector.

Alton. It is, I think, not unlikely that Dyce again came back to what he had once rejected : such a course was not

unusual with him. Look what happened as regards one of the very last speeches in the tragedy before us, when Kent says

"He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

When Mr. Dyce assailed the first edition of your Shakespeare, immediately after it had been published in 1844, he quoted this very passage, adding, in an off-hand kind of way, in reproof of your text, "Read, *by all means*, as Pope did, rough", viz., "this *rough* world". Yet how did he proceed himself? how consistent was he, when he published his own edition of Shakespeare in 1857? he said not a word about his note, "Read, *by all means, rough*", but actually himself substituted "tough":

"That would upon the rack of this *tough* world
Stretch him out longer."

Collier. No doubt in the interval between his "Few Notes" on my Shakespeare, and his independent edition, he had seen his error.

Alton. Or possibly it had been pointed out to him, when he was *per amicos oppressus*.

Newman. In his second edition of 1866 he is still dumb as to his own earnest recommendation "by all means *rough*"; and in his note, by implication, even blames Pope for not reprinting "tough" from all the old copies.

Collier. Nobody likes to acknowledge a blunder: only it would have been more ingenuous if Dyce had fairly said, "In 1844 I was for 'rough', but I now see that Pope was wrong, and Mr. Collier right, in using the authentic

word "tough", which so appropriately belongs to the figure of stretching on the rack." The frank confession of an error increases confidence in the assertion of a truth; but Dyce could not bring himself to be candid.

OTHELLO.

Collier. I think we may dismiss what we have to say about so popular a tragedy as "Othello" in a comparatively few sentences. It has been, from the first production of it, about the year 1600, to the present day, a constant favourite with the frequenters of theatres.

Newman. We may, I think, presume that Richard Burbadge originally had the part of the hero: afterwards, we know that it was in the hands of Taylor and Eliard Swanston; and some time after the Restoration, it was taken up by Betterton.

Alton. He kept it until the reign of Q. Anne; but during the present century, every new "aspirant to popular favour", as they are called, has essayed the part.

Collier. I saw John Kemble in it before 1800, and nobody has since made the attempt at a public theatre whom I have not seen. Although the early performance of "Othello" is not the subject of our inquiry, but the accuracy of the text, I may be excused for adding here a new notice of the early representation of it at Shakespeare's own theatre, and during his lifetime.

Newman. By all means.

Collier. I only met with it lately at the British Museum, in a MS. Diary kept by the Secretary of the Duke of Wirtemberg, who was in England in 1610: the play was then

called "The Moor of Venice", and the entry runs in French thus, not naming the month :

Lundi 30, S.E. alla au Globe, lieu ordinaire où l'on joue les comédies : y fut représenté l'Histoire du More de Venise. —(Add. MSS. 20.001.)

At that date the principal character must have been performed by Burbadge.

Alton. Although there is no direct evidence on the point, we may possibly gather from what is said in Lazarus Piot's "Orator", printed in 1596, that even then there was some production on the stage in which "a stranger" was employed by the Senators of Venice to lead their armies. The precise words are—"When you speak of the Venetians, you allow our deed, for they alwaies doe take a stranger for Generall of their armie, and oftentimes men of low degree, but they must be old fouldiours."

Newman. We are not told that Othello was a man "of low degree", though he was a foldier who had seen a good deal of hard service.

Collier. Certainly : now for emendations. Passing over the question as to "almost damn'd in a fair wife", we come to the word "demerits", which of old was often used for *merits* : either of them, it would seem, sometimes required the epithet *good* before it : thus in Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (edit. Marth 1, 816), we read, "as also in vertue and *good merits* hee greatly excelled"; while in P. Holland's "Livy", 1600, p. 779, (a text book with me, as you know) we find a person mentioned, who would "endeavour, respectively for his *good demerits*, to compasse" an undertaking.

Alton. There is no dispute, and can be none, about that ;

but what say you of the word *censurer* (Act II, sc. 1), instead of "counsellor"—"is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?"

Collier. I only ask any person of the commonest intelligence to read Desdemona's speech, and to say whether *censurer*, of the Corr. Fo. 1632, must not be the true word.

Alton. As it seems to me, that is not precisely the question. Does not "counsellor" answer the purpose in that place sufficiently well?

Collier. Pardon me; that is not the point. Shakespeare invariably, I may assert, uses the best word; and if *censurer* be fitter for the place than "counsellor", the fitter word was the word of the poet. Here Iago has been severely, though ludicrously, *censuring* the female sex, not counselling them; and *censurer* must have been the word.

Newman. If it could be shown that the two words are equally proper, the case would be different. I see that Theobald substituted *censurer*.

Collier. And Dyce takes care to put Theobald's name before that of the old Corrector, as if Theobald had been the first to make the change: this, as you are well aware, was one of his devices to disparage my Corr. Fo. 1632, while he knew all the time that the change there made must have preceded Theobald by from fifty to a hundred years. Is it not a singular confirmation of Theobald's conjecture that it is thus supported?

Alton. No doubt: but the case is much stronger as to the alteration of "course" to *cause*, afterwards in the same scene, because the quarto of 1622, as Dyce shows, but as you did not then observe, has *cause*, and not "course"; so that what the sense requires is absolutely supported by the oldest existing authority.

Collier. What Dyce did was merely to revive and continue the error of the folios. See how uncertain and untrustworthy he is not long afterwards, where he acknowledges two of his own mistakes. I praise him for it; but he never makes any allowance for the mistakes of other people. When, too, an important stage-direction is omitted in the folios (Act II, sc. 3), he forgets to add that "*Cry within—Help! Help!*" was duly inserted in the margin of my Corr. Fo. 1632.

Newman. Dyce has too little confidence in himself in this very scene: for while he owns that Steevens had "unfatigably defended" a particular expression, "court and guard of safety" (*of* and *and* having accidentally changed places), he has not the courage to set it right, though the blunder was corrected in your folio, as well as by Theobald. Dyce knew that the old text was wrong, and was told so by everybody, yet dared not set it right. As Alton said, Dyce was too timid even to be right.

Alton. He is courageous in being wrong sometimes: witness "strongly loves" (Act III, sc. 3), where the folios have "*foundly* loves", which he refuses, in spite, too, of Mr. Singer's folio, which, as might be expected, follows yours, and has "*fondly* loves." Again, farther on, in the same scene, he gives *feeling* to the Propontic—"ne'er *feels* retiring ebb"—instead of "*knows* retiring ebb"; though Southern had told him (as he might well believe) that "knows" was the true reading: another impelling motive with Dyce, perhaps, was that your old Corrector agreed with Southern.

Collier. I am very glad (dismissing some matters hardly worth notice) to be able now, after our somewhat wearisome wading, to arrive near the end of the tragedy; but Dyce

cannot conclude without entirely misrepresenting me—of course not intentionally, but probably in his too great haste to accuse.

Newman. Where, and in what way?

Collier. It in no respect affects the text, but an important stage-direction: it is where Othello, "falling on the bed" after he has stabbed Desdemona, and is convinced of her innocence, groans convulsively. Dyce asserts that, in my first edition, I speak of the stage-direction *Falling on the bed* as "*only found in modern editions.*" The fact is that I do not say one syllable about it: I inserted it, merely as the stage direction. But Dyce adds that in my second edition I "rectify this misstatement." How could I rectify a misstatement which I had never made? He must have got himself into some confusion, and, in his desire to find fault, fell into an innocent misrepresentation. I ought to apologise for taking up time with such a trifle, but I was anxious to relieve myself from Dyce's hasty and unqualified charge of misstatement.

Alton. Naturally enough.—Before we close the book for the day, allow me to ask whether you still agree with Dyce in reading,

"Like the base *Indian* threw a pearl away."

Collier. Most assuredly; though I do not see the value of all his quotations of the word "Indian" in other writers: the following, which I have comparatively recently met with, is really in point, for there Judea is actually misprinted India: it is from G. Fenton's translation of *Guevara*, 1582, p. 277. "Titus having subdued the countrey of *India*, and taken the great citie of Hierusalem, when he beheld with

judgement the rich and stately temple of Solomon", etc. So, on the contrary, the second folio, in the line you quoted, misprints "Indian" *Judean*: the quartos have properly "Indian". Shakespeare (as has never been observed, I think) has "Indian" in half a dozen other places, where it is not misprinted in the folio 1623, although it certainly stands *Judean* in "Othello": the third folio has *Indian*.

Newman. As to the word "medicinable" of the folio, or "medicinal" of the quartos, it may deserve a passing remark that the last is used as a trisyllable in Baldwin's "Funerals of Edward VI", 1560, where this couplet occurs:

"By meane whereof his stomacke waxed faynt,
Till nature holpe through medicinall constraynt."

Collier. When we meet again, we shall have to apply ourselves to "Antony and Cleopatra". "Othello" has occupied us somewhat longer than I expected.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Alton. I did not believe, until I read it last night, that Mr. Dyce could be so absolutely abusive as he is in his last edition of Shakespeare, ix, 491, not of you, but of a gentleman, and a graduate of a university, who I thought was a sort of ally of his.

Collier. I have already told you that Dyce in society, and Dyce alone and with a pen in his hand, were two totally different beings: in the latter capacity, if I may so call it, there was sometimes no measure, not so much to his severity, as to his abuse. When he was writing in Gray's

Inn, he felt himself utterly uncontrolled and unlicensed; but when at a dinner-table, either his own clerical profession, the rules of society, or in some degree, perhaps, the danger arising out of provocation, kept him under restraint: he spoke little, and that little was delivered in the mildest possible tone. Such was my experience of him for about five and twenty years.

Alton. I only wonder at language like the following, printed of a gentleman who had shown talent in Shakespearian literature and criticism, but whose name I do not like to insert so disadvantageously: "His attempt (says Dyce) vies in absurdity with any of the misrepresentations that ignorance and conceit have ever tried to force upon the great dramatist."

Newman. Pretty strong, certainly: he could not have spoken worse of the old Corrector, who excited Dyce's special enmity, even when he wanted his aid.

Collier. Nor worse of me personally, who had so long been his friend. You will see, in the course of his notes upon "Antony and Cleopatra", that he does not spare his imputations: however, as we proceed, we shall ascertain how far they were deserved. He sets out with a blunder as to a matter of fact; for on his third page he speaks of Southern's *first* folio, when Southern never had one; his notes were made in the third folio, the chief value of which, you know, is that it includes various plays imputed to Shakespeare.

Alton. That error is not of much consequence: there seems no doubt as to the value of the emendation, for it was made ("charge" for *change*) both by Theobald and Warburton, who knew nothing of Southern's copy of the third folio.

Newman. Three authorities, at the distance of nearly a century, here accord in the same emendation. I wonder, considering Dyce's usual mode of reasoning, that he did not accuse your old Corrector (who also made the change) of having *borrowed it from his successors*: Dyce would perhaps have maintained, also, that "*our* great competitor", instead of "one great competitor", was taken by the old Corrector from Heath's comparatively modern MS.

Collier. Just as if the change did not speak for itself, and force itself on the commonest reader. Do not let us delay for such trifles: let us go on to the expression "arm-gaunt steed" near the end of Act I. Nobody can make out the precise meaning of "arm-gaunt", and Hanmer substituted *arm-girt*, as it seems, with perfect propriety, for that is the very emendation in my Corr. Fo. 1632, many years before Hanmer.

Alton. Yet that is clearly Dyce's objection to it.

Collier. And his only objection. Is not *arm-girt*, i.e., girded with arms or armour, quite as intelligible and expressive as W. Brown's "froth-girt", in his "Brit. Past.", B. II, p. 73, edit. 1625?

Newman. But are we not going a little too fast? We have passed over the important change of "evidence" to *credence*", which I consider irrefutable, if there be such a word. Antony calls upon Cleopatra to believe his protestations,

"And give true *credence* to his love, which stands
An honourable trial."

She was not to give "evidence", but *belief*, to his love: besides, "evidence", as a word of three syllables, spoils the measure.

Collier. And how probable was the blunder! How easy it was for the old compositor to misread *credence*, and suppose it "evidence"! Look at this passage in Hacket's "Treasurie of Amadis de Gaule" (printed by Bynneman), p. 175, where the opposite error has been committed, and "evidence" has been misprinted *credence*:—"I have received the letter, and I have heard the *credence* of my faithfull Bufando."

Alton. There ought to be no dispute about it, as regards meaning or measure.

Collier. Attend now to this curious point, quite of another character; and proving that the old Corrector, in his time, saw on the old stage the very action he represents as taking place. In Act II, sc. 2, Antony and Cæsar meet and greet: they *shake hands* at the words of the former,

"Were I before our armies and to fight,
I should do thus."

The Folio 1623 here inserts *Flourish* in the margin, which Mr. Dyce omits; but the Corr. Fo. 1632, in a MS. note, informs us not only that the trumpets *flourished*, but that the "great competitors" *shake hands*: the old Corrector noted the highly appropriate action, which was part of the stage-business then, and has, I believe, actually so continued to our own day.

Alton. Dyce omits it altogether: he did not like to insert *Flourish* as printed in the Folio 1623, because, perhaps, it would have compelled him to add *Shake hands*, as the old Corrector gives it because he had actually witnessed it in his time.

Collier. I only dwell upon the point, because it proves that the old Corrector made his Folio 1632 correspond with

what he saw upon the stage of the Globe, perhaps, or of some other theatre. If, as Dyce politely says in one place, "Mr. Collier's mistakes are marvellous", I may reply that Dyce's omissions are more so. See what he says (Act II, sc. 2) upon the words "confiderate stone" in the same scene. A man ought to be very sure before he is so intemperate, and this is all I shall trust myself to remark upon his long weak note.

Alton. To return to the passage (Act II, sc. 2) where *smell* is misprinted "fwell", the mechanical printer having mistaken the *m* for *w*, while Mr. Dyce and one of his coadjutors cannot, in their profane capacities, understand how the tackle of Cleopatra's barge, being worked by beautiful and delicate female hands, can be supposed to emit a perfume, especially when the mistake of the two letters in "fwell" and *smell* was not uncommon.

Newman. And we may fairly ask, if "fwell" be the word, how it happened that the cordage could be *swollen* by the "touches of those flower-soft hands?" The notion is not only unpoetical, but absurd. Dyce's friend absolutely calls the Nereides "waiting maids", in attendance on the heroine, his silly note being, "Cleopatra of course did not waste money in buying scents, when every one of her waiting-maids had a perfumery at her finger's ends." Was not this the note of an "afflictive friend?"

Alton. Dyce seems to have thought, that even such a note was better than being driven to the necessity of quoting your old Corrector.

Collier. Just afterwards Dyce proves what you say, for he alters "beat" to *bear* without even hinting that such is the change in the Corr. Fo. 1632. How glad, too, he was in

Act III, sc. 4, to obtain Thirlby's authority for "he not took't", instead of *he but look'd* of my offensive folio; yet on the very same page he was compelled to accept "flay" instead of *flaine*, and could not well ignore his warrant for it. But these are such trifles, that I am almost ashamed to claim them for my old Corrector.

Newman. Still, Dyce was bound to acknowledge them after all he has said against your Fo. 1632. Even "obstruēt" instead of *abstract* (Act III, sc. 6) ought not to have been omitted by him.

Collier. Especially where the use of the word, as a noun substantive, is so unusual. Steevens asserts that there is no such substantive; but what would he have said to the following from Martin Parker's "History of King Arthur", 1660: "Although the death of Coifin, her late husband, might seem to be some *obstruēt*, yet the justness of his death", etc.

Newman. After all, Parker is no great authority.

Collier. Very true; but I know of no other than Shakespeare and Parker; who, though they lived in the same century, are, of course, not to be named in the same century. I am bound to say that I agree with Dyce as to the word "nag" in Act II, sc. 10, though I do not agree with him that "ribaudred" should be used as an English word, when he himself can assign no meaning to it: "ribald-rid nag" is quite intelligible, though certainly far from complimentary to Cleopatra.

Alton. Walker, Dyce's friend, makes one rather sick of his pedantic Greek: why could he not say that "He's a God" is right without adding that it is ἀρχαῖος put for "He is a God." It could be just as well said in English.

Newman. It is more like the affectation of scholarship than the reality. Dyce fell into Walker's weakness, as he sometimes fell into the old printer's errors: "discandering" was doubtless meant for *discandying*, as "hear a storm" (Act IV, sc. 4) was a misprint for "*bear* a storm": one, however, is nearly as good as the other.

Collier. The case is different when we come to scene 9 of the same Act, where the first soldier says, "Hark! the drums demurely wake the sleepers." How could they *demurely* wake the soldiers? It was early in the morning, and the text ought certainly to be "*do early* wake the sleepers": the old compositor misread *do early* "demurely", which is nonsense. When we come to sc. 12, and to the line,

"O this false soul of Egypt, this grave charm!"

Walker, Dyce's friend, observes, "here something is wrong, surely"; but still Dyce cannot bring himself to allow an emendation which entirely accords with the sense, and does little violence to the text,

"O this false *spell* of Egypt, this *great* charm!"

Alton. I believe in both changes, but in the first more firmly than in the last: my confidence in the one, however, makes me feel surer of the other. Cleopatra was anything but a "grave charm": she was a "false spell" and a "great charm" to Antony.

Newman. The fact is, that the farther Dyce proceeds the more hesitating he grows, even about the commonest errors. Look at this passage in Act V, sc. 2,

"The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have."

You tell him from your Corr. Fo. 1632, and as Singer (who

took the emendation without acknowledgment) tells him, and as common sense tells him, that "The gods" ought to be "*Ye* gods!" as an exclamation; but although Dyce twice over before ("Coriolanus", Act I, sc. 6, and "King Lear", Act I, sc. 1) has admitted that "The gods" is an error, he cannot allow it in this instance, where it is even more apparent. So, on the very same page, he must put "spirit" in the plural, though even his friend Walker admonished him to make it singular.

Alton. As you say, the farther he goes, the more timid: if his Shakespeare had run out to another volume, he would hardly have had courage to correct the punctuation of a comma. Here, as to "the" and "*ye*", he sets the example twice over, and yet, when he arrives at "Antony and Cleopatra", he is afraid to follow his own footsteps. Was he as timid personally, as he was intellectually?

Collier. I never saw it put to the test: he was six feet four inches high, and made my five feet ten inches feel almost insignificant.

Newman. Near the end of this tragedy he has a note, almost as long as himself, upon the expression "in this vile world", which illustrates strongly how fearful he was even of himself. He here runs away from his own absurd practice of spelling "vile" *vilde*.

Alton. You laughed him out of that antiquarian and orthographical folly, and you alluded to it in your note upon the words just quoted.

Collier. In all his books, from his *Peele* in 1827, to his *Shakespeare* in 1857, he had persevered in spelling "vile" as they used to do in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, *vilde*; a course I always avoided, and sometimes ridiculed:

but in the second edition of his Shakespeare, in a note on "Antony and Cleopatra", he denounces the method he had pursued for thirty years, and prints "in this *vile* world". Of course, I do not blame him when he says "I no longer adhere to the old spelling *vild*", though I hold that, in this particular instance, neither "vile" nor *vild* is the true text, but "wild", as it stands, in fact, *in every old edition*. Dyce reasons upon the point, but arrives at a wrong conclusion, for he was no great logician; and I only notice the change in his practice to establish his timidity: his penultimate note farther shows it, for he thought "purposes" wrong, but did not dare to omit the last letter of the word.

Alton. He was wrong in his practice, though right in his argument. To-morrow we shall take up "Cymbeline", the last play in the folios of 1623 and 1632; and that will conclude our task.

Newman. Do not call it a task: it is a great satisfaction to be able to set right the minutest point connected with the text of Shakespeare: no time nor pains can be thrown away upon such a pleasant duty. Those who think otherwise do not value the poet as he deserves.

CYMBELINE.

Collier. Cymbeline is deficient of nearly the whole of the fifth act in my Corrected Folio 1632: it was doubtless complete when the old Corrector took such pains with the book, but the conclusion has been worn or torn away. It sustained no damage while it was in my possession, but it was imperfect when I originally bought it.

Newman. It is the more to be lamented, because the last act seems especially to require emendation.

Collier. Of course: as to the first four acts we may assert that many of the proposed changes are highly valuable; and you will see that in my edition of 1858 I directed particular attention to some of them.

Alton. But none, I think, have been more pertinaciously resisted. It would seem to have been a late play by Shakespeare; and Forman, whose MS. account of the plot you quote in your Introduction, saw it acted in 1610 or 1611.

Newman. Dyce, I see, sets out with the adoption of an important change of construction, precisely in conformity with the course adopted by your old Corrector.

Collier. He does: he abolishes the division of a whole scene, marked the *second* in all preceding editions; but you will observe that he says not one word regarding it: he very properly joins the two first scenes, as there is no change of place, and he might just have added in a note to say why he did so. His second scene does not commence until the entrance of Cloten and the two lords: this is an entire and a judicious novelty, for which he was solely, and, I regret to say, *silently* indebted to my invaluable folio.

Newman. The earliest verbal emendation of interest seems to be the insertion of "wont" (sc. 5), where it is said that "approbations are *wont* wonderfully to extend him": read it without the word "wont", and the sentence is neither sense nor grammar.

Collier. The old printer, we may be sure, omitted "wont" by a blunder, thinking that it was the commencement of the next word, "wont wonderfully to extend him."

Alton. You are yourself, as I hold, improperly squeamish in avoiding a decided improvement of the old text, *vauntage* instead of "voyage": to "make your voyage upon her" is an unprecedented expression; and to "make your vauntage", in the sense of "make good your *boasting*", is natural and proper.

Collier. Perhaps so; but I was unwilling to remove a word (though a very possible misprint) if it could be avoided. In the next scene, "chancest" for *change*st could not be refused—"Think what a chance thou chancest on"—though Theobald recommends "Think what a change thou chancest on." The wonder here is that Dyce preferred the old Corrector to Theobald and others.

Alton. I feel sure that you are all wrong in printing "liegers for her sweet", instead of "liegers for her *suite*". You were again too fearful of trusting the Corr. Fo. 1632: you might just as well have reprinted "the number'd beach" instead of "th' *unnumber'd* beach": Dyce obstinately reprints "the numbered beach", though quoting *unnumber'd* from "Lear"; for there is sometimes no end of his pertinacity, where he seems to take a fancy to a particular, though obvious corruption.

Collier. In scene 7 of the first act we have a striking proof of what you say in the compound "bo-peeping", where Iachimo refers to the doating victim of some prostitute playing *bo-peep* in her "base and illustrious" eye, which has always been misprinted "by peeping", and which Dyce converts into "*lie* peeping", because a sage friend had shown him the words "by snoring" in another play. Iachimo is ridiculing the conduct of an amorous young

fool who fancies the false beauty of a brazened prostitute.
In fact, this substitution of

“*bo-peeping* in an eye,
Base and illustrious as the smoky light
That’s fed with stinking tallow,”

is one of the best emendations that could be selected from all the improvements of text made in this tragedy by the old Corrector.

Newman. I am entirely of your opinion as regards both “bo-peeping” and “illustrious”, which last Dyce prints *unlustrous*: the word is *illustrious* in all the old impressions, a slight and easy blunder. If it had been *unlustrous* in the MS. he used, the old compositor would hardly have begun it with *ill*: “illustrious” is *unlustrous*.

Collier. In Act II, sc. 2, we have another proof that the old Corrector had been a witness of the way in which “Cymbeline” was acted in his time; for opposite the words “But kifs; one kifs” he inserts in the margin *Kissing Imogen*. This action may, perhaps, be presumed, but in modern times Iachimo has not usually been so bold as to try an experiment, which ran the risk of waking the heroine; but we see that the old actor of the part (and perhaps it was the same in the time of Shakespeare) understood the words “But kifs; one kifs” as a direction.

Alton. I am glad that you did not, in scene 4 of the same act, alter “winking Cupids” into “winged Cupids”, in spite of Virgil’s

Ergo his aligerum dictis affatur Amorem,
because, although Iachimo may not, as you say in your note, have been able to see whether they were “winking” or not, yet he may easily have imagined it.

Collier. My belief is that the word of the poet was, as the old Corrector tells us, *wingéd*; but still I did not think myself authorised to displace "winking".

Newman. You were too scrupulous; but I feel confident that you were right in converting "Iarmen on", applied to the "full-acorn'd boar", into *foaming one*: *foaming* is there the properest epithet; and Dyce himself, in his "Webster's Works" (III, 330) uses the very word, when describing a boar under similar conditions: "Your boar comes *foaming* into my ground, and jumbles my sow." It is mere waste time and print, when Dyce refers us to the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia* to prove that Westphalia was "particularly noted for boars."

Collier. Still, consideration is due to Singer's suggestion of "a *briming* one", because unquestionably "briming" was a word applied to boars in the breeding season. Reverting to "foaming", we should not forget that in the 11th Iliad Chapman speaks of the "lather-making jaws" of a boar.

Alton. You must own that Dyce uses you fairly when he takes "We do" from Cymbeline (Act III, sc. 1), and gives the words to Cloten, much to the improvement of the spirit of the scene, and consistently with the foolish braggart character of the Prince.

Collier. Dyce made the acknowledgment in his first edition; and you will observe that in the *Globe Shakespeare* the dialogue is distributed in the very same way. It is therefore quite evident that it is an emendation, and that it originated solely with the old Corrector.

Newman. Is it not logically singular, if one may so say, that when we see such an excellent and striking change made, which could only have proceeded from more correct

knowledge, perhaps obtained during the actual performance of the play, Dyce and others should just afterwards refuse the comparatively small alteration of *bob* instead of "babe" in the line

"Richer than doing nothing for a *bob*."

Collier. And where *bob*, *i.e.*, a *blow*, seems the very word wanted. Dyce was all uncertainty on the point; for in his first edition he made it *bauble*, although in his "Few Notes" he had declared for *brabe*, and here, in the second edition of his Shakespeare, he substitutes *bribe*.

Newman. And, probably, if he had lived to superintend another Shakespeare, we should have seen the old Corrector's word "bob", instead of any of the others. When "bob" and *babe*, with the broad *a*, were pronounced so much alike, how easy it was for a compositor of that day to mistake one word for the other.

Alton. What do you say to the remarkable emendation offered in your Corr. Fo. 1632 in the next scene (Act III, sc. 4), where it proposes to substitute *Who smothers her with painting* for the language, always hitherto held to be that of Shakespeare, "Whose mother was her painting." For my part, I applaud your forbearance in not disturbing the old figurative text.

Collier. Whether right or wrong, I took the prudent course, and left the reader to his own choice. Dyce states that the substitution is "most ingenious", but, as might be supposed, he adheres to the old reading; and the fact may be that the Corrector of my Folio 1632, having heard, or misheard, the words at the theatre in his time, put them down in his margin, as he had done many others. Whether we take his account of the matter, or follow the printed copy, the meaning is the same.

Alton. Only in one case the language is figurative, and in the other literal; and in Shakespeare we ought undoubtedly to prefer the former.

Newman. It is possible that the old actor of the part of Imogen made the blunder: a man or boy was, at that date, the representative of the heroine, and, if his pronunciation were not distinct, an auditor might possibly commit the mistake. At all events, you were not to blame for leaving in the text the more poetical expression, and giving in a note what Dyce calls the "most ingenious" substitution.

Alton. We have before had somewhat similar cases where the language of the stage was perhaps misheard. I am confident, however, that that remark does not apply to Pisanio's reply to Imogen:

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Pisa. I'll crack mine eye-balls first."

Newman. Why, Dyce and Singer are in high glee at your adoption of such an "abfurdity" as "cracking the eye-balls": the former remarks that he can understand cracking the eye-*strings*, and quotes several instances; while a third fellow-editor, who took up Shakespeare after obtaining a great proficiency at chess, asserts that you recommend "a most ludicrous alteration". Dyce avowedly follows Hanmer, "I'll wake mine eyeballs *blind* first", as if the word "blind" had been accidentally omitted.

Collier. Not one of them can tolerate the notion of *cracking* the eyeballs: they assert that it is absurd and unprecedented. How so? What would they say if I adduced from Shakespeare's greatest contemporary the very expression, or its complete equivalent? In "Every Man out of

his Humour", Macilente, in his first speech, says (edit. Gifford II, 28),

"When I see these, I say, and view myself,
I wish ~~the~~ organs of my sight were crack'd."

What are "the organs of his sight" but his "eyeballs", and why is it so "absurd and unprecedented" for Pisanio, in the scene before us, to reply, "I'll crack mine eyeballs first"? Is Ben Jonson no precedent?

Alton. And has not Chaucer this line in his "Nun's Priest's Tale"?

"So mote I broken wel myn eyen twey."

Surely, no objection to an emendation can be more futile.

Collier. This is one of the improvements of the text of "Cymbeline" which I had in my mind when I said early to-day that some of the changes proposed by the old Corrector were especially valuable. This emendation only requires us to suppose that the old printer mistook *cracke*, and composed "wake".

Newman. I think Dyce, Singer, and Staunton, would almost have cracked their own "eyeballs" to see how completely you have answered their, as they hoped, fatal objection. Thanks to your Corr. Fo. 1632, we shall certainly never again see "wake your eyeballs" or "wake your eyeballs *blind*" as the text of Shakespeare.

Alton. That is almost saying too much, considering how obstinate some people are in error, how resolute in being wrong—especially rival editors. What is the next emendation by the old Corrector?

Collier. One which recommends itself strongly, but is hardly so important. It is in Pisanio's speech where he urges

Imogen to put on a male disguise, and offers to place her where she may see all, yet not be seen—private, yet in full view of what occurs: if she do so, he promises that

“You should tread a course
Privy, yet full of view; yea, haply near
The residence of Posthumus.”

Is not this very intelligible? and so the Corr. Fo. 1632 instructs us to read.

Newman. The old text being almost nonsense,

“You should tread a course
Pretty, yet full of view.”

How was it, and why was it to be *pretty*?

Collier. You may well ask: the place was to be *private* as to Imogen, but with the advantage of seeing all that was going on. *Privy* and private are the same word, only now we generally use the latter, where of old the former would have been employed. That is all the difference, and yet Dyce refuses the change, prints “pretty” in his text, and in a note simply adds that the proposed change is “privy” for *pretty*.

Newman. The printer’s ear or eye mistook the word, and the endeavour of modern editors is to perpetuate a blunder.

Alton. And here, as in many other places, how small a change makes all the difference between obscurity and intelligibility! only read,

“You should tread a course
Privy, yet full of view”,

and what more can be required?

Collier. Yet so blind are Dyce and his friends and fol-

lowers that they (though with some hesitation on the point) cannot admit a change so obviously "full of view"; and thus commend their editions to the place to which, in modern acceptation, we sometimes apply the word they are so anxious to exclude. It is hardly to be wondered, therefore, that they are so positive in their resistance to "privy and full of view".

Alton. If the misprint had not been so probable, I should still have supported the very natural and, without offence be it spoken, necessary emendation.

Collier. As to the likelihood of the blunder, if you will look at the surreptitious edition of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella" by Nash, printed in 1591, you will see, sonnet 97, "pretty case" put for "*privy* case"; and in Harington's "Ariosto", B. XXXII, ft. 70, edit. 1591, "*pretie* keys" is an error for "privy keys". Other instances, I am confident, might be readily found.

Newman. One of the happiest and most elegant emendations, as it strikes me, in this whole play, or possibly in any play, is rejected by Dyce, and I am sorry to see it.

Alton. Which do you mean? Not "the *leafy* eglantine", instead of "the leaf of eglantine": that is elegant and evident, but not of much moment.

Newman. No; but what I refer to occurs just in connection with it. I must read the whole of the beautiful passage as you give it from your Corr. Fo. 1632: Arviragus is speaking (Act IV, sc. 2) of the burial of the body of the supposed Fidele:—

"With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The *leafy* eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (Oh bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers-lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-guard thy corse."

Can anything be sweeter or happier ? It is the last emendation, and how delightfully it terminates our loving labours !

Alton. And what a charming compound verb is "winter-guard", so musical and so applicable !

Collier. It is obtained from my Corr. Fo. 1632 : the word in all the early impressions is "winter-ground", which Warburton, hunting after novelty, would most tastelessly change to "winter-gown". "Winter-ground" is far preferable to *winter-gown*, but both must yield at once to "winter-guard" in reference to the protection of the grave of Fidele during the severe season of the year. Might we not be sure that "winter-guard" was Shakespeare's word, even if it had not been inserted by the old Corrector ?

Newman. Certainly ; and how strange it seems that no editor ever thought of, and suggested it, in all the 250 years since the first publication of "Cymbeline" in the folio of 1623. The old compositor merely misread *guard* "ground".

Alton. We cannot be too grateful to the man, whether reader, auditor, or actor, who inserted it in the margin of your wonderful folio of 1632.

Collier. Dyce just mentions the suggestion at the end of his note, where he also improves upon Warburton's *gown* by, I must say, ridiculously supporting the vulgarism

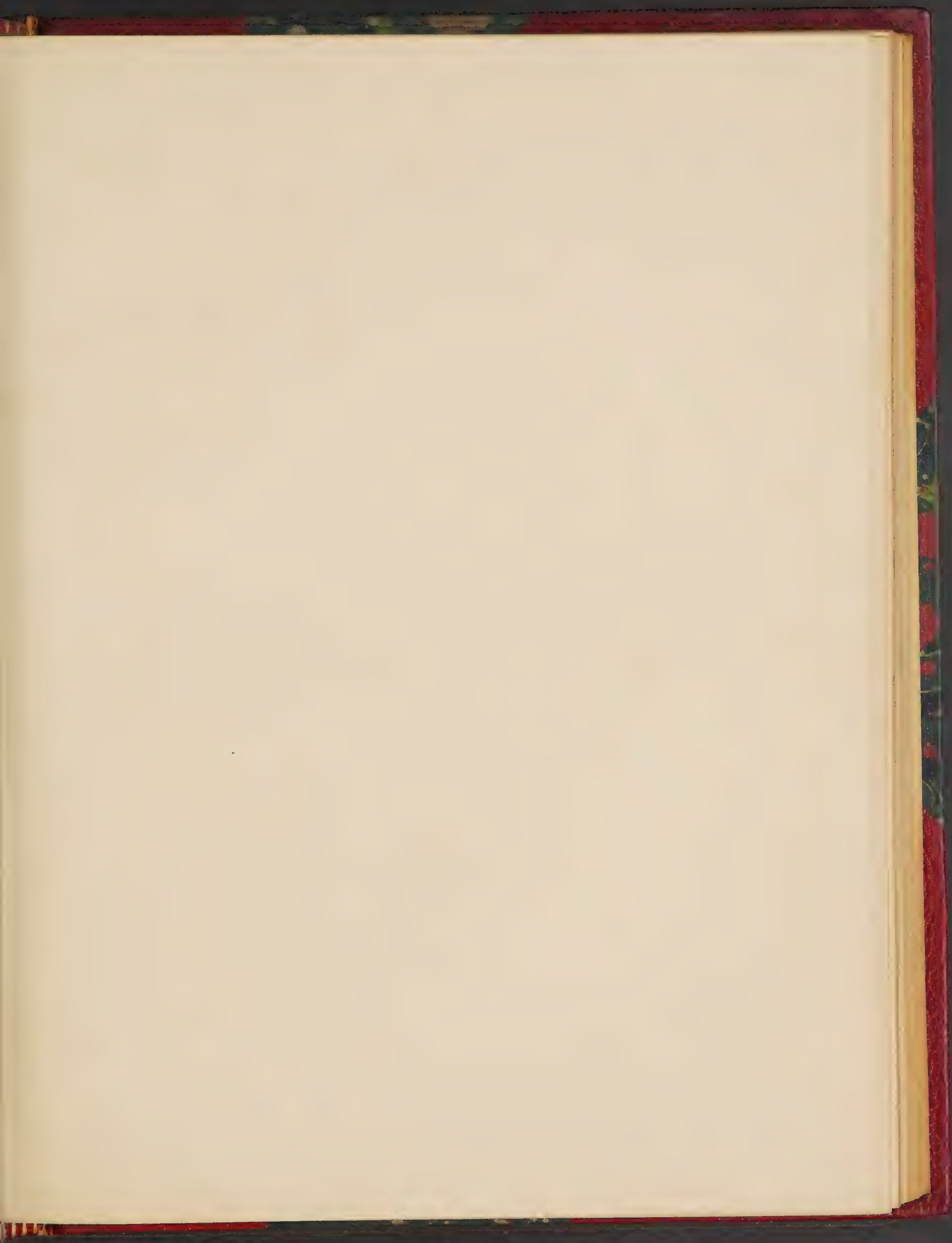
gownd; but Singer, who could not easily surreptitiously avail himself of it, is dead silent on the point. As I have already stated, nearly the whole of the last act of the tragedy is deficient in my Corr. Fo. 1632, so that this admirable emendation is the last that we derive from it. Here, therefore, end our conversations on the hundreds of places where modern editors of Shakespeare have been, or ought to have been, under obligation to the old Corrector.

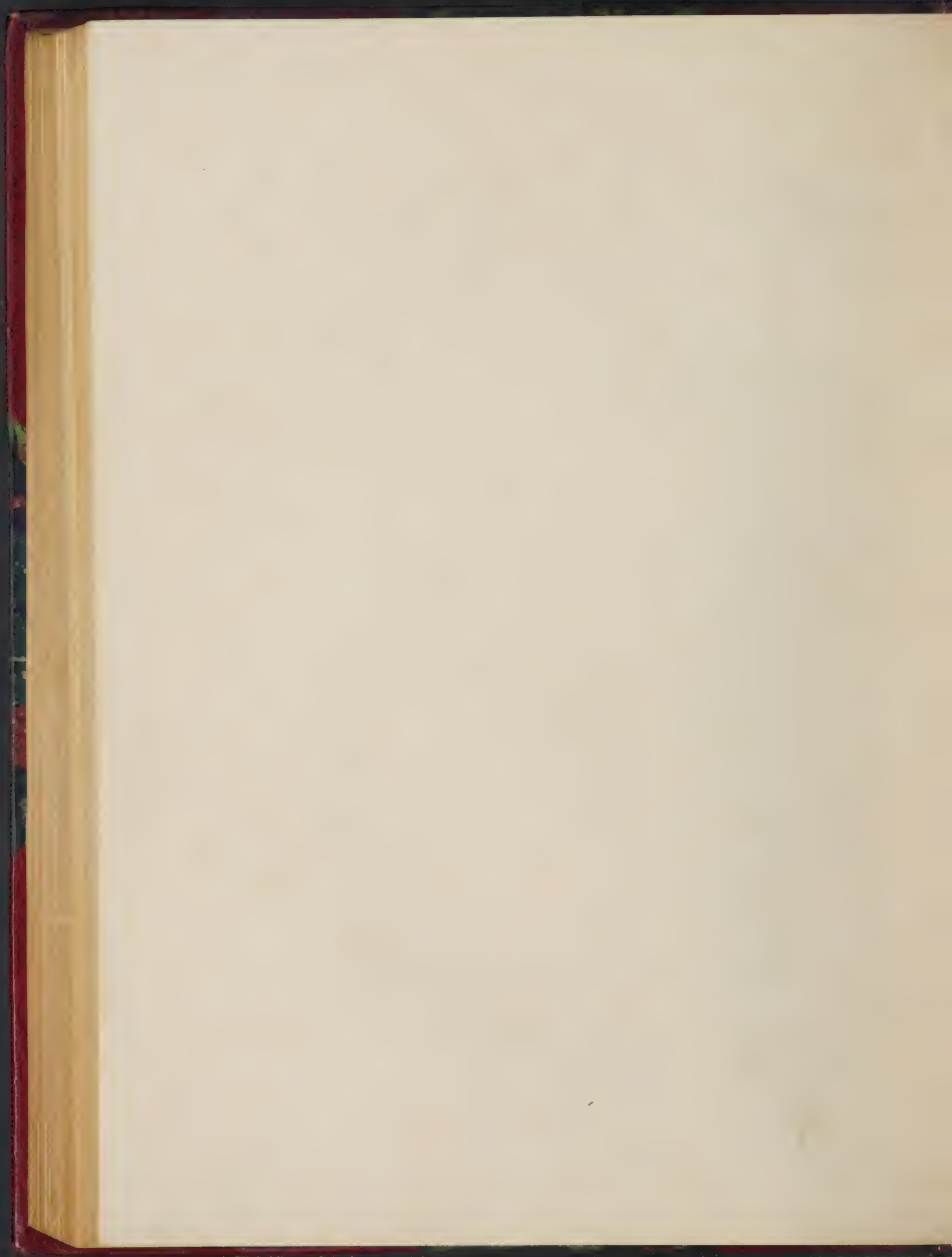
J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Maidenhead, 1 Dec., 1874.

P.S.—It may be right to add, that no single illustration has been introduced into these pages, that, as far as the writer is acquainted, has ever hitherto been employed for the purpose. As to verbal corrections generally, it may be stated that the grand beauties of Shakespeare are so independent of small criticism, that many readers are better content with established corruptions than with the novelty of emendations. The possessor of a noble diamond cares little for the dust and cuttings: he leaves them to the patient workman.

Although I may in some places have spoken harshly of my friend, the late Alexander Dyce, as an editor of Shakespeare, let me say, in conclusion, that he was a gentleman in every respect—in birth, education, and deportment. He was the first to sever our long intimacy.





KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

A HISTORICAL PLAY BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE earliest known edition of this historical drama bears date in 1596 : the following is an exact copy of the title-page :

"The Raigne of King Edward the third. As it hath bin fundrie times plaied about the Citie of London. London. Printed for Cuthbert Burby. 1596." 4to.

It was republished in 1599, when it bore the following imprint : "Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford for Cuthbert Burby : And are to be sold at his shop neere the Royal Exchange, 1599."

No name of Author is upon either title-page, nor (as was sometimes the case) at the end of

the production. No Theatre at which, nor company by which, it was acted are mentioned.

The first edition appeared a year earlier than any play by Shakespeare, and two years before his name was placed upon the title-page of any drama. The first impressions of his "Richard the Second" and "Richard the Third", in 1597, were anonymous: the same may be said even of the earliest edition of "The First Part of Henry the Fourth", which came out in 1598—the same year as the second editions of the two "Richards", on both of which we read "By William Shake-speare".

The name of Shakespeare was never, in any way yet discovered, connected with "The Raigne of King Edward the Third", until Capell reprinted it in his "Prolusions", 8vo, 1760. He there states, "That it was indeed written by Shakespeare, it cannot be said, with candour, that there is any external evidence at all," adding that "something of proof arises from resemblance between the style of his earlier performances", and "from consideration

of the time it appeared in, in which there was no known writer equal to such a play". (p. ix.)

This is unquestionably true; and I contend that no person of taste and judgment can read the performance, with an eye either to language or construction, without laying down the book at the close of his perusal, and arriving at the undoubted conclusion that there is no line in it that did not proceed from the pen of Shakespeare. I here speak without reference to particular passages, relying only upon the general treatment of the subject and the sources from which it was derived, Holinshed and "The Palace of Pleasure". After the opening scene, nearly the whole of the first two Acts is derived from the story of "the Countess of Salisbury" (vol. i, fo. 182, edit. Marsh) in the latter work; and the three last Acts from the narrative of the old Chronicler relating mainly to the battles of Cressy and Poitiers.

I will advert, in the first instance, to a few striking and particular resemblances between pas-

fages in "Edward the Third" and in other plays the acknowledged authorship of Shakespeare ; always bearing in mind that the drama under consideration was written, acted, and published before any printed line in the form of a drama had, as far as we know, come from the hand of our great dramatist. King Edward, violently in love with the Countess of Salisbury, endeavours to prevail upon her to admit him to her bed in the absence of her husband. She firmly and indignantly refuses, asking,

"Will your sacred self
Commit high treason 'gainst the King of heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden metal,
Forgetting your allegiance and your oath?"

In "Measure for Measure", Act II, Scene 4, Angelo (as Malone remarks) tells Isabella, in reference to her brother's crime with Juliet :—

—"Fye, these filthy vices ! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do *coin heaven's image*
In stamps that are forbid."

The imitation needs no enforcement; and the question arises, did Shakespeare copy himself, and what he had written in or before 1596, or did he condescend to steal from another poet, the author of "Edward the Third"? We only know "Measure for Measure" from the folio of 1623; but there can be little doubt that it was not produced until the opening of the seventeenth century; and we can have no difficulty in deciding that when Shakespeare wrote the lines in "Measure for Measure", he had in his memory, not only the very image, but the very words he had himself employed several years earlier.

Again: everybody must remember the disputed passage in "Hamlet", Act II, Scene 2: "For if the fun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion", etc., and let them compare it with the subsequent lines in Act II, Scene 1, of "Edward the Third":

"The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed *carrion that it seems to kiss.*"

Here is identity rather than imitation; and, moreover, it decides the controversy in which Warburton rightly maintained that "god" was the true reading and not "*good* kissing carrion", as the text stands in all the old copies. The question is, Did not Shakespeare write both passages? I answer at once, that he did: if he did not, he was "the gross purloiner of another's wit"—a charge from which he can only be relieved by assigning to him "Edward the Third", which I do without hesitation.

I might produce other proofs of the same kind, and perhaps equally decisive, but I do not think them necessary; and I omit, also, such as where two independent authors might naturally hit upon the same thought without obligation; for instance the passage in "The Merchant of Venice" 1600, put into the mouth of Portia,

"And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

which, as indeed Malone tells us, may be paralleled by the following from Act v, sc. 1, of "Edward the Third":

"And kings approach the nearest unto God,
By giving life and safety unto men."

This sentiment we find, almost in the same words, in a novel by Thomas Deloney, published in the very same year as the earliest edition of "Edward the Third", viz., 1596 :

"Herein do men come nearest unto God
In shewing mercy and compassion" (*Jack of Newbury*.)

Such instances as these may have been mere coincidences ; and, from the historical play before me, it would be easy to select others more or less resembling lines in Shakespeare's undoubted compositions : I copy a single one, almost at random, where the King, contemplating the radiant beauty of the Countess, exclaims :

"Now in the sun alone it doth not lie
With light to take light from a mortal eye."

What is this but what Biron, in "Love's Labour's Lost" (1598), Act 1, sc. 1, asserts,

"Light seeking light doth light of light beguile."

So much, then, for particular resemblances, which here and there almost amount to identity. As to the general construction of the play, and the wide and wild range of its incidents, from London to Roxborough, from Roxborough to the famous fields of battle, and finally to Calais, Shakespeare only shared it with his dramatic contemporaries: upon this point it is needless to enlarge; but the vigour, the variety, the rapid transition of thought, and the boldness of expression in "Edward the Third", is his own; and in no existing play, even by himself, is his courage and daring more apparent than in this dramatic "history". In one of his passionate love scenes, he gives the hero a royal poet, who is to write for the King an address to the Countess; but Edward is so dissatisfied with the coldness of his scribe, who likens the lady to the moon, that the King bursts out, as it were, in a torrent of poetry,

"Out with the moon-line! I will none of it,
And let me have her liken'd to the sun:

Say, she hath thrice more splendor than the sun ;
 That her perfection emulates the sun,
 That she breeds sweets as plenteous as the sun,
 That she doth thaw cold winter like the sun,
 That she doth cheer fresh summer like the sun,
 That she doth dazzle gazers like the sun :
 And in this application to the sun,
 Bid her be free and general as the sun ;
 Who smiles upon the basest weed that grows,
 As lovingly as on the fragrant rose."

Shakespeare, at this period, was young, ardent, and enthusiastic, and from his pen only could such lines have proceeded: he was, above all, an extravagant admirer and extoller of female beauty and supremacy; and he never drew a great female character without assigning to it superlative virtue, power, grace, or tenderness. As the female sex is the poetry of humanity, so Shakespeare is, especially and peculiarly, its poet and its worshipper. Two years before this drama was printed he had published his "Lucrece"; and in Act II, sc. 2, of this drama, Edward, in his admiration of the

unaffailable purity of Lady Salisbury, thus openly, yet modestly, mentions his own poem on the suicide of the Roman matron :

“ Arise, true English lady ; whom our isle
May better boast of, than e’er Roman might
Of her, whose ranfack’d treasury hath task’d
The vain endeavour of so many pens.”

This remarkable allusion to the fruit of his own pen has never been noticed ; and so little disposed have people been to accept Capell’s judgment on this drama, that few seem to have even read what ought to have been included in every edition of Shakespeare, and is much more worthy of his genius than several pieces that found place in the folio of 1623 : we need hardly specify “ Titus Andronicus ” and the first part of “ Henry the Sixth ”. Many persons seem to have imagined that the exclusion of “ Edward the Third ” was a sufficient reason for utter neglect. There is good ground for believing that Shakespeare himself never promoted, or perhaps impeded, the publication of

a single comedy, history, or tragedy, the offspring of his miraculous faculties. I might conclude my brief, but, as I think, unanswerable case in favour of "Edward the Third" with the following masterly quotation from a speech of old wounded and dying Audley, in the middle of Act iv.

"To die is all as common as to live ;
 The one, in choice, the other holds in chace :
 For from the instant we begin to live,
 We do pursue and hunt the time to die.
 First bud we, then we blow, and after feed ;
 Then, presently we fall ; and as a shade
 Follows the body, so we follow death.
 If then, we hunt for death, why do we fear it ?
 Or, if we fear it, why do we follow it ?
 If we do fear, by fear we do but aid
 The thing we fear to seize on us the sooner :
 If we fear not, then no resolved proffer
 Can overthrow the limit of our fate ;
 For, whether ripe or rotten, drop we shall,
 As we do draw the lottery of our doom."

Compare the above with the famous speech of the Duke in "Measure for Measure" (Act III, sc. 1),

and it will be seen how much they generally correspond, and how certain it is that they came from the same pen, though the one may be more amplified than the other: nothing can be clearer as regards both thought and expression; for what says the Duke, speaking of "life"?

"Merely, thou art death's fool,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And run'st toward him still."

And what says the Prince, following up Audley's expiring moralisation?

"Ah! what an idiot hast thou made of life,
To seek the thing it fears!"

The very same thought, and, naturally enough, almost the very same words. How truly Shakespearian also is every syllable of the following reasoning, where Prince Edward (like another Henry the Fifth) makes light of the enormous odds of the enemy before the battle.

"Death's name is much more mighty than his deeds:
Thy parcelling this power hath made it more.

As many sands as these my hands can hold
 Are but my handful of as many sands :
 Then all the world, and call it but one power,
 Is easily ta'en up, and quickly thrown away ;
 But if I stand to count them sand by sand,
 The number would confound my memory,
 And make a thousand millions of a task,
 Which briefly is no more indeed than one.
 These quartered squadrons, and these regiments
 Before, behind us, and on every hand,
 Are but a power. When we name a man,
 His hand, his foot, his head have several strengths ;
 And being all but one self instant strength,
 Why all this many, Audley, is but one,
 And we can call it all but one man's strength.
 He that hath far to go tells it by miles :
 If he should tell the steps, it kills his heart.
 The drops are infinite that make a flood,
 And yet, thou know'st, we call it but a rain.
 There is but one France, and one King of France,
 That France hath no more kings ; and that same king
 Hath but the puissant legion of one king ;
 And we have one. Then, apprehend no odds,
 For one to one is fair equality.

This and all the rest is Shakespeare, and only

Shakespeare. A French Herald then enters with an insulting offer of mercy; to which the young Prince instantly replies :

“This heaven that covers France contains the mercy
That draws from me submissive orisons.
That such base breath should vanish from my lips
To urge the plea of mercy to a man,
The Lord forbid!—Return, and tell thy king
My tongue is made of steel, and it shall beg
My mercy on his coward burgonet :
Tell him, my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our English arms as strong.
Return him my defiance in his face.”

As Capell truly says, no man but Shakespeare “was equal to such a play”; and I take shame to myself that I could omit, in both my editions of Shakespeare, such a grand contribution to the series of our English historical dramas as “King Edward the Third”. I approach as a sincere and humble penitent the shrine of the greatest poet that ever lived; for who could read the following lines pronounced by the King when speaking of the heroine,

without perceiving that the genius of Shakespeare alone could have produced them ?

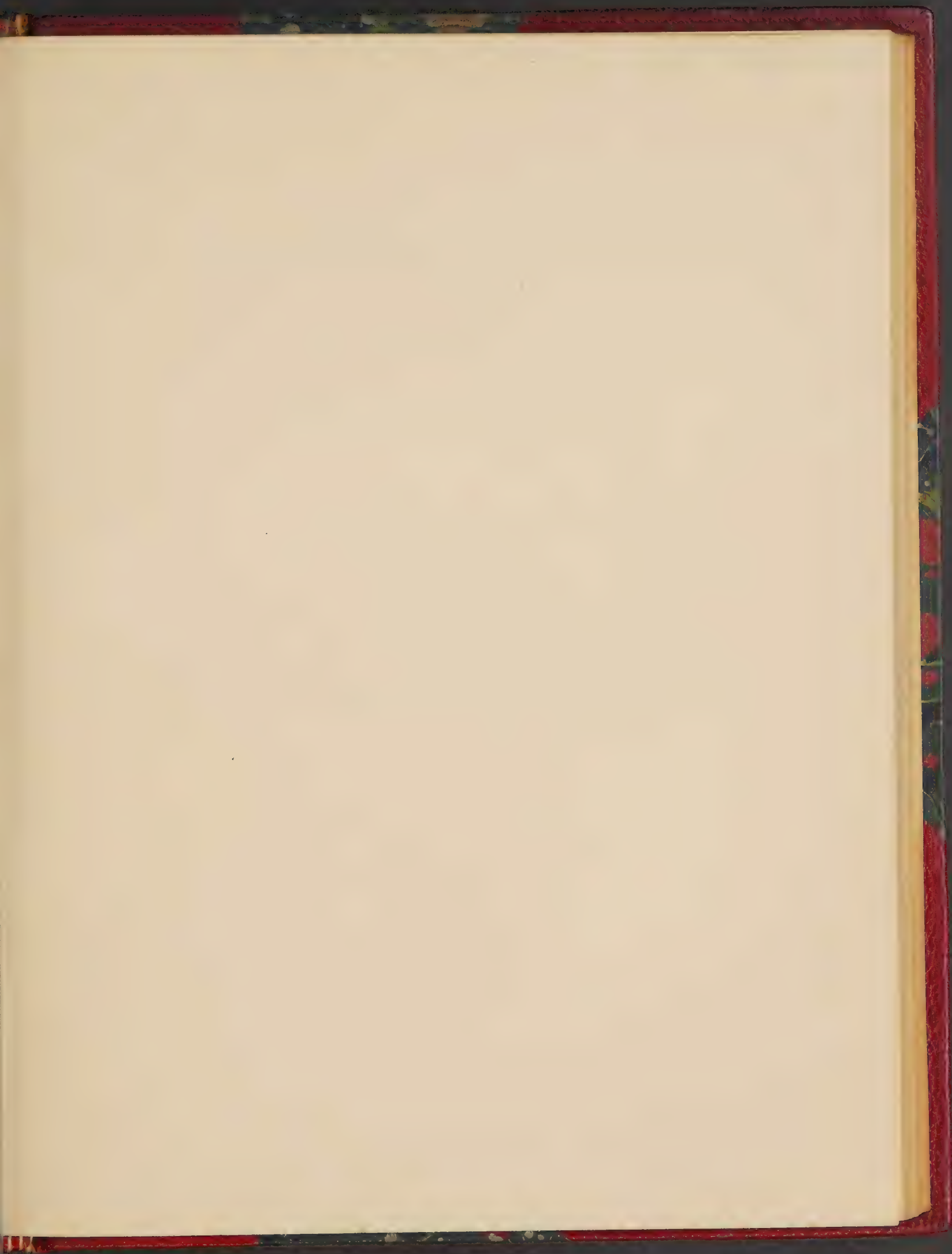
“When she would talk of peace, methinks, her tongue
 Commanded war to prison ; when of war,
 It waken'd Cæsar from his Roman grave,
 To hear war beautified by her discourse.
 Wisdom is foolishness but in her tongue,
 Beauty a slander but in her fair face :
 There is no summer but in her cheerful looks,
 Nor frosty winter but in her disdain.”

To say nothing of the purity of the language, how exquisitely beautiful is the rhythm of such a passage ! How it happened that it did not precede “Richard the Second” in the folio of 1623, I cannot pretend to explain : that it was popular we may feel sure from the two editions of 1596 and 1599, both published by Cuthbert Burby, who, as I apprehend, was really Cuthbert *Burbadge*, the brother of the great tragedian of that day. It fills a most important space in history, and how could it have been forgotten by Heminge and Condell ?

There are copies of both the old impressions of "Edward the Third" in the British Museum, and in the library of the Duke of Devonshire: I conclude that they are also among Capell's books at Cambridge.

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Maidenhead, March 14th, 1874.



Brought 30/- at George's sale

King Edward the Third:

A HISTORICAL PLAY.

ATTRIBUTED BY EDWARD CAPELL

TO

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

AND NOW PROVED TO BE HIS WORK

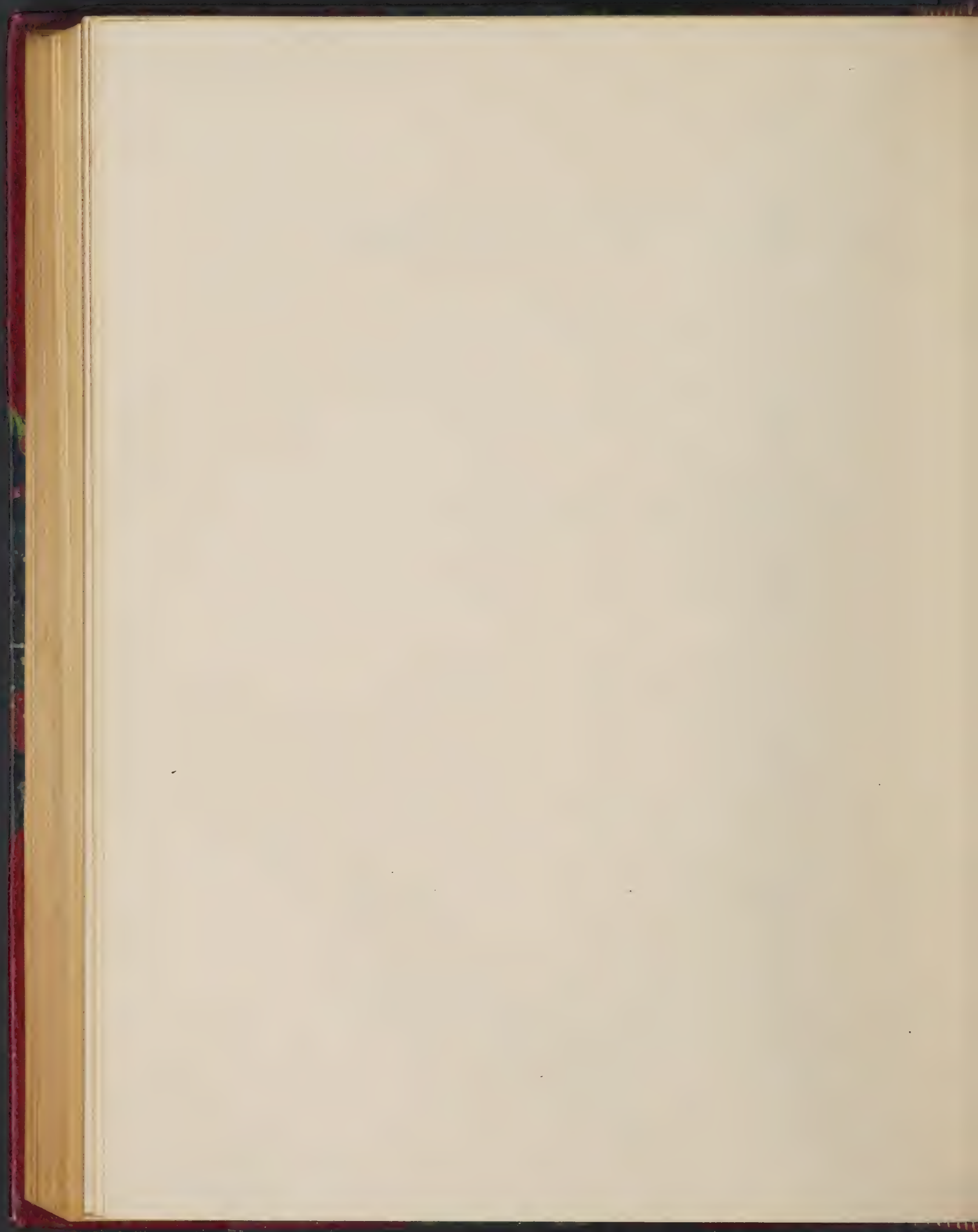
BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

REPRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

1874.



PREFACE.

THE history of this Play, as far as it is known, may be very briefly told.

The first we hear of it is in the Registers of the Company of Stationers under the date of

“Primo Die Decemb. 1595.

“Cuthbert Burby entred &c. a book intituled Edward the Third and the Blacke Prince, their warres with Kinge John of Fraunce.”

Cuthbert Burby was the elder brother of Richard Burbadge, the great actor, and his name, as Cuthbert Burbidge, is sometimes so written in the Stationers' Registers; as, for instance, on 5th May, as early as 1592, when he published a book under the title of “A Direction for Travellers”: at a later date his name seems to have been spelt Burby.

a

The play he entered in December 1595 was published in 1596, under the following title :

“The Raigne of King Edward the third. As it hath bin fundrie times plaied about the Citie of London. London. Printed for Cuthbert Burby. 1596.” 4to.

As Cuthbert and Richard were brothers, the one a bookseller of repute, and the other an actor of eminence, we may not unreasonably suppose that the play found its way to the press through the person who, doubtless, had sustained the principal part in it on the stage : no company nor theatre are mentioned, and we may conclude, as stated on the title-page, that “Edward the Third”, printed in 1596, had been performed in various theatres of the metropolis. Richard Burbadge, when he died in 1619, had shares in the Curtain playhouse in Shoreditch, as well as in the Globe in Southwark. After the building of the latter in 1594, he still retained his shares in the “Curtain”: it is also very possible that he had an interest in what was specifically called “the Theatre”, likewise in Shoreditch. The play-house in Blackfriars was considerably older than the Globe ; and we know, from many sources, that inn-yards, as at the Belle Sauvage on Ludgate

Hill, at the Bull in Smithfield, etc., had been often temporarily employed as theatres. These were most likely some of the places "about the city of London" where "Edward the Third" had been acted by Richard Burbadge and others before it was printed for his brother in 1596.

We derive no more distinct information from the second edition of 1599, although at that date, and still earlier, the Globe Theatre was in the hands of the theatrical servants of the Lord Chamberlain; and, in or before 1597, Shakespeare's "Richard the Second" had been produced there. So of his "Richard the Third", printed in the same year, and both, like "Edward the Third", without any author's name on the title-pages. We know of no impression of the last subsequent to that of 1599, but it may nevertheless have been reprinted, for it was more than once re-entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

On this account it may seem strange that it did not find a place in the folio Shakespeare of 1623. Heminge and Condell must surely have known of its existence; and although it has been suggested, that it was purposely omitted in order not to offend the

king by the ridicule of the Scotch, yet the reason appears inadequate. Still, as the editors of the folio 1623 could hardly have forgotten a drama on such a popular theme, and so often acted and printed, we must, in all probability, continue in the dark upon a point of no little importance: we are to recollect, however, that no early writer has hinted at the authorship of Shakespeare in it; and that "Edward the Third" obtained no place even in the folio of 1664, which professed to supply dramas in the composition of which our great dramatist might have had a share.

When "Edward the Third" was republished in 1599, the name of the printer and the address of the bookfeller (still called Burby, and not Burbidge, as in 1592) were the only material variations in the title-page from the previous impression. On the title-pages of the second editions of Shakespeare's "Richard the Second" and "Richard the Third" in 1598, his names were first inserted; but, even a year afterwards, they are absent from the title-page of "Edward the Third": it ran thus in 1599:

"The Raigne of King Edward the Third. As it hath bene sundry times played about the Citie of London. Im-

printed at London by Simon Stafford for Cuthbert Burby :
And are to be sold at his shop neere the Royall Exchange.
1599." 4to.

We have no proof of the fact, but we may safely infer that the bookseller's younger brother Richard Burbadge, who never altered his name, was, as already stated, the representative, as one of the Lord Chamberlain's servants, of the leading part in "Edward the Third", in or before 1596: we know that he acted "Richard the Third" in or before 1597. Considering that Cuthbert and Richard were brothers, it is a remarkable fact that the name of the former is never connected with the publication of any plays, avowedly the production of Shakespeare, with the exception of "Love's Labour's Lost", 1598, and "Romeo and Juliet, 1599". It is just possible that he had offended by the republication of "Edward the Third" in 1599, and that he was therefore never again permitted to have any concern in our great dramatist's later works. Cuthbert Burbadge, as we know, survived until after 1634, when arms were granted to him; and in 1623 he might still have retained his property in "Edward the Third", and might refuse

to allow it to be inserted by Heminge and Condell in their folio. This, however, is mere speculation; but even the change of the name by the older of the two may have arisen out of a wish to make and preserve a distinction between the brothers.

As far as we now know, Edward Capell printed "Edward the Third" for *the third time* in 1760, one hundred and sixty-one years after the appearance of the second edition. He deserves all credit for his notion, and for giving effect to it; although he assigns no reason for his opinion that it was by Shakespeare, beyond the general assertion, in which we entirely agree, that in 1596, "there was no other known writer equal to such a play." If it seem strange that every edition of Shakespeare, from the folio of 1623 to the time even of Capell, should be without it, it is still stranger that, after attention had been directed to it in 1760, it was nevertheless thereafter utterly neglected. Even Capell himself did not include it in his ten volumes of 1767; Steevens did not insert it in his "Twenty Quartos" of 1766; and Malone made not the slightest reference to it in his "Supplement" of 1780.

Nobody has yet gone the length of asserting that

“Edward the Third” was indisputably by Shakespeare; and convinced as we are that his great hand and mind are to be seen in it from beginning to end, still we think that he may have pursued in this case the not unusual practice of taking up some older drama, on the same popular subject, and of adding to it and strengthening it by the erasure of whole acts, scenes, or prominent passages, and by the insertion of substitutions from his own abundant stores of thought and invention. This supposition may account for the weakness and general inferiority of portions, which might possibly have been preserved by way of contrast, or because the hasty requirements of the theatre, for which Shakespeare always wrote, forbade greater delay. The whole drama, collated with the two ancient impressions, is now in the hands of the reader; and he will be able, without much difficulty, to distinguish the separate portions, those which our great dramatist unquestionably contributed, and those which he was content should remain as in the older copy which he employed. From all that has come down to us, whether as history or composition, it appears unlikely, that Shakespeare ever wrote Comedy, History, or Tra-

gedy conjointly, and contemporaneously, with then living dramatists.

There is one particular species of evidence, to prove that Shakespeare was really the author of "Edward the Third", which has never been adverted to, and yet is *absolutely decisive upon the point*. We allude to the number of times that in later plays he has fallen upon the same thoughts and expressions as those he had previously employed in the "history" before us. They will be found in some cases absolutely identical; and as it is not for a moment to be supposed that he stole from earlier dramatists, and thus became one of the most bare-faced plagiarists upon record, we must necessarily assign to him the drama in which the thought and words originally occurred, and thus establish his claim to the authorship of "Edward the Third". In considering this point, we must always bear in mind, that that "history", after having been played at sundry times in various parts of London, was printed a year before the publication of any known drama by Shakespeare. We take it to have been one of his early efforts, containing the clearest and strongest proofs of the variety, fertility, and

vigour of his intellect. As the whole play is here reproduced, we shall only think it necessary to select a few instances, omitting various others, though perhaps equally strong and obvious. Our first direct proof of the kind is derived from "Measure for Measure", which was not published until it appeared in the folio of 1623, and, in all probability, was written posterior to the year 1600. The Duke there (Act III, sc. 1) tells Claudio to "reason thus with life":—

"Merely thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still."

In "Edward the Third", the Prince of Wales replies, almost in the same words, to old Audley, who, like the Duke in "Measure for Measure", has been differting on the absurdity of dreading death;

"Ah! what an idiot hast thou made of life,
To seek the thing it fears."

We take a second instance, quite as convincing, from another part of "Measure for Measure" (Act II,

sc. 4), where Isabella is endeavouring to move Angelo to show mercy to her brother: he replies,

“Ha! Fye on these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their faucy sweetness, *that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid.*”

So, when Edward the Third solicits the Countess of Salisbury to wrong her absent husband by admitting him to her bed, she exclaims indignantly,

“And will your sacred self
Commit high treason 'gainst the King of Heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden metal?”

“Love's Labour's Lost” was published in 1598, and has been generally looked upon as one of our great dramatist's more juvenile productions, so that it may, in point of date as a composition, have even preceded “Edward the Third”; but whether earlier or later, there is a line in both that, although differently applied, shows that Shakẽspeare either wrote it or repeated it, viz. (Act I, sc. 1),

“Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.”

Biron is here referring to the light of the sun, but the King in “Edward the Third” applies it

to the brilliancy of the beauty of the Countess of Salisbury, which, he declares, destroys sight like the brightness of the sun's beams :—

“Now in the sun alone it doth not lie
With light to take light from a mortal eye.”

The application is different, but the illustration the same. One of the most remarkable resemblances occurs in “Hamlet”, which was first printed in 1603, and may be set down as a drama of about the middle period of the theatrical career of our great poet. In Act II, sc. 2, all commentators have been puzzled by the following broken speech of the hero addressed to Polonius, “For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good *kissing carrion*, —— Have you a daughter?” It was Warburton's suggestion (so happy that Johnson declared “it almost placed the critic on a level with the author”) that we should read “a *god kissing carrion*”; and he was undoubtedly right, as we may see by the following quotation from “Edward the Third”, where the very same words are used, referring to the hot sun shining upon flesh that it has corrupted :

“The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss.”

These are not fancied, or far-fetched resemblances of style or language : it is not imitation, it is identity : no two authors could have hit so exactly upon the same thoughts, and expressed them in the same words. Here (as in the other places already pointed out) Shakespeare repeated what he had previously said in "Edward the Third". We could easily add to these illustrations, but in going through the drama they will occur to every reader of Shakespeare's acknowledged productions. All we contend for is that, independently of any general question of style and manner, they establish that the author of "Measure for Measure", of "Love's Labour's Lost", and of "Hamlet", must also have been the author of "Edward the Third", unless, as nobody will for a moment believe, he was "the gross purloiner of another's wit." We apprehend that no inquirer into the authenticity of the works of Shakespeare, either at home or abroad, has hitherto touched, in this respect, upon his claims to the authorship of "Edward the Third". The mere question is, was our great dramatist a poet or a plagiarist? Did he write the passages we have quoted from "Edward the Third", or did he purloin

the thoughts and expressions there found, and palm them upon the world as his own in dramas which, beyond all dispute, came from his own pen and were printed with his own name?

We have said nothing of the wonderful beauty of particular scenes and passages: they speak for themselves; and no reader of poetic feeling, and ordinary judgment, can fail to dwell upon them in the ensuing pages. The play is, in fact, in two portions; the main scenes of the first being founded upon the novel of the Countess of Salisbury in "Painter's Palace of Pleasure", while the business of the second portion is derived from Holinshed's Chronicle, who took his materials from Froissart. The first two acts are all love and passion; the last three acts all war, bustle, and change of scene, in the most vigorous style of our great dramatist; unless we except some smaller portions, especially towards the close, where Shakespeare seems to have allowed more scope to the original author of the play upon which, as we imagine, he worked. Some of the descriptions of military scenes and incidents are most vivid and animating; and here and there, even in the weakest speeches, the hand of Shakespeare seems to have

thrown in a spirit and energy beyond the reach of the prior dramatist. Audley's argument against life, to which we have already adverted, and Prince Edward's answer, which so exactly corresponds with a noted passage in "Measure for Measure", occur not far from the end of the play: the same may be said of the Black Prince's most characteristic address where, in a manner so astonishingly Shakespearian, he makes light of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. As one of the striking evidences that the play was by the author of "Lucrece", which had been printed two years earlier than "Edward the Third" (and again the year before the second edition of the play), we may quote the clear allusion to the poem, put into the mouth of the King, upon which nobody has hitherto remarked. It is in these words, addressed to the kneeling Countess of Salisbury, in admiration of her courage and virtue:—

"Arise, true English lady; whom our isle
May better boast of, than e'er Roman might
Of her whose ransack'd treasury hath tasked
The vain endeavour of so many pens."

One of those "many pens" was, of course, that of

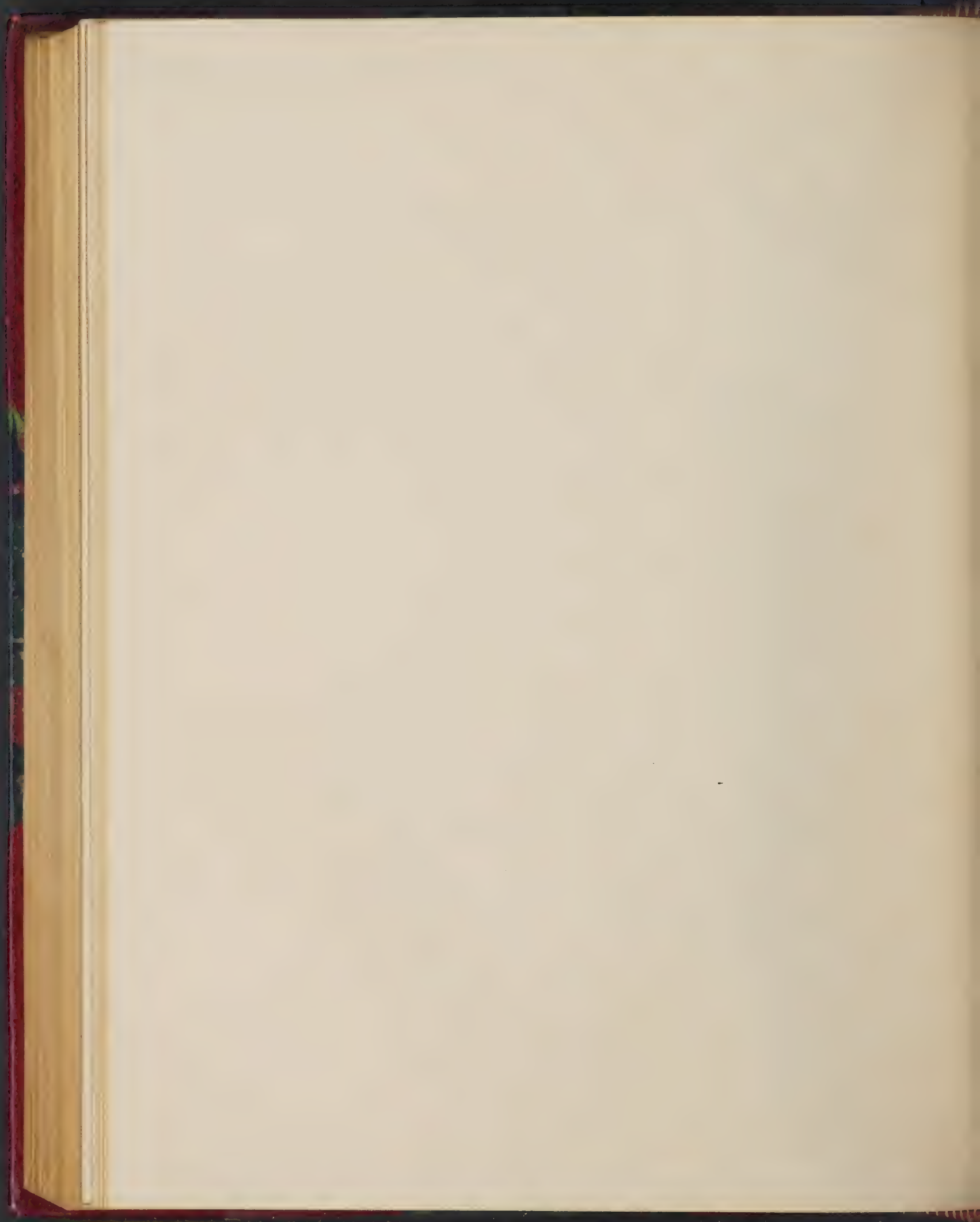
Shakespeare, who was as undoubtedly the author of "Edward the Third", as of "King John", or perhaps of "Richard the Second".

Elsewhere there is an allusion to Marlowe's "Hero and Leander" (published, as we are persuaded anterior to 1598, though no such edition is now known), where the curious misprint of *helly spout*, for "Hellepont", occurs, and which was absurdly repeated by Capell in 1760, and by Dr. Delius in 1854: we venture to say that the latter will never again speak of "Edward the Third" as one of the *Pseudo-Shakesperische Dramen*.

It ought to be stated that this reprint in the precise form and style of the original (in which most convenient and becoming form and style we should be glad to see all Shakespeare's other plays reproduced), has been made not at the editor's cost, but at the expense of a zealous friend, who has already done much for the illustration of one of our great dramatist's noblest and most popular tragedies.

J. P. C.

Maidenhead, May 1st, 1874.



KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

A HISTORICAL PLAY.

[BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD THE THIRD.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

EARLS OF WARWICK, DERBY, SALISBURY.

LORDS AUDLEY, PERCY, MONTFORT.

SIR WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE, SIR JOHN COPLAND.

LODOWICK, *the King's Poet and Secretary.*

TWO ESQUIRES. HERALD.

GOBIN DE GREY.

JOHN, KING OF FRANCE.

CHARLES AND PHILIP, *his sons.*

DUKE OF LORRAINE.

ROBERT OF ARTOIS, AND VILLIERS, *French Lords.*

KING OF BOHEMIA.

A POLISH CAPTAIN. ANOTHER CAPTAIN.

TWO CITIZENS AND AN INHABITANT OF CALAIS.

A MARINER, HERALDS, AND FRENCHMEN

DAVID, KING OF SCOTLAND.

EARL DOUGLAS AND TWO MESSENGERS.

PHILIPPA, QUEEN TO KING EDWARD.

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

FRENCH WOMAN. ATTENDANTS.

Scene in England, France, and Flanders.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. A State-room in the Palace. Flourish.

Enter KING EDWARD, followed by EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES, WARWICK, DERBY, AUDLEY, ARTOIS, and others.

K. Edw. Robert of Artois, banish'd though thou be,
From France, thy native country, yet with us
Thou shalt retain as great a signiory;
For we create thee Earl of Richmond here:
And now go forwards with our pedigree.
Who next succeeded [to] Philip le Beau?

Art. Three sons of his, which all successively
Did sit upon their father's regal throne,
Yet died, and left no issue of their loins.

K. Edw. But was my mother sister unto those?

Art. She was, my lord; and only Isabelle
Was all the daughters that this Philip had;
Whom afterward your father took to wife,
And from the fragrant garden of her womb
Your gracious self, the flower of Europe's hope,

Derived is inheritor to France.
But note the rancour of rebellious minds :
When thus the lineage of le Beau was out,
The French obscur'd your mother's privilege,
And, though she were the next of blood, proclaimed
John of the house of Valois, now their king.
The reason was, they say, the realm of France,
Replete with princes of great parentage,
Ought not admit a governor to rule,
Except he be descended of the male ;
And that's the special ground of their contempt,
Wherewith they study to exclude your grace :
But they shall find that forged ground of theirs
To be but dusty heaps of brittle sand.
Perhaps it will be thought a heinous thing,
That I, a Frenchman, should discover this ;
But heaven I call to record of my vows,
It is not hate, nor any private wrong,
But love unto my country and the right
Provokes my tongue thus lavish in report.
You are the lineal watchman of our peace,
And John of Valois indirectly climbs :
What then should subjects but embrace their king ?
And wherein may our duty more be seen
Than, striving to rebate a tyrant's pride,
Place the true shepherd of our commonwealth ?

K. Edw. This counsel, Artois, like to fruitful showers,
Hath added growth unto my dignity ;
And by the fiery vigour of thy words,
Hot courage is engender'd in my breast,
Which heretofore was rak'd in ignorance,

But now doth mount with golden wings of fame,
And will approve fair Isabelle's descent
Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel
That spurn against my sovereignty in France.

[Cornet sounded within.]

A messenger ! Lord Audley, know from whence.

[Exit AUDLEY, who re-enters.]

Aud. The Duke of Loraine, having cross'd the seas,
Entreats he may have conference with your highness.

K. Edw. Admit him, lords, that we may hear the news.

[Exeunt LORDS. The KING takes his state.]

Re-enter LORDS, with LORAINÉ.

Say, Duke of Loraine, wherefore art thou come ?

Lor. The most renowned prince, King John of France,
Doth greet thee, Edward ; and by me commands,
That for so much as by his liberal gift
The Guyenne dukedom is entail'd to thee,
Thou do him lowly homage for the same :
And for that purpose, here I summon thee
Repair to France within these forty days,
That there, according as the custom is,
Thou may'st be sworn true liegeman to the king,
Or else thy title in that province dies,
And he himself will repossess the place.

K. Edw. See how occasion laughs me in the face !
No sooner minded to prepare for France,
But straight I am invited ; nay, with threats
Upon a penalty enjoin'd to come.
'Twere but a foolish part to say him nay.—
Lorraine, return this answer to thy lord :
I mean to visit him, as he requests ;

But how? Not servilely dispos'd to bend,
But, like a conqueror, to make him bow.
His lame unpolish'd shifts are come to light,
And truth hath pull'd the vizor from his face,
That set a gloss upon his arrogance.
Dare he command a fealty in me?
Tell him, the crown that he usurps is mine,
And where he sets his foot he ought to kneel.
'Tis not a petty dukedom that I claim,
But all the whole dominions of the realm,
Which if with grudging he refuse to yield
I'll take away those borrow'd plumes of his,
And send him naked to the wilderneys.

Lor. Then, Edward, here, in spite of all thy lords,
I do pronounce defiance to thy face.

Prince Edw. Defiance, Frenchman! We rebound it back
Even to the bottom of thy master's throat;
And (be it spoke with reverence of the king,
My gracious father, and these other lords)
I hold thy message but as scurrilous,
And him that sent thee, like the lazy drone
Crept up by stealth unto the eagle's nest;
From whence we'll shake him with so rough a storm,
As others shall be warned by his harm.

Warw. Bid him leave off the lion's case he wears,
Left, meeting with the lion in the field,
He chance to tear him piecemeal for his pride.

Art. The soundest counsel I can give his grace
Is to surrender, ere he be constrained:
A voluntary mischief hath less scorn,
Than when reproach with violence is born.

Lor. Regenerate traitor,¹ viper to the place
Where thou wast foster'd in thine infancy,
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bear'st thou a part in this conspiracy?

K. Edw. Loraine, behold the sharpness of this steel.
[*Drawing his sword.*

Fervent desire that sits against my heart
Is far more thorny pricking than this blade,
That, with the nightingale, I shall be scarr'd
As oft as I dispose myself to rest,
Until my colours be display'd in France.
This is thy final answer; so, begone.

Lor. It is not that, nor any English brave,
Afflicts me so as doth his poison'd view.
That is most false should most of all be true.

[*Exeunt LORAINÉ and followers.*

K. Edw. Now, lords, our fleeting bark is under sail:
Our gage is thrown, and war is soon begun,
But not so quickly brought unto an end.

Enter SIR WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE.

But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague?
How stands the league between the Scot and us?

Moun. Crack'd and dissever'd, my renowned lord.
The treacherous king no sooner was informed
Of your withdrawing of your army back,
But, straight forgetting of his former oath,
He made invasion on the bordering towns.
Berwick is won, Newcastle spoil'd and lost;

¹ REGENERATE traitor.] May be right, but most likely a misprint for *degenerate*. In *Richard II*, Act I, sc. I, Shakespeare has "recreant and most *degenerate* traitor".

And now the tyrant hath begirt with siege
The castle of Roxborough, where enclosed
The Countess Salisbury is like to perish.

K. Edw. That is thy daughter, Warwick, is it not,
Whose husband hath in Bretagne serv'd so long,
About the planting of Lord Montfort there?

War. It is, my lord.

K. Edw. Ignoble David! hast thou none to grieve
But silly ladies with thy threatening arms?
But I will make you shrink your snail horns.
First, therefore, Audley, let this be thy charge:
Go levy footmen for our wars in France.
And, Ned, take muster of our men at arms;
In every shire elect a several band.
Let them be foldiers of a lusty spirit,
Such as dread nothing but dishonour's blot:
Be wary, therefore, since we do commence
A famous war, and with so mighty a nation.
Derby, be thou ambassador for us
Unto our father-in-law, the Earl of Hainault:
Make him acquainted with our enterprise;
And likewise will him, with our own allies
That are in Flanders, to solicit, too,
The Emperor of Almaigne in our name.
Myself, while you are jointly thus employed,
Will with these forces that I have at hand
March, and once more repulse the traitorous Scots.
But, first, be resolute: we shall have wars
On every side:—and, Ned, thou must begin
Now to forget thy study and thy books,
And ure thy shoulders to an armour's weight.

P. Edw. As cheerful sounding to my youthful spleen
This tumult is of war's increasing broils,
As at the coronation of a king
The joyful clamours of the people are,
When "Ave, Cæsar," they pronounce aloud.
Within this school of honour I shall learn
Either to sacrifice my foes to death,
Or in a rightful quarrel spend my breath.
Then, cheerfully forward! each a several way:
In great affairs 'tis naught to use delay.

[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE II.

Roxborough: before the Castle.

*Enter the COUNTESS OF SALISBURY and certain of her
people, upon the walls.*

Count. Alas! how much in vain my poor eyes gaze
For succour that my fovereign should fend!
Ah, cousin Mountague, I fear thou wantest
The lively spirit sharply to solicit,
With vehement suit, the king in my behalf:
Thou dost not tell him what a grief it is
To be the scornful captive to a Scot;
Either to be wooed with broad untuned oaths,
Or forced by rough insulting barbarism.
Thou dost not tell him, if he here prevail,
How much they will deride us in the north;
And in their vile uncivil skipping jigs,
Bray forth their conquest and our overthrow,
Even in the barren, bleak, and fruitless air.

*Enter KING DAVID and Forces, with DOUGLAS,
LORAINÉ, and others.*

I must withdraw : the everlasting foe
Comes to the wall. I'll closely step aside,
And list their babble,² blunt and full of pride. [*Retiring.*

K. Dav. My lord of Loraine, to our brother of France
Commend us, as the man in Christendom
Whom we most reverence, and entirely love.
Touching your embassage, return and say
That we with England will not enter parley,
Nor never make fair weather, or take truce,
But burn their neighbour towns, and so persift
With eager roads beyond their city York :
And never shall our bonny riders rest,
Nor rusting canker³ have the time to eat
Their light born snaffles, nor their nimble spurs ;
Nor lay aside their jacks of gymold mail,
Nor hang their staves of grained Scottish ash
In peaceful wise upon their city walls ,
Nor from their button'd tawney leathern belts
Dismiss their biting whinyards, till your king
Cry out " Enough ! spare England now for pity."
Farewell ; and tell him that you leave us here
Before this castle : say, you came from us
Even when we had that yielded to our hands.

Lor. I take my leave, and fairly will return
Your acceptable greeting to my king. [*Exit.*

² " Babble" of the 4to 1596 is misprinted *rabble* in the 4to 1599.

³ Nor rusting canker.] It is "Nor rust in canker" in both the old copies : Capell's emendation.

K. Dav. Now, Douglas, to our former task again,
For the division of this certain spoil.

Doug. My liege, I crave the lady and no more.

K. Dav. Nay, soft ye, fir; first I must make my choice,
And first I do bespeak her for myself.

Doug. Why then, my liege, let me enjoy her jewels.

K. Dav. Those are her own, still liable to her;
And who inherits her hath those withal.

Enter a MESSENGER, in haste.

Mes. My liege, as we were pricking on the hills
To fetch in booty, marching hitherward
We might descry a mighty host of men.
The sun, reflecting on the armour, shewed
A field of plate, a wood of pikes advanced:
Bethink your highness speedily herein.
An easy march within four hours will bring
The hindmost rank unto this place, my liege.

K. Dav. Dislodge, dislodge! It is the King of England.

Doug. Jemmy, my man, saddle my bonny black.

K. Dav. Mean'st thou to fight? Douglas, we are too weak.

Doug. I know it well, my liege, and therefore flee.

Count (coming forward). My lords of Scotland, will ye
stay and drink?

K. Dav. She mocks at us: Douglas, I can't endure it.

Count. Say, my lord, which is he must have the
lady,

And which her jewels? I am sure, my lords,
Ye will not hence 'till you have shar'd the spoils.

K. Dav. She heard the messenger, and heard our talk;
And now that comfort makes her scorn at us.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mes. Arm, my good lord! O! we are all surpris'd!

Count. After the French ambassador, my liege,
And tell him that you dare not ride to York:
Excuse it, that your bonny horse is lame.

K. Dav. She heard that, too:⁴ intolerable grief!
Woman, farewell. Although I do not stay——

[*Alarum. Exeunt SCOTS.*]

Count. 'Tis not for fear: and yet you run away.—
O happy comfort! Welcome to our house!
The confident and boisterous boasting Scot,
That swore before my walls they would not back
For all the armed power of this land,
With faceless fear, that ever turns his back,
Turn'd hence, again the blasting north-east wind,
Upon the bare report and name of arms!

Enter MOUNTAGUE and others.

Oh summer's day! see where my cousin comes.

Moun. How fares my aunt?—We are not Scots:
Why do you shut your gates against your friends?

Count. Well may I give a welcome, coz,⁵ to thee,
For thou com'st well to chase my foes from hence.

Moun. The king himself is come in person hither.
Dear aunt, descend, and gratulate his highness.

Count. How may I entertain his majesty,
To shew my duty and his dignity?

[*Exit from the walls.*]

⁴ "He heard that too" in the old copies.

⁵ "A welcome, coz, to thee": it is *cousin* in the old copies, but the line requires one syllable, or that "cousin" should be spoken in the time of one syllable. Just above is a line two syllables short of the measure, and Capell inserted "Why, aunt".

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, WARWICK, ARTOIS,
and others.*

K. Edw. What! are the stealing foxes fled and gone
Before we could uncouple at their heels?

War. They are, my liege; but with a cheerful cry,
Hot hounds and hardy, chase them at the heels.

Re-enter COUNTESS, attended.

K. Edw. This is the countess, Warwick, is it not?

War. Even she, my liege, whose beauty tyrants fear,
As a May blossom which⁶ pernicious winds
Have sullied, wither'd, overcast and done.

K. Edw. Hath she been fairer, Warwick, than she is?

War. My gracious king, fair is she not at all,
If that herself were by to stain herself,
As I have seen her when she was herself.

K. Edw. What strange enchantment lurk'd in those her
eyes,

When they excell'd this excellence they have,
That now her dim decline hath power to draw
My subject eyes from piercing majesty
To gaze on her with doting admiration!

Count. In duty lower than the ground I kneel,
And for my dull knees bow my feeling heart
To witness my obedience to your highness,
With many millions of a subject's thanks
For this your royal presence, whose approach
Hath driven war and danger from my gate.

K. Edw. Lady, stand up. I come to bring thee peace,
However thereby I have purchas'd war.

⁶ "Which" is *with* in the copy of 1596 only.

Count. No war to you, my liege : the Scots are gone,
And gallop home toward Scotland with their haste.

K. Edw. Left yielding here I pine in shameful love,
Come, we'll pursue the Scots. Artois, away !

Count. A little while, my gracious sovereign, stay ;
And let the power of a mighty king
Honour our roof. My husband in the wars,
When he shall hear it, will triumph for joy :
Then, dear my liege, now niggard not your state,
Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.

K. Edw. Pardon me, countess ; I will come no near :
I dream'd to-night of treason, and I fear.

Count. Far from this place let ugly treason lie !

K. Edw. No farther off than her conspiring eye,
Which shoots infected poison in my heart,
Beyond repulse of wit, or cure of art.
Now, in the sun alone it doth not lie,
With light to take light from a mortal eye ;
For here two day stars, that mine eye would see,
More than the sun steal mine own light from me.
Contemplative desire ; desire to be
In contemplation that may master thee.
Warwick, Artois, to horse, and let's away !

Count. What might I speak to make my sovereign
stay ?

K. Edw. What needs a tongue to such a speaking eye,
That more persuades than winning oratory ?

Count. Let not thy presence, like the April sun,
Flatter our earth, and suddenly be done.
More happy do not make our outward wall,
That thou wilt grace our inward house withal.

Our house, my liege, is like a country swain,
Whose habit rude, and manners blunt and plain,
Prefageth nought; yet inly beautified
With bounty's riches, and fair hidden pride;
For where the golden ore doth buried lie,
The ground, undeck'd with nature's tapestry,
Seems barren, fere, unfertile, fruitless, dry;
And where the upper turf of earth doth boast
His pied perfumes and party-coloured cost,
Delve there and find this issue, and their pride
To spring from ordure, and corruption's side:
But to make up my all too long compare,
These ragged walls no testimony are
What is within; but, like a cloak, doth hide
From weather's waste⁷ the under garnish'd pride.
More gracious than my terms can let thee be,
Entreat thyself to stay a while with me.

K. Edw. As wise as fair! What fond fit can be heard,
When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's guard?—
Countess, albeit my business urgeth me,
It shall attend, while I attend on thee.—
Come on, my lords, here will I host to-night.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Garden of Roxborough Castle.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod. I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance,

⁷ "From weather's waste" is "from weather's *west*" in both the original impressions; and so Capell gave it.

And changing passion, like inconstant clouds
That rack'd upon the carriage of the winds
Increase and die, in his disturbed cheeks.
Lo! when she blush'd, even then did he look pale;
As if her cheeks, by some enchanted power,
Attracted had the cherry blood from his;
Anon, with reverent fear when she grew pale,
His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments;
But no more like her oriental red
Than brick to coral, or live things to dead.
Why did he, then, thus counterfeit her looks?
If she did blush, 'twas tender modest shame,
Being in the sacred presence of a king:
If he did blush, 'twas red immodest shame
To veil his eyes amiss,⁸ being a king:
If she look'd pale, 'twas silly woman's fear
To bear herself in presence of a king:
If he look'd pale, it was with guilty fear
To dote amiss, being a mighty king.
Then Scottish wars farewell: I fear 'twill prove
A lingering English siege of peevish love.
Here comes his highness, walking all alone.

[*Lod. stands back.*]

K. Edw. (entering). She is grown more fairer far since
I came hither,
Her voice more silver every word than other,
Her wit more fluent. What a strange discourse
Unfolded she of David and his Scots!

⁸ "To veil his eyes", *i.e.*, to *lower* his eyes: it is "To *waile* his eyes" in the old editions.

“Even thus”, quoth she, he spake; and then spake broad
With epithets and accents of the Scot,
But somewhat better than the Scot could speak :
“And thus”, quoth she, and answer’d then herself ;
For who could speak like her ? but she herself
Breathes from the wall an angel’s note from heaven
Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.
When she would talk of peace, methinks, her tongue
Commanded war to prison : when of war,
It waken’d Cæsar from his Roman grave
To hear war beautified by her discourse.
Wisdom is foolishness but in her tongue,
Beauty a slander but in her fair face :
There is no summer but in her cheerful looks,
Nor frosty winter but in her disdain.
I cannot blame the Scots that did besiege her,
For she is all the treasure of our land,
But call them cowards that they ran away,
Having so rich and fair a cause to stay.—
Art thou there, Lodowick ? Give me ink and paper.

Lod. I will, my sovereign.

K. Edw. And bid the lords hold on their play at chess,
For we will walk and meditate alone.

Lod. I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. Edw. This fellow is well-read in poetry,
And hath a lusty and persuasive spirit :
I will acquaint him with my passion,
Which he shall shadow with a veil of lawn,
Through which the queen of beauty’s queen shall see
Herself, the ground of my infirmity.

Re-enter LODOWICK.

Haft thou pen, ink, and paper ready, Lodowick?

Lod. Ready, my liege.

K. Edw. Then, in the summer arbour fit by me ;
Make it our council house, our cabinet :
Since green our thoughts, green be the conventicle,
Where we will ease us by disburdening them.
Now, Lodowick, invoke some golden muse
To bring thee hither an enchanted pen,
That may for sighs set down true sighs indeed,
Talking of grief to make thee really⁹ groan ;
And when thou writ'st of tears, encouch the word,
Before and after, with such sweet laments
That it may raise drops in a Tartar's eye,
And make a flint-heart Scythian pitiful ;
For so much moving hath a poet's pen.
Then, if thou be a poet, move thou so,
And be enriched by thy sovereign's love :
For if the touch of sweet concordant strings
Could force attendance¹ in the ears of hell,
How much more shall the strain of poet's wit
Beguile and ravish soft and humane minds !

Lod. To whom, my lord, shall I direct my stile ?

K. Edw. To one that shames the fair, and sots the wife,
Whose body is an abstract, or a brief,
Contains each general virtue in the world.
"Better than beautiful" thou must begin :

⁹ "To make thee *ready* groan" in the editions of 1596 and 1599.

¹ "Could force *attendance*". So both the old copies, but perhaps a misprint for *attention*.

Devise for fair a fairer word than fair,
And every ornament that thou would'st praise
Fly it a pitch above the soar of praise.
For flattery fear thou not to be convicted,
For were thy admiration ten times more,
Ten times ten thousand more the worth exceeds
Of that thou art to praise, thy praise's worth.
Begin : I will to contemplate the while.
Forget not to set down, how passionate,
How heart sick, and how full of languishment
Her beauty makes me.

Lod. Write I to a woman ?

K. Edw. What beauty else could triumph over me,
Or who but women do our love lays greet ?
What ! think'st thou I did bid thee praise a horse ?

Lod. Of what condition or estate she is,
'Twere requisite that I should know, my lord.

K. Edw. Of such estate, that her's is as a throne,
And my estate the footstool where she treads :
Then may'st thou judge what her condition is
By the proportion of her mightiness.
Write on, while I peruse her in my thoughts :
Her voice to music or the nightingale,
To music every summer leaping swain
Compares his sun burnt lover, when she speaks ;
And why should I speak of the nightingale ?
The nightingale sings of adulterate wrong,
And that compar'd is too satirical :
For sin, though sin, would not be so esteemed,
But rather virtue sin, sin virtue deemed.
Her hair far softer than the silkworm's twist,

Like as a flattering glafs doth make more fair
 The yellow amber.—Like a flattering glafs
 Comes in too foon ; for writing of her eyes
 I'll fay, that like a glafs they catch the fun,
 And thence the hot reflection doth rebound
 Againft my breaft, and burns my heart within.
 Ah ! what a world of defcant makes my foul
 Upon this voluntary ground of love.—
 Come, Lodowick, haft thou turn'd thy ink to gold ?
 If not, but write in letters capital
 My miftrefs name,
 And it will gild thy paper.—Read, lord,² read !
 Fill thou the empty hollows of mine ears
 With the fweet hearing of thy poetry.

Lod. I have not to a period brought her praife,

K. Edw. Her praife is as my love—both infinite ;
 Which apprehend fuch violent extremes
 That they difdain an ending period.
 Her beauty hath no match but my affection :
 Her's more than moft, mine moft, and more than more :
 Her's more to praife than tell the fea by drops :
 Nay more, than drop the mafsy earth by fands,
 And fand by fand³ print them in memory.
 Then, wherefore talk'ft thou of a period
 To that which craves unended admiration ?
 Read ! let us hear.

² "Read, lord, read." So the old copies, but young Lodowick was not a peer, and possibly it ought to run, "Read, *lad*, read"; or "lord" might possibly be taken as an exclamation of impatience—"Read, lord ! read."

³ In the old copies it is "And *said* by *said*"; Capell's emendation.

Lod. (reads). "More fair and chaste than is the queen of shades."

K. Edw. That line hath two faults, gross and palpable.
Compar'st thou her to the pale queen of night,
Who, being set in dark, seems therefore light?
What is she when the sun lifts up his head,
But like a fading taper, dim and dead?
My love shall brave the eye of heaven at noon,
And, being unmask'd, outshine the golden sun.

Lod. What is the other fault, my sovereign lord?

K. Edw. Read o'er the line again.

Lod. (reads). "More fair and chaste."

K. Edw. I did not bid thee talk of chastity,
To ransack so the treason of her mind,
For I would rather have her chas'd, than chaste.
Out with the moon-line! I will none of it;
And let me have her liken'd to the sun.
Say she hath thrice more splendour than the sun,
That her perfection emulates the sun;
That she breeds sweets as plenteous as the sun,
That she doth thaw cold winter like the sun,
That she doth cheer fresh summer like the sun,
That she doth dazzle gazers like the sun;
And in this application of the sun,
Bid her be free and general as the sun,
Who smiles upon the basest weed that grows,
As lovingly as on the fragrant rose.—
Let's see what follows that same moonlight line.

Lod. (reads). "More fair and chaste than is the queen of shades;

More bold in constancy"—

K. Edw. In constancy! than who?

Lod. (reads). "Than Judith was."

K. Edw. Oh monstrous line! Put in the next a sword,
And I shall woo her to cut off my head.
Blot, blot, good Lodowick.—Let us hear the next.

Lod. There's all that yet is done.

K. Edw. I thank thee, then: thou hast done little ill;
But what is done is passing, passing ill.
No: let the captain talk of boisterous war,
The prisoner of immured dark constraint,
The sick man best sets down the pangs of death,
The man that starves the sweetness of a feast,
The frozen soul the benefit of fire,
And every grief his happy opposite:
Love cannot found well but in lovers' tongues.
Give me the pen and paper: I will write.

Enter the COUNTESS.

But soft! here comes the treasure of my spirit.—
Lodowick, thou know'st not how to draw a battle.
These wings, these flankers, and these squadrons
Argue in thee defective discipline:
Thou should'st have placed this here, this other here.

Count. Pardon my boldness, my thrice gracious lord:
Let my intrusion here be call'd my duty,
That comes to see my sovereign how he fares.

Edw. (to Lod.). Go, draw the same: I tell thee in what
form.

Lod. I go.

[*Exit.*

Count. Sorry I am to see my liege so sad.
What may thy subject do, to drive from thee
This gloomy comfort, fullen melancholy?

K. Edw. Ah lady! I am blunt and cannot strew

The flowers of folace in a ground of shame.
Since I came hither, Countess, I am wronged.

Count. Now, God forbid that any in my house
Should think my sovereign wrong. Thrice gentle king,
Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.

K. Edw. How near, then, shall I be to remedy?

Count. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power
Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.

K. Edw. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress.
Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
And I am joyful, Countess; else I die.

Count. I will, my liege.

K. Edw. Swear, Countess, that thou wilt.

Count. By heaven, I will.

K. Edw. Then, take thyself a little way aside,
And tell thyself, a king doth dote on thee:
Say that within thy power it doth lie
To make him happy; and that thou hast sworn
To give me all the joy within thy power.
Do this, and tell me when I shall be happy.

Count. All this is done, my thrice dread sovereign.
That power of love, that I have power to give,
Thou hast with all devout obedience:
Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.

K. Edw. Thou hear'st me say that I do dote on thee.

Count. If on my beauty, take it if thou canst:
Though little, I do prize it ten times less:
If on my virtue, take it if thou canst,
For virtues store by giving doth augment:
Be it on what it will, that I can give
And thou canst take away, inherit it.

K. Edw. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.

Count. O! were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And dispossess myself to give it thee ;
But, sovereign, it is folder'd to my life :
Take one and both ; for, like an humble shadow,
It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life.

K. Edw. But thou may'st lend it me to sport withal.

Count. As easy may my intellectual soul
Be lent away, and yet my body live,
As lend my body, palace to my soul,
Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
And she an angel pure, divine, unspotted.
If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.

K. Edw. Did'st thou not swear to give me what I would ?

Count. I did, my lord, so what you would I could.

K. Edw. I wish no more of thee than thou may'st give ;
Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy,
That is, thy love ; and for that love of thine
In rich exchange I tender to thee mine.

Count. But that your lips were sacred, my lord,
You would prophane the holy name of love.
That love you offer me you cannot give,
For Cæsar owes that tribute to his queen :
That love you beg of me I cannot give,
For Sarah owes that duty to her lord.
He that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp
Shall die, my lord : and will your sacred self
Commit high treason 'gainst the King of Heaven
To stamp his image in forbidden metal,

Forgetting your allegiance and your oath ?
In violating marriage sacred law
You break a greater honour than yourself.
To be a king is of a younger house
Than to be married : your progenitor,
Sole reigning Adam on the universe,
By God was honour'd for a married man,
But not by him anointed for a king.
It is a penalty to break your statutes,
Though not enacted by your highness hand ;
But how much more to infringe the holy act,
Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand !
I know my sovereign, in my husband's love
Who now doth loyal service in his wars,
Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury,
Whether she will hear a wanton's tale or no.
Left being therein guilty by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

[*Exit.*

K. Edw. Whether is her beauty by her words divine,
Or are her words sweet chaplains to her beauty ?
Like as the wind doth beautify a fail,
And as a fail becomes the unseen wind,
So do her words her beauties, beauties words.
Oh ! that I were a honey gathering bee
To bear the comb of virtue from this flower,
And not a poison-sucking envious spider
To turn the juice I take⁴ to deadly venom !
Religion is austere, and beauty gentle ;

⁴ To turn the juice I take.] It is "*vice* I take" in the old quartos
—an easy misprint, which, however, Capell preserved.

Too strict a guardian for so fair a weed.⁵
O, that she were as is the air to me !
Why, so she is ; for when I would embrace her,
This do I—and catch nothing but myself.
I must enjoy her, for I cannot beat
With reason and reproof fond love away.

Enter WARWICK.

Here comes her father : I will work with him,
To bear my colours in this field of love.

War. How is it that my sovereign is so sad ?
May I with pardon know your highness' grief,
And that my old endeavour will remove it,
It shall not cumber long your majesty.

K. Edw. A kind and voluntary gift thou offerest,
That I was forward to have begg'd of thee.
But, O thou world ! great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden words,
And peize their deeds with weight of heavy lead,
That fair performance cannot follow promise ?
O, that a man might hold the heart's close book,
And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth utter
The breath of falsehood, not character'd there !

War. Far be it from the honour of my age,
That I should owe bright gold, and render lead !
Age is a cynick, not a flatterer.
I say again, that if I knew your grief,
And that by me it may be lessened,
My proper harm should buy your highness' good.

⁵ Capell altered "weed" to *ward*, and perhaps rightly ; but "weed" may stand, in reference to the preceding figure.

K. Edw. These are the vulgar tenders of false men,
That never pay the duty of their words.
Thou wilt not stick to swear what thou hast said,
But when thou know'st my grief's condition,
This rash disgorged vomit of thy word
Thou wilt eat up again, and leave me helpless.

War. By heaven, I will not, though your majesty
Did bid me run upon your sword, and die.

K. Edw. Say that my grief is no way medicinal,
But by the loss and bruising of thine honour.

War. If nothing but that loss may vantage you,
I would account that loss my vantage too.

K. Edw. Think'st that thou can'st unswear⁶ thy oath
again?

War. I cannot, nor I would not, if I could.

K. Edw. But if thou dost, what shall I say to thee?

War. What may be said of any perjur'd villain,
That breaks the sacred warrant of an oath.

K. Edw. What wilt thou say to one that breaks an oath?

War. That he hath broke his faith with God and man,
And from them both stands excommunicate.

K. Edw. What office were it to suggest a man
To break a lawful and religious vow?

War. An office for the devil, not for man.

K. Edw. That devil's office must thou do for me,
Or break thy oath, or cancel all the bonds
Of love and duty twixt thyself and me.
And therefore, Warwick, if thou art thyself,
The lord and master of the word and oath,

⁶ "Thou can *unswer*." Capell's emendation of the quartos.

Go to thy daughter, and in my behalf
Command her, woo her, win her any ways,
To be my mistress and my secret love.
I will not stand to hear thee make reply :
Thy oath break hers, or let thy sovereign die.

[*Exit* KING EDWARD.]

War. O doting king ! or detestable office !
Well may I tempt myself to wrong myself,
When he hath sworn me by the name of God
To break a vow made in the name of God.
What if I swear by this right hand of mine
To cut this right hand off ? the better way
Were to prophane the idol, than confound it.
But neither will I do : I'll keep my oath,
And to my daughter make a recantation
Of all the virtue I have preach'd to her :
I'll say, she must forget her husband, Salisbury,
If she remember to embrace the king :
I'll say, an oath may easily be broken,
But not so easily pardon'd, being broken :
I'll say, it is true charity to love,
But not true love to be so charitable :
I'll say, his greatness may bear out the shame,
But not his kingdom can buy out the sin :
I'll say, it is my duty to persuade,
But not her honesty to give consent.

Enter the COUNTESS.

See where she comes ! Was never father had,
Against his child, an embassy so bad.

Count. My lord and father, I have fought for you.
My mother and the peers importune you

To keep in prefence of his majesty,
And do your beſt to make his highneſs merry.

War. How ſhall I enter in this graceleſs errand ?
I muſt not call her child ; for where's the father
That will in ſuch a ſuit ſeduce his child ?
Then, wife of Salisbury, ſhall I ſo begin ?
No ; he's my friend, and where is found the friend
That will do frienſhip ſuch endamage-ment ?
Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife.
I am not Warwick, as thou think'ſt I am,
But an attorney from the court of hell,
That thus have houſed my ſpirit in his form,
To do a meſſage to thee from the king.
The mighty king of England dotes on thee :
He that hath power to take away thy life,
Hath power to take thine honour : then, conſent
To pawn thine honour rather than thy life.
Honour is often loſt and got again ;
But life, once gone, hath no recovery.
The ſun that withers hay doth nourish graſs ;
The king that would diſtain thee will advance thee.
The poets write, that great Achilles' ſpear
Could heal the wound it made : the moral is,
What mighty men miſdo they can amend.
The lion doth become his bloody jaws,
And grace his foragement by being mild
When vaſſal fear lies trembling at his feet.
The king will in his glory hide thy ſhame ;
And thoſe that gaze on him to find out thee
Will loſe their eyesight looking in the ſun.
What can one drop of poiſon harm the ſea,

Whose hugy vastures⁷ can digest the ill,
 And make it lose his operation.
 The king's great name will temper their misdeeds,
 And give the bitter potion of reproach
 A sugar'd, sweet, and most delicious taste.
 Besides, it is no harm to do the thing,
 Which without shame could not be left undone.
 Then have I, in his majesty's behalf,
 Apparel'd sin in virtuous sentences,
 And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.

Count. Unnatural besiege! Woe me unhappy,
 To have escap'd the danger of my foes,
 And to be ten times worse invir'd⁸ by friends.
 Hath he no means to stain my honest blood
 But to corrupt the author of my blood?
 To be his scandalous and vile solicitor?
 No marvel though the branch⁹ be then infected
 When poison hath encompassed the root;
 No marvel though the leprous infant die,
 When the stern dam envenometh the dug.
 Why then, give sin a passport to offend,
 And youth the dangerous rein of liberty:
 Blot out the strict forbidding of the law,
 And cancel every canon that prescribes
 A shame for shame, or penance for offence.

⁷ "Whose hugy *vastures*." Possibly a misprint for *vastnes*, *i.e.*, vastness: we know of no other instance of the use of "vastures": in "Measure for Measure" (Act III, sc. 1) Shakespeare has "vastidity".

⁸ "invir'd by friends": in the 4to 1596 the spelling is *inuerd*: "invierd" is from the latter 4to: the meaning is evident.

⁹ In the old copies "branch" is injuriously in the plural.

No : let me die, if his too boift'rous will
Will have it so, before I will consent
To be an actor in his graceless lust.

War. Why now thou speak'st as I would have thee
speak !

And mark, how I unsay my words again.
An honourable grave is more esteemed,
Than the polluted closet of a king :
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad, that he shall undertake.
An unrepented mote, flying in the sun,
Presents a greater substance than it is :
The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss :
Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe.
That sin doth ten times aggravate itself
That is committed in a holy place :
An evil deed done by authority
Is sin and subornation : deck an ape
In tiffue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.
A spacious field of reasons could I urge
Between his glory,¹ daughter, and thy shame :
That poison shews worst in a golden cup ;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash :
Lillies that fester smell far worse than weeds,
And every glory that inclines to sin
The shame is treble by the opposite.

¹ "Between his glory." Glory is *gloomy* in the quartos. Capell's excellent emendation.

So leave I with my blessing in thy bosom,
Which then convert to a most heavy curse,
When thou convert'st from honour's golden name
To the black faction of bed-blotting flame. [Exit.

Count. I'll follow thee: and when my mind turns so,
My body sink my soul in endless woe! [Exit.

SCENE II.

A room in Roxborough Castle.

Enter DERBY and AUDLEY.

Derb. Thrice noble Audley, well encounter'd here.
How is it with our sovereign and his peers?

Aud. 'Tis full a fortnight since I saw his highness,
What time he sent me forth to muster men,
Which I accordingly have done, and bring them hither
In fair array before his majesty.

What news, my lord of Derby, from the emperor?

Derb. As good as we desire. The emperor
Hath yielded to his highness friendly aid,
And makes our king Lieutenant General
In all his lands and large dominions.
Then *via!* for the spacious bounds of France.

Aud. What, doth his highness leap to hear this news?

Derb. I have not yet found time to open them.
The King is in his closet malcontent;
For what I know not, but he gave in charge,
Till after dinner none should interrupt him.
The Countess Salisbury, and her father Warwick,
Artois and all, look underneath the brows.

Aud. Undoubtedly, then, something is amiss.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Derb. The trumpets found : the king is now abroad.

Enter KING EDWARD.

Aud. Here comes his highness.

Derb. Befall my fovereign all my fovereign's wish !

K. Edw. Ah, that thou wert a witch to make it so !

Derb. The Emperor greeteth you. [*Giving papers.*

K. Edw. (*Aside*). Would it were the Countefs !

Derb. And hath accorded to your highness' suit.

K. Edw. Thou lyeſt : ſhe hath not ; but I would ſhe had.

Aud. All love and duty to my lord the king !

K. Edw. Well, all but one is none.—What news with you ?

Aud. I have, my liege, levied thoſe horſe and foot,
According to your charge, and brought them hither.

K. Edw. Then, let thoſe foot trudge hence upon thoſe
horſe,

According to our diſcharge ; and begone.

Derby, I'll look upon the Countefs' mind anon.

Derb. The Countefs' mind, my liege ?

K. Edw. I mean the Emperor's. Leave me alone.

Aud. What's in his mind ?

Derb. Let's leave him to his humour.

[*Exit DERBY with AUDLEY.*

K. Edw. Thus from the hearts abundance² ſpeaks the
tongue,

Countefs for emperor : and, indeed, why not ?

She is as imperator over me ; and I to her

Am as a kneeling vaſſal, that obſerves

The pleaſure or diſpleaſure of her eye.

² "Hearts abundant in the old copies.

Enter LODOWICK.

What says the more than Cleopatra's match
To Cæsar now?

Lod. That yet, my liege,
Ere night she will resolve your majesty.

[Drum heard within.]

K. Edw. What drum is this that thunders forth this
march,

To start the tender Cupid in my bosom?
Poor sheepskin! how it brawls with him that beateth it.
Go, break the thundering parchment bottom out,
And I will teach it to conduct sweet lines
Unto the bosom of a heavenly nymph;
For I will use it as my writing paper,
And so reduce him from a scolding drum
To be the herald, and dear counsel bearer,
Betwixt a goddess and a mighty king.
Go, bid the drummer learn to touch the lute,
Or hang him in the braces of his drum,
For now we think it an uncivil thing
To trouble heaven with such harsh resounds.

Away!

[Exit LODOWICK.]

The quarrel that I have requires no arms,
But these of mine; and these shall meet my foe
In a deep march of penetrable groans:
My eyes shall be my arrows, and my sighs
Shall serve me as the vantage of the wind.
To whirl away my sweetest artillery.
Ah! but alas, she wins the sun of me,
For that is she herself; and thence it comes
That poets term the wanton warrior blind:

But love hath eyes as judgment to his steps,
Till too much loved glory dazzles them.

Re-enter LODOWICK.

How now !

Lod. My liege, the drum that strook the lusty march
Stands with Prince Edward, your thrice valiant son.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD. [*LOD. retires.*]

K. Edw. I see the boy.—O ! how his mother's face,
Moulded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,
And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye,
Who being rich enough in seeing her,
Yet seeks elsewhere : and basest theft is that
Which cannot check itself on poverty.
Now boy, what news ?

P. Edw. I have assembled, my dear lord and father,
The choicest buds of all our English blood
For our affairs in France ; and here we come
To take direction from your majesty.

K. Edw. Still do I see in him delineate
His mother's visage : those his eyes are hers,
Who looking wistly on me made me blush ;
For faults against themselves give evidence.
Lust is a fire ; and men, like lanthorns, shew³
Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.
Away, loose silks of wavering vanity !
Shall the large limits of fair Britany
By me be overthrown ; and shall I not

³ men like lanthorns shew.] The old copies have "*me* like lanthorns", etc. Capell judiciously changed *me* to *men*, and *as* to "*is*" earlier in the line.

Master this little mansion of myself?
 Give me an armour of eternal steel!
 I go to conquer kings; and shall I, then,
 Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend?
 It must not be.—Come boy! forward, advance!
 Let's with our colours sweat the air of France!

Lod. My liege, the Countess, with a smiling cheer,
 Desires access unto your majesty. [*Coming forward.*]

K. Edw. Why, there it goes! that very smile of hers
 Hath ransom'd captive France, and set the king,
 The Dauphin and the peers at liberty.—
 Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy friends.

[*Exit PRINCE EDWARD.*]

Thy mother is but black; and thou, like her,
 Dost put into my mind how foul she is.
 [To LODOWICK.] Go, fetch the Countess hither in thy
 hand,

And let her chase away those winter clouds,
 For she gives beauty both to heaven and earth!

[*Exit LODOWICK.*]

The sin is more to hack and hew poor men,
 Than to embrace, in an unlawful bed,
 The register of all rarities⁴
 Since leathern Adam to this youngest hour.

Re-enter LODOWICK, leading the COUNTESS.

Go, Lodowick: put thy hand into thy purse;
 Play, spend, give, riot, waste: do what thou wilt,
 So thou wilt hence a while and leave me here.

[*Exit LODOWICK.*]

⁴ "Rarities" is the word in both the editions of 1596 and of 1599, but we may well doubt if the true word were not *varieties*.

Now, my foul's playfellow ! art thou come
To speak the more than heavenly word of "yea"
To my abjection⁵ in thy beauteous love ?

Count. My father, on his blessing, hath commanded——

K. Edw. That thou shalt yield to me ?

Count. Aye, dear my liege, your due.

K. Edw. And that, my dearest love, can be no less
Than right for right, and render love for love.

Count. Than wrong for wrong, and endless hate for hate.
But sith I see your majesty so bent,
That my unwillingness, my husband's love,
Your high estate, nor no respect respected,
Can be my help, but that your mightiness
Will overbear and awe these dear regards,
I bend⁶ my discontent to thy content,
And what I would not I'll compel, I will ;
Provided, that yourself remove those lets
That stand between your highness love and mine.

K. Edw. Name them, fair Countess, and, by heaven, I
will.

Count. It is their lives that stand between our love
That I would have choak'd up, my sovereign.

K. Edw. Whose lives, my lady ?

Count. My thrice loving liege,
Your queen, and Salisbury, my wedded husband,
Who living have that title in our love,
That we cannot bestow, but by their death.

⁵ "Abjection" is *objection* in the old copies, and so Capell reprinted it.

⁶ I *bend* my discontent. Both quartos read "I *bind* my discontent", etc. We ought also to read "to *thy* content", for "to my content" of the old copies.

K. Edw. Thy opposition is beyond our law.

Count. So is your desire. If the law
Can hinder you to execute the one,
Let it forbid you to attempt the other.
I cannot think you love me, as you say,
Unless you do make good what you have sworn.

K. Edw. No more : thy husband and my queen shall die.
Fairer thou art by far than Hero was,
Beardless Leander not so strong as I :
He sworn an easy current to his love,
But I will through a Hellespont of blood⁷
Arrive that Sestos where my Hero lies.

Count. Nay, you'll do more ; you'll make the river, too.
With their heart's blood that keep our love afinder,
Of which my husband and your wife are twain.

K. Edw. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,
And gives in evidence that they shall die ;
Upon which verdict I, their judge, condemn them.

Count. O perjur'd beauty ! more corrupted judge !
When to the great star-chamber o'er our heads
The universal sessions calls to count
This packing evil, we both shall tremble for it.

K. Edw. What says my fair love ? Is she resolute ?

⁷ "A Hellespont of blood" is "a *helly spout* of blood" in both quartos, and so Capell allowed it to remain, not seeing the allusion to the tale of Hero and Leander as Marlowe had translated it : it was not printed, as far as we know, until 1598. He thought, also, "*at Sestos*" preferable to "that Sestos", when the last shews us exactly the emphasis meant by Shakespeare, and no doubt given by Burbage, who, we may conclude, had the part of Edward III in or before 1596 :

"But I will through a Hellespont of blood
Arrive *that* Sestos where *my* Hero lies."

distinguishing them from the Sestos and the Hero of Musæus.

Count. Resolute to be dissolv'd, and therefore this.
Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine.
Stand where thou dost: I'll part a little from thee,
And see how I will yield me to thy hands.

[Shewing two daggers.]

Here by my side do hang my wedding knives:
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
And learn by me to find her where she lies;
And with the other I'll dispatch my love,
Which now lies fast asleep within my heart.
When they are gone, then I'll consent to love—
Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me:
My resolution is more nimbler far,
Than thy prevention can be in my rescue;
And if thou stir I'll strike: therefore stand still,
And hear the choice that I will put thee to.
Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit,
And never henceforth to solicit me,
Or else, by heaven, this sharp pointed knife
Shall stain thy earth with that which thou would'st stain,
My poor chaste blood. Swear, Edward, swear,
Or I will strike, and die before thee here.

K. Edw. Even by that power I swear, that gives me now
The power to be ashamed of myself,
I never mean to part my lips again
In any word that tends to such a suit.
Arise, true English lady! whom our isle
May better boast of than e'er Roman might
Of her, whose ranfack'd treasury hath tasked
The vain endeavour of so many pens.
Arise; and be my fault thy honour's fame,

Which after ages shall enrich thee with.
I am awaked from this idle dream.
Warwick, my son, Derby, Artois, and Audley !
Brave warriors all, where are you all this while.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD and LORDS.

Warwick, I make thee warden of the north.
You, Prince of Wales and Audley straight to sea;
Scour to Newhaven : some there stay for me :
Myself, Artois and Derby will through Flanders
To greet our friends there, and to crave their aid.
This night will scarce suffice me to discover
My folly's siege against a faithful lover ;
For ere the sun shall gild the eastern sky,
We'll wake him with our martial harmony.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French Camp in Flanders.

*Enter KING JOHN OF FRANCE, his two Sons, CHARLES
and PHILIP : DUKE OF LORRAINE, and others.*

K. John. Here, till our navy of a thousand fail
Have made a breakfast to our foe at sea,
Let us encamp, to wait their happy speed.
Lorraine, what readiness is Edward in ?
How hast thou heard that he provided is
Of martial furniture for this exploit ?

Lor. To lay aside unnecessary soothing,
And not to spend the time in circumstance,
'Tis bruited for a certainty, my lord,
That he's exceeding strongly fortified.

His subjects flock as willingly to war,
As if unto a triumph they were led.

P. Cha. England was wont to harbour malcontents,
Bloodthirsty and seditious Catalines,
Spendthrifts, and such as gape for nothing else
But change and alteration of the state;
And is it possible that they are now
So loyal in themselves?

Lor. All but the Scot; who solemnly protests,
As heretofore I have inform'd your grace,
Never to sheath his sword, or take a truce.

K. John. Ah! that's the anchorage of some better hope.
But on the other side, to think what friends
King Edward hath retain'd in Netherland,
Among those ever-bibbing epicures,
Those frothy Dutchmen, puff'd with double beer,
That drink and swill in every place they come,
Doth not a little aggravate mine ire:
Besides, we hear the Emperor conjoins,
And stalls him in his own authority.
But all the mightier that their number is,
The greater glory reaps the victory.
Some friends have we, beside domestic power;⁸
The stern Polonian, and the warlike Dane,
The kings of Boheme and of Sicily,
Are all become confederates with us,
And, as I think, are marching hither apace.

[Drums sound within.]

⁸ "Beside domestic power", is misprinted, absurdly, "*drumsticke* power" in the old copies. Capell's emendation.

But soft ! I hear the music of their drums,
By which I guess that their approach is near.

*Enter BOHEMIA and his forces ; together with DANES,
POLES, and MUSCOVITES.*

Boh. King John of France, as league and neighbourhood
Requires, when friends are any way distressed,
I come to aid thee with my country's force.

Pole. And from great Moscow, fearful to the Turk,
And lofty Poland, nurse of hardy men,
I bring these servitors to fight for thee,
Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

K. John. Welcome, Bohemian king ; and welcome all !
This your great kindness I will not forget.
Beside your plentiful rewards in crowns,
That from our treasury ye shall receive,
There comes a hare-brain'd nation, deck'd in pride,
The spoil of whom will be a treble gain.
And now my hope is full, my joy complete.
At sea we are as puissant as the force
Of Agamemnon in the haven of Troy ;
By land with Xerxes we compare of strength,
Whose soldiers drank up rivers in their thirst.
Then, Bayard-like, blind overweening Ned,
To reach at our imperial diadem,
Is either to be swallow'd of the waves,
Or hack'd a-pieces when thou com'st ashore.

Enter a MARINER.

Mar. Near to the coast I have descried, my lord,
As I was busy in my watchful charge,
The proud armado of King Edward's ships ;

Which at the first, far off when I did ken,
Seem'd, as it were, a grove of wither'd pines ;
But drawing near, their glorious bright aspect,
Their streaming ensigns wrought of colour'd filk
Like to a meadow, full of sundry flowers,
Adorns the naked bosom of the earth :
Majestical the order of their course,
Figuring the horned circle of the moon.
On the top-gallant of the admiral,
And likewise all the handmaids of his train,
The arms of England and of France unite
Are quarter'd equally by herald's art.
Thus tightly carried with a merry gale,
They plough the ocean hitherward amain.

K. John. Dare he already crop the flower de luce ?
I hope, the honey being gather'd thence,
He with the spider, afterward approached,
Shall suck forth deadly venom from the leaves.—
But where's our navy ? how are they prepared
To wing themselves against this flight of ravens ?

Mar. They, having knowledge brought them by the
scouts,
Did break from anchor straight, and puff'd with rage,
No otherwise than were their sails with wind,
Made forth ; as when the empty eagle flies
To satisfy his hungry griping maw.

K. John. There's for thy news. Return unto thy bark,
And if thou scape the bloody stroke of war,
And do survive the conflict, come again,
And let us hear the manner of the fight.

[*Exit* MARINER.]

Mean space, my lords, 'tis best we be disperfed
To feveral places, left they chance to land.
Firft you, my lord, with your Bohemian troops
Shall pitch your battles on the lower hand :
My eldeft fon, the Duke of Normandy,
Together with this aid of Mufcovites,
Shall climb the higher ground another way :
Here, in the middle coaft, betwixt you both,
Philip, my youngeft boy and I will lodge.
So, lords, begone, and look unto your charge :
You ftand for France, an empire fair and large.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE CHARLES, LORAINÉ, BOHEMIA,
and the other forces.]

Now tell me, Philip, what is thy conceit
Touching the challenge that the Englifh make ?

Phil. I fay, my lord, claim Edward what he can,
And bring he ne'er fo plain a pedigree,
'Tis you are in poffeffion of the crown,
And that's the fureft point of all the law.
But were it not, yet, ere he fhould prevail,
I'll make a conduit of my deareft blood,
Or chafe thofe ftaggling upstarts home again.

K. John. Well faid, young Philip ! Call for bread and
wine,

That we may cheer our ftomachs with repaft,
To look our foes more fternly in the face.

[*A table, etc., brought in.* KING JOHN *and* PHILIP
fit down to it. *Ordnance heard at a diftance.*]

Now is begun the heavy day at fea.
Fight, Frenchmen fight ! be like the field of bears,
When they defend their younglings in their caves.

Steer, angry Nemesis, the happy helm,
That with the sulphur battles of your rage
The English fleet may be disper'd and sunk.

[*Ordnance again heard.*]

Phil. O father ! how this echoing cannon shot,
Like sweete harmony, digests my cates.

K. John. Now, boy, thou hear'st what thundering terror 'tis
To buckle for a kingdom's sovereignty.
The earth with giddy trembling when it shakes,
Or when the exhalations of the air
Break in extremity of lightning flash,
Affrights not more than kings, when they dispose
To shew the rancour of their high-swol'n hearts.

[*Retreat sounded.*]

Retreat is sounded ! one side hath the worse :
O, if it be the French, sweet fortune, turn ;
And in thy turning change the froward winds,
That, with advantage of a favouring sky,
Our men may vanquish and the other fly.

Enter the MARINER.

My heart misgives—say, mirror of pale death,
To whom belongs the honour of the day ?
Relate, I pray thee, if thy breath will serve,
The sad discourse of this discomfiture.

Mar. I will, my lord.

My gracious sovereign, France hath ta'en the foil,
And boasting Edward triumphs with success.
These iron-hearted navies,
When last I was reporter to your grace,
Both full of angry spleen, of hope, and fear,
Hasting to meet each other in the face,

At last conjoin'd; and by their admiral
Our admiral encounter'd many shot:
By this the other, that beheld these twain
Give earnest penny of a further wreck,
Like fiery dragons took their haughty flight;
And likewise meeting, from their smoky wombs
Sent many grim ambassadors of death.
Then 'gan the day to turn to gloomy night,
And darkness did as well enclose the quick,
As those that were but newly reft of life.
No leisure serv'd for friends to bid farewell;
And if it had, the hideous noise was such,
As each to other seemed deaf and dumb.
Purple the sea, whose channel fill'd as fast
With streaming gore that from the maimed fell,
As did her gushing moisture break into
The cranny cleftures of the through shot planks.
Here flew a head dissever'd from the trunk;
There mangled arms and legs were toss'd aloft:
As when a whirlwind takes the summer dust,
And scatters it in middle of the air.
Then might you see the reeling vessels split,
And tottering sink into the ruthless flood,
Until their lofty tops were seen no more.
All shifts were tried both for defence and hurt;
And now the effects of valour and of fear
Of resolution and of cowardice,
Were lively pictur'd; how the one for fame,
The other by compulsion laid about.
Much did the *Nonperillo*, that brave ship;
So did the *Black Snake* of Boulogne, than which

A bonnier veffel never yet fspread fail.
But all in vain : both fun, the wind and tide
Revolted all unto our foeman's fide,
That we perforce were fain to give them way,
And they are landed. Thus my tale is done :
We have untimely loft, and they have won.

K. John. Then refts there nothing, but with prefent
 fpeed
To join our feveral forces all in one,
And bid them battle ere they range too far.—
Come, gentle Philip, let us hence depart :
This foldier's words have pierc'd thy father's heart.

SCENE II.

The plains near Crefsi, in Picardy.

*Enter a FRENCHMAN meeting others ; a WOMAN and two
 children laden with household ftuff.*

1 Fr. Well met, my mafters. How now, what's the
 news ?
And wherefore are you laden thus with ftuff ?
What ! is it quarter day, that you remove,
And carry bag and baggage, too ?
2 Fr. Quarter day, ay and quartering day, I fear.
Have you not heard the news that flies abroad ?
1 Fr. What news ?
3 Fr. How the French navy is deftroy'd at fea,
And that the Englifh army is arrived ?
1 Fr. What then ?
2 Fr. What then, quoth you ? Why is not time to flie,
When envy and deftruction are fo nigh ?

1 *Fr.* Content thee, man: they are far enough from
hence,

And will be met, I warrant you, to their cost,
Before they break so far into the realm.

2 *Fr.* Ay; so the grasshopper doth spend his time
In mirthful jollity, till winter come,
And then too late he would redeem his time,
When frozen cold hath nipt his careless head.
He that no sooner will provide a cloak,
Than when he feels it doth begin to rain,
May, peradventure, for his negligence
Be thoroughly wash'd when he suspects it not.
We that have charge, and such a train as this,
Must look in time to look for them and us,
Left when we would we cannot be relieved.

1 *Fr.* Belike then you despair of ill success,
And think your country will be subjugate.

3 *Fr.* We cannot tell: 'tis good to fear the worst.

1 *Fr.* Yet rather fight, than, like unnatural sons,
Forfake your loving parents in distress.

2 *Fr.* Tush! they that have already taken arms
Are many fearful millions, in respect
Of that small handful of our enemies.
But 'tis a rightful quarrel must prevail:
Edward is son unto our late king's sister,
When John Valois is three degrees removed.

Woman. Besides, there goes a prophecy abroad,
Publish'd by one that was a friar once,
Whose oracles have many times prov'd true;
And now he says "The time will shortly come,
When as a lion roused in the West,

Shall carry hence the flower de luce of France."
These, I can tell ye, and such like furmises
Strike many Frenchmen cold unto the heart.

Enter another FRENCHMAN, in haste.

4 *Fr.* Fly, countrymen and citizens of France!
Sweet flowering peace, the root of happy life,
Is quite abandon'd and expulf'd the land:
Instead of whom ranfack constraining war
Sits like to ravens on your houses' tops:
Slaughter and mischief walk within your streets,
And unrefrain'd make havoc as they pass.
The form whereof even now myself beheld
Upon this fair mountain whence I came;
For so far as I did direct mine eyes
I might perceive five cities all on fire.
Cornfields and vineyards burning like an oven,
And as the reeking⁹ vapour in the wind
Turned but aside, I likewise might discern
The poor inhabitants, escap'd the flame,
Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes.
Three ways these dreadful ministers of wrath
Do tread the measures of their tragic march:
Upon the right hand comes the conquering king;
Upon the left his hot unbridled son,
And in the midst our nation's glittering host;
All which, though distant, yet conspire in one
To leave a defolation where they come.
Fly, therefore, citizens, if you be wise:
Seek out some habitation further off;

⁹ "Reeking" is misprinted *leaking* in the quartos.

Here if you stay your wives will be abused,
Your treasure shar'd before your weeping eyes.
Shelter you yourselves, for now the storm doth rise.
Away, away ! methinks I hear their drums.
Ah wretched France ! I greatly fear thy fall :
Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

*The same. Drums. Enter KING EDWARD ; DERBY and
forces marching ; and GOBIN DE GREY.*

K. Edw. Where is the Frenchman, by whose cunning
guide

We found the shallow of the river Somme,
And had direction how to pass the sea ?

Gob. Here, my good lord.

K. Edw. How art thou called ? thy name ?

Gob. Gobin de Grey, if it please your excellence.

K. Edw. Then, Gobin, for the service thou hast done
We here enlarge and give thee liberty ;
And for a recompence, beside this good,
Thou shalt receive five hundred marks in gold.
I know not how, we should have met our son,
Whom now in heart I wish I might behold.

Enter ARTOIS.

Art. Good news, my lord : the Prince is hard at
hand ;
And with him comes Lord Audley and the rest,
Whom since our landing we could never meet.

*Drums found. Enter PRINCE EDWARD, AUDLEY,
and forces.*

K. Edw. Welcome, fair Prince! How hast thou sped,
my son,
Since thy arrival on the coast of France?

P. Edw. Successfully, I thank the gracious heavens.
Some of their strongest cities we have won,
As Harfleur, Loo, Crotage, and Charenton,
And others wasted, leaving at our heels
A wide apparent field, and beaten path
For solitariness to progress in.
Yet those that would submit we kindly pardoned;
For who in scorn refus'd our proffer'd peace
Endur'd the penalty of sharp revenge.

K. Edw. Ah France! why shouldst thou be thus obstinate
Against the kind embracement of thy friends?
How gently had we thought to touch thy breast,
And set our foot upon thy tender mould,
But that in froward and disdainful pride,
Thou, like a skittish and untamed colt,
Dost start aside, and strike us with thy heels.
But tell me, Ned, in all thy warlike course
Hast thou not seen the usurping king of France?

P. Edw. Yes, my good lord, and not two hours ago,
With full a hundred thousand fighting men
Upon the one side of the river's bank,
And I on the other: with his multitudes
I fear'd he would have cropt¹ our smaller power;
But happily, perceiving your approach,

¹ "Cropt" may of course be right; but it is probably a misprint for *coped*. In the preceding line, for *both* Capel properly read "with".

He hath withdrawn himself to Cressi plains,
Where, as it seemeth by his good array,
He means to bid us battle presently.

K. Edw. He shall be welcome: that's the thing we crave.

*Drums. Enter KING JOHN, CHARLES and PHILIP, his
sons, with BOHEMIA, LORRAINE, etc., and forces.*

K. John. Edward, know that John, the true king of
France,
Musing thou should'st encroach upon his land,
And in thy tyrannous proceeding slay
His faithful subjects, and subvert his towns,
Spits in thy face; and in this manner following
Upbraids thee with thy arrogant intrusion.
First, I condemn thee for a fugitive,
A thievish pirate, and a needy mate;
One that hath either no abiding place,
Or else, inhabiting some barren soil,
Where neither herb or fruitful grain is had,
Dost altogether live by pilfering.
Next, inasmuch thou hast infring'd thy faith,
Broke league and solemn covenant made with me,
I hold thee for a most pernicious wretch:
And last of all, although I scorn to cope
With one such, [so] inferior to myself,
Yet in respect thy thirst is all for gold,
Thy labour rather to be fear'd than loved,
To satisfy thy lust in either part,
Here am I come; and with me have I brought
Exceeding store of treasure, pearl and coin.
Leave, therefore, now to persecute the weak,

And armed, entering conflict with the armed,
Let it be seen, 'mongst other petty thefts,
How thou can'st win this pillage manfully.

K. Edw. If gall or wormwood have a pleasant taste,
Then is thy salutation honey-sweet ;
But as the one hath no such property,
So is the other most satirical.
Yet wot how I regard thy worthless taunts.
If thou have uttered them to foil my fame,
Or dim the reputation of my birth,
Know that thy wolfish barking cannot hurt :
If sily to insinuate with the world,
And with a strumpet's artificial line²
To paint thy vicious and deformed cause,
Be well assur'd the counterfeit will fade,
And in the end thy foul defects be seen.
But if thou did'st it to provoke me on,
As who should say I were but timorous,
Or coldly negligent did need a spur,
Bethink thyself how slack I was at sea ;
Now, since my landing, I have won no towns,
Enter'd no further but upon thy coast,
And there have ever since securely slept.
But if I have been otherwise employed,
Imagine, Valois, whether I intend
To skirmish not for pillage, but for the crown
Which thou dost wear ; and that I vow to have,
Or one of us shall fall into his grave.

P. Edw. Look not for cros invectives at our hands,

² "Strumpet's artificial line" may be right, but *hue* might easily be misread "line".

Or railing execrations of despight.
Let creeping serpents, hid in hollow banks,
Sting with their tongues : we have remorseless swords,
And they shall plead for us and our affairs.
Yet thus much briefly, by my father's leave :
As all the immodest poison of thy throat
Is scandalous and most notorious lies,
And our pretended quarrel is truly just,
So end the battle when we meet to-day,
May either of us prosper and prevail,
Or luckless curst³ receive eternal shame.

K. Edw. That needs no further question ; and I know
His conscience witnesseth it is my right.
Therefore, Valois, say wilt thou yet resign,
Before the sickles thrust into the corn,
Or that enkindled fury turn⁴ to flame.

K. John. Edward, I know what right thou hast in France;
And ere I basely will resign my crown,
This champain field shall be a pool of blood,
And all our prospect as a slaughter house.

P. Edw. Ay, that approves thee, tyrant, what thou art :
No father, king or shepherd of thy realm,
But one that tears her entrails with thy hands,
And, like a thirsty tiger, suck'eth her blood.

Aud. You peers of France, why do you follow him
That is so prodigal to spend your lives ?

P. Cha. Whom should they follow, aged impotent,
But him that is their true-born sovereign ?

K. Edw. Upbraid'eth thou him, because within his face

³ "Or luckless curst", possibly ought to be *crost*.

⁴ It is "*turn'd* to flame" in the original.

Time hath engrav'd deep characters of age ?
Know that these grave scholars of experience,
Like stiff-grown oaks, will stand immovable
When whirlwind quickly turns up younger trees.

Derb. Was ever any of thy father's house
King, but thyself, before this present time ?
Edward's great lineage, by the mother's side,
Five hundred years hath held the sceptre up.
Judge, then, conspirators, by this descent,
Which is the true-born sovereign, this or that ?

P. Phi. Father, range your battles : prate no more.
These English fain would spend the time in words,
That, night approaching, they might scape unfought.

K. John. Lords and my loving subjects, now's the time
That your intended force must bide the touch :
Therefore, my friends, consider this in brief.
He that you fight for is your natural king :
He against whom you fight a foreigner.
He that you fight for rules in clemency,
And reins you with a mild and gentle bit.
He against whom you fight, if he prevail,
Will straight enthrone himself in tyranny,
Make slaves of you, and with a heavy hand
Curtail and curb your sweetest liberty.
Then, to protect your country and your king
Let but the haughty courage of your hearts
Answer the number of your able hands,
And we shall quickly chase these fugitives.
For what's this Edward but a belly god,
A tender and lascivious wantonness,
That tother day was almost dead for love ?

And what, I pray you, is his goodly guard?
Such as, but scant them of their chines of beef,
And take away their downy feather beds,
And presently they are as resty stiff,
As twere a many over-ridden jades.
Then, Frenchmen, scorn that such should be your lords,
And rather bind ye them in captive bands.

Fre. Vive le roi! God save King John of France!

K. John. Now, on this plain of Cressy spread yourselves.
And, Edward, when thou dar'st, begin the fight.

[Exeunt K. JOHN, his friends and forces.]

K. Edw. We presently will meet thee, John of France.
And, English lords, let us resolve this day,
Either to clear us of that scandalous crime,
Or be entombed in our innocence.—
And, Ned, because this battle is the first
That ever yet thou fought'st in pitched field,
As ancient custom is of martialists,
To dub thee with the type of chivalry,
In solemn manner we will give thee arms.
Come, therefore, heralds: orderly bring forth
A strong attirement for the Prince, my son.

[Flourish. Enter four Herald with coat armour, helmet, lance and shield. The first Herald delivers the armour to K. EDWARD, who invests his son with it.]

K. Edw. Edward Plantaganet: in the name of God
As with this armour I impall thy breast,
So be thy noble unrelenting heart
Wall'd in with flint of matchless fortitude,

That never base affections enter there.
Fight and be valiant : conquer where thou comest !—
Now, follow lords, and do him honour too.

Derby (with the helmet.) Edward Plantagenet, Prince of
Wales,

As I do fet this helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of thy brain is fenced,
So may thy temples with Bellona's hand
Be still adorn'd with laurel victory.
Fight and be valiant : conquer where thou comest !

Aud. (with the lance.) Edward Plantagenet, Prince of
Wales,

Receive this lance into thy manlike hand :
Use it in fashion of a brazen pen,
To draw forth bloody stratagems in France,
And print thy valiant deeds in honour's book.
Fight and be valiant : conquer where thou comest !

Art. (with the shield.) Edward Plantagenet, Prince of
Wales,

Hold : take this target, wear it on thy arm ;
And may the view thereof, like Perseus' shield,
Astonish and transform thy gazing foes
To senseless images of meager death.
Fight and be valiant : conquer where thou comest !

K. Edw. Now wants there nought but knighthood, which
deferred

We leave, till thou hast won it in the field.

P. Edw. My gracious father, and ye forward peers,
This honour you have done me animates,
And cheers my green yet scarce appearing strength
With comfortable good prefaging signs :

No otherwise than did old Jacob's words,
When as he breathed his blessings on his sons.
These hallow'd gifts of yours when I prophane,
Or use them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherless and poor,
Or for the benefit of England's peace,
Be numb my joints, wax feeble both mine arms,
Wither my heart! that, like a sapless tree,
I may remain the map of infamy!

K. Edw. Then, thus our steeled battle shall be rang'd.
The leading of the vaward, Ned, is thine;
To dignify whose lusty spirit the more,
We temper it with Audley's gravity,
That courage and experience join'd in one,
Your manage may be second unto none.
For the main battles I will guide myself;
And Derby in the rereward march behind.
That orderly dispos'd and set in ray,
Let us to horse; and God grant us the day!

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV.

The Plains of Cressy. Alarums. Enter many Frenchmen, flying, the PRINCE and English pursuing; and exeunt omnes. Enter K. JOHN and LORAINÉ.

K. John. O Lorainé! say, what mean our men to fly?
Our number is far greater than our foes.

Lor. The garrison of Genoese, my lord,
That came from Paris, weary with their march,
Grudging to be so suddenly employed,

No sooner in the forefront took their place,
But straight retiring so dismayed the rest,
As likewise they betook themselves to flight :
In which, for haste to make a safe escape,
More in the clustering throng are pressed to death,
Than by the enemy a thousand fold.

K. John. O hapless fortune ! Let us yet essay
If we can counsel some of them to stay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Drums. Enter KING EDWARD and AUDLEY.

K. Edw. Lord Audley, while our son is in the chase,
Withdraw your powers unto this little hill ;
And here a season let us breathe ourselves.

Aud. I will, my lord. [*Exit. Retreat sounded.*

K. Edw. Just dooming heaven, whose secret providence
To our gross judgment is inscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That hast this day given way unto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at themselves !

Enter ARTOIS, in great haste.

Art. Rescue, King Edward ! rescue for thy son !

K. Edw. Rescue, Artois ? What ! is he prisoner,
Or by violence fell beside his horse ?

Aud. Neither, my lord ; but narrowly beset
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did pursue,
As 'tis impossible that he should scape,
Except your highness presently descend.

K. Edw. Tut ! let him fight : we gave him arms to-day,
And he is labouring for a knighthood, man.

Enter DERBY, in all haste.

Derb. The prince, my lord ! the prince ! O, succour him !
He's close encompass'd with a world of odds.

K. Edw. Then will he win a world of honour, too,
If he by valour can redeem him thence ;
If not, what remedy ? We have more sons
Than one to comfort our declining age.

Re-enter AUDLEY, in haste.

Aud. Renowned Edward, give me leave, I pray,
To lead my foldiers where I may relieve
Your grace's son, in danger to be slain.
The snares of French, like emmets on a bank,
Muster about him ; whilst he, lion-like,
Entangled in the net of their assaults,
Franticly rends and bites the woven toil ;
But all in vain : he cannot free himself.

K. Edw. Audley content : I will not have a man,
On pain of death, sent forth to succour him.
This is the day ordain'd by destiny
To season his courage with those grievous thoughts,
That if he breath out⁵ Nestor's years on earth
Will make him favour still of this exploit.

Derb. Ah ! but he shall not live to see those days.

K. Edw. Why then, his epitaph is lasting praise.

Aud. Yet, my good lord, 'tis too much wilfulness,
To let his blood be spilt that may be saved.

K. Edw. Exclaim no more ; for none of you can tell

⁵ "That if he breath out" is *breaketh* out, in the copies of 1596 and 1599, which Capell preserved : the previous line he prints thus, and it may be right, "To season his *green* courage, etc."

Whether a borrow'd aid will serve, or no.
Perhaps he is already slain or ta'en :
And dare a falcon when she's in her flight,
And ever after she'll be haggard-like.
Let Edward be deliver'd by our hands,
And still in danger he'll expect the like ;
But if himself himself redeem from thence,
He will have vanquish'd, cheerful, death and fear,
And ever after dread their force no more,
Than if they were but babes, or captive slaves.

Aud. O cruel father ! Farewel Edward, then.

Derby. Farewel, sweet Prince, the hope of chivalry !

Edw. But soft ! methinks I hear
The dismal charge of trumpets loud retreat.

[Retreat sounded.]

All are not slain, I hope, that went with him :
Some will return with tidings, good or bad.

[Flourish. Enter PRINCE EDWARD in triumph, bearing in his hand his shivered lance : his sword and battered armour carried before him, and the body of the KING OF BOHEMIA, wrapt in the colours. The Lords rush to embrace him.]

Aud. O joyful sight ! Victorious Edward lives !

Derb. Welcome, brave Prince !

K. Edw. Welcome, Plantagenet ! *[Embracing him.]*

P. Edw. First having done my duty as befeemed,
[Kneeling and kissing his father's hand.]

Lords, I regret you all with hearty thanks.
And now behold, after my winter's toil,
My painful voyage on the boist'rous sea

Of war's devouring gulfs and steely rocks,
I bring my fraught unto the wished port,
My summer's hope, my travel's sweet reward.
And here with humble duty I present
This sacrifice, the first fruit of my sword,
Cropp'd and cut down even at the gate of death.
The King of Boheme, father, whom I flew;
Who you said had entrench'd me round about,
And lay as thick upon my batter'd crest,
As on an anvil, with their ponderous glaives.
Yet marble courage still did underprop;
And when my weary arms with often blows,
Like the continual labouring woodman's axe,
That is enjoin'd to fell a load of oaks,
Would recover, straight I would remember
My gifts you gave me, and my zealous vow :
And then new courage made me fresh again ;
That in despite I carv'd my passage forth,
And put the multitude to speedy flight.
Lo ! thus has Edward's hand fill'd your request,
And done, I hope, the duty of a knight.

K. Edw. Ay, well thou hast deserv'd a knighthood, Ned ;
And therefore with thy sword, yet reeking warm

*[Taking it from a Soldier, and laying it on the
shoulder of the kneeling PRINCE.]*

With blood of those who fought to be thy bane,
Arise, Prince Edward, trusty knight in arms.
This day thou hast confounded me with joy,
And prov'd thyself fit heir unto a king.

P. Edw. Here is a note, my gracious lord, of those
That in this conflict of our foes were slain :

Eleven princes of esteem ; fourscore
Barons ; a hundred and twenty knights,
And thirty thousand private foldiers ;
And of our men a thousand.

K. Edw. Our God be praif'd !—Now, John of France, I
hope
Thou know'st King Edward for no wantonnefs,
No love-sick cockney, nor his foldiers jades.
But which way is the fearful king efcaped ?

P. Edw. Towards Poitiers, noble father, and his fons.

K. Edw. Ned, thou and Audley fhall purfue them ftill ;
Myfelf and Derby will to Calais ftraight,
And there begirt that haven town with fiege.
Now lies it on an upshot : therefore ftrike,
And wiftly follow while the game's on foot.
What picture's this ? *[Pointing to the colours.]*

P. Edw. A pelican, my lord,
Wounding her bofom with her crooked beak,
That fo her neft of young ones may be fed
With drops of blood that iffue from her heart ;
The motto, *Sic et vos*—"And fo fhould you."
[Flourish. Exeunt omnes in triumph.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Brittany. The English Camp.

*Enter SALISBURY, and MONTFORT, the latter attended, with
a coronet in his hand.*

Mont. My lord of Salisbury, fince by your aid
Mine enemy, Sir Charles of Blois, is flain,

And I again am quietly possessed
In Bretagne's dukedom, know that I resolve,
For this kind furtherance of your king and you,
To swear allegiance to his majesty :
In sign whereof receive this coronet ;
Bear it unto him, and, withal, my oath,
Never to be but Edward's faithful friend.

Sal. I take it, Montfort. Thus I hope, ere long,
The whole dominions of the realm of France
Will be surrendered to his conquering hand.

[*Exeunt MONTFORT and followers.*]

Now, if I knew but safely how to pass,
I would at Calais gladly meet his grace,
Whither, I am by letters certified,
That he intends to have his host removed.
It shall be so : this policy will serve.—
Ho ! who's within ?—Bring Villiers to me.

[*VILLIERS brought in.*]

Villiers, thou know'st thou art my prisoner,
And that I might for ransom, if I would,
Require of thee an hundred thousand franks,
Or else retain, and keep thee captive still :
But so it is, that, for a smaller charge,
Thou may'st be quit, an if thou wilt thyself.
And this it is : Procure me but a passport
Of Charles, the Duke of Normandy, that I
Without restraint may have recourse to Calais,
Through all the countries where he hath to do :
Which thou may'st easily obtain, I think,
By reason I have often heard thee say,
He and thou were students once together,

And then thyself shall be at liberty.

How say'st thou? wilt thou undertake to do it?

Vill. I will, my lord; but I must speak with him.

Sal. Why, so thou shalt: take horse and post from hence.
Only before thou go'st, swear by thy faith,
That if thou canst not compass my desire,
Thou wilt return, my prisoner, back again;
And that shall be sufficient warrant for thee.

Vill. To that condition I agree, my lord,
And will unfeignedly perform the same.

Sal. Farewel, Villiers. [Exit VILLIERS.]
Thus once I mean to try a Frenchman's faith.

SCENE II.

Picardy, and the English Camp near Calais.

Enter KING EDWARD, DERBY and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Since they refuse our proffer'd league, my lord,
And will not open the gates and let us in,
We will intrench ourselves on every side,
That neither victuals, nor supply of men
May come to succour this accursed town:
Famine shall combat where our swords are stopt.

Derb. The promis'd aid, that made them stand aloof,
Is now retir'd, and gone another way:
It will repent them of their stubborn will.

Enter divers poor FRENCHMEN.

But what are these poor ragged slaves, my lord?

K. Edw. Ask what they are: it seems they come from
Calais.

Derb. You wretched patterns of despair and woe,

K

What are ye? living men, or gliding ghosts,
Crept from your graves to walk upon the earth?

1 *Fr.* No ghosts, my lord, but men that breath a life
Far worse than is the quiet sleep of death.
We are distressed poor inhabitants
That long have been diseased, sick, and lame;
And now, because we are not fit to serve,
The captain of the town hath thrust us forth,
That for expense of victuals may be saved.

K. Edw. A charitable deed no doubt, and worthy
praise.

But how do you imagine then to speed?
We are your enemies: in such a case
We can no less but put you to the sword,
Since, when we proffer'd truce, it was refused.

2 *Fr.* An if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,
As welcome death is unto us as life.

K. Edw. Poor silly men, much wrong'd and more
distressed!

Go, Derby, go, and see they be relieved;
Command that victuals be appointed them,
And give to every one five crowns apiece.

[*Exeunt* DERBY and FRENCHMEN.]

The lion scorns to touch the yielding prey,
And Edward's sword must fresh⁶ itself in such
As wilful stubbornness hath made perverse.

Enter the LORD PERCY.

Lord Percy, welcome! What's the news from England?

⁶ "Must fresh itself": so in both quartos of 1596 and 1599, but, possibly, a misprint for *flesh*.

Per. The queen, my lord, commends her⁷ to your grace,
And from her highness, and the lord vice-gerent,
I bring this happy tidings of success.
David of Scotland, lately up in arms,
(Thinking, belike, he soonest should prevail,
Your highness being absent from the realm)
Is by the faithful service of your peers,
And painful travel of the queen herself,
That, big with child, was every day in arms,
Vanquish'd, subdued, and taken prisoner.

K. Edw. Thanks, Percy, for thy news with all my heart.
What was he took him prisoner in the field?

Per. A squire, my lord; John Copland is his name,
Who since, entreated by her majesty,
Denies to make surrender of his prize
To any, but unto your grace alone:
Whereat the queen is grievously displeased.

K. Edw. Well then, we'll have a pursuivant dispatched,
To summon Copland hither out of hand;
And with him he shall bring his prisoner king.

Per. The queen's, my lord, herself by this at sea,
And purposeth, as soon as wind will serve,
To land at Calais and to visit you.

K. Edw. She shall be welcome; and to wait her
coming,
I'll pitch my tent near to the sandy shore.

Enter a FRENCH CAPTAIN.

F. Capt. The burgeses of Calais, mighty king,
Have by a council willingly decreed

⁷ "Commends her." Comes here, in the old copies. Capell's emendation, but perhaps not absolutely necessary.

To yield the town and castle to your hands,
Upon condition, it will please your grace
To grant them benefit of life and goods.

K. Edw. They will so : then, belike, they may command,
Dispose, elect, and govern as they list.
No, firrah : tell them, since they did refuse
Our princely clemency at first proclaimed,
They shall not have it now, although they would.
I will accept of nought but fire and sword,
Except, within these two days, six of them
That are the wealthiest merchants in the town,
Come naked all but for their linen shirts,
With each a halter hang'd about his neck,
And prostrate yield themselves upon their knees,
To be afflicted, hang'd, or what I please.
And so you may inform their masterhips.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD and PERCY.]

F. Capt. Why this it is to trust a broken staff.
Had we not been persuaded, John our king
Would with his army have reliev'd the town,
We had not stood upon defiance so.
But now 'tis past that no man can recall ;
And better some do go to wrack than all. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Poitou.*

*The French Camp in the fields near Poitiers. The Tent of
the DUKE OF NORMANDY.*

Enter PRINCE CHARLES and VILLIERS.

P. Cha. I wonder, Villiers, thou should'st importune me
For one that is our deadly enemy.

Vil. Not for his fake, my gracious lord, so much
Am I become an earnest advocate,
As that thereby my ransom will be quit.

P. Cha. Thy ransom, man! Why needst thou talk of that?
Art thou not free? and are not all occasions
That happen for advantage of our foes,⁸
To be accepted of, and stood upon?

Vil. No, good my lord, except the same be just;
For profit must with honour be commixed,
Or else our actions are but scandalous.
But letting pass these intricate objections,
Wilt please your highness to subscribe or no?

P. Cha. Villiers, I will not, nor I cannot do it:
Salisbury shall not have his will so much
To claim a passport how it pleaseth himself.

Vil. Why, then I know the extremity, my lord:
I must return to prison, whence I came.

P. Cha. Return! I hope thou wilt not.
What bird that hath escap'd the fowler's gin,
Will not beware how she's ensnar'd again?
Or what is he so senseless and secure,
That having hardly pass'd a dangerous gulf,
Will put himself in peril there again?

Vil. Ah! but it is my oath, my gracious lord,
Which I in conscience may not violate,
Or else a kingdom should not draw me hence.

P. Cha. Thine oath? why, that doth bind thee to abide.
Hast thou not sworn obedience to thy prince?

Vil. In all things that uprightly he commands:

⁸ "For advantage of our foes." Ought we not to read, "For advantage *over* foes"? Both quartos, however, agree with our text.

But either to persuade or threaten me
Not to perform the covenant of my word
Is lawless, and I need not to obey.

P. Cha. Why, is it lawful for a man to kill,
And not to break a promise with his foe?

Vil. To kill, my lord, when war is once proclaimed,
So that our quarrel be for wrongs received,
No doubt, is lawfully permitted us;
But in an oath we must be well advised
How we do swear; and when we once have sworn,
Not to infringe it though we die therefore.
Therefore, my lord, as willing I return
As if I were to fly to paradise. [*Going.*

P. Cha. Stay, my Villiers! Thy honourable mind
Deserves to be eternally admired.
Thy suit shall be no longer thus deferred:
Give me the paper, I'll subscribe to it. [*Signing it.*
And wheretofore I lov'd thee as Villiers,
Hereafter I'll embrace thee as myself.
Stay, and be still in favour with thy lord.

Vil. I humbly thank your grace. I must dispatch,
And send this passport first unto the earl,
And then I will attend your highness' pleasure. [*Exit.*

P. Cha. Do so, Villiers: and Charles when he hath need,
Be such his foldiers, howsoever he speed.

Enter KING JOHN.

K. John. Come, Charles, and arm thee. Edward is en-
trapped:
The Prince of Wales has fallen in our hands,
And we have compass'd him. He cannot scape.

P. Cha. But will your highness fight to-day?

K. John. What else, my son? He's scarce eight thousand strong,

And we are three score thousand at the least.

P. Cha. I have a prophesy, my gracious lord,
Wherein is written what success is like
To happen us in this outrageous war:
It was delivered me at Cressy field,
By one that is an aged hermit there.

[*Reads.*

"When feather'd fowl shall make thine army tremble,
And flint stones rise, and break the battle ray,
Then think on him that doth not now dissemble;
For that shall be the hapless dreadful day:
Yet in the end, thy foot thou shalt advance
As far in England, as thy foe in France."

K. John. By this, it seems, we shall be fortunate;
For as it is impossible that stones
Should ever rise, and break the battle ray,
Or airy fowl make men in arms to quake,
So is it like we shall not be subdued.
Or say, this might be true, yet in the end,
Since he doth promise we shall drive him hence,
And forage their country as they have done ours,
By this revenge that loss will seem the less.
But all are frivolous fancies, toys and dreams:
Once we are sure we have ensnar'd the son,
Catch we the father after how we can.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The English Camp near Poitiers.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, AUDLEY, and others.

P. Edw. Audley, the arms of death embrace us round,

And comfort have we none, save that to die
We pay our earnest for a sweeter life.
At Cressy field our clouds of warlike smoke
Choak'd up those French mouths, and dissever'd them ;
But now their multitudes of millions hide,
Masking, as 'twere, the beauteous burning fun,
Leaving no hope to us but fullen dark,
And eyeless terror of all ending night.

Aud. This sudden, mighty, and expedient head
That they have made, fair prince, is wonderful.
Before us in the valley lies the king,
Vantage'd with all that heaven and earth can yield ;
His party stronger battled than our whole :
His son, the braving Duke of Normandy,
Hath trimm'd the mountain on our right hand up
In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill
Shews like a silver quarry, or an orb ;
Aloft the which the banners, bannerets,
And new replenish'd pendants cuff the air,
And beat the winds, that for their gaudiness
Struggle to kiss them : on our left hand lies
Philip, the younger issue of the king,
Coating the other hill in such array,
That all his gilded upright pikes do seem
Strait trees of gold,⁹ with pendant leaves,
And their device of antique heraldry,
Quarter'd in colours, seeming sundry fruits,
Makes it the orchard of the Hesperides.

⁹ "Straight trees of gold with pendant leaves". In the original editions "with" is *the*, and Capell added *streamers* to make up the measure of the line.

Behind us, too, the hill doth bear¹ his height
(For like a half moon, opening but one way,
It rounds us in); there at our backs are lodged
The fatal cros-bows; and the battle there
Is govern'd by the rough Chatillion.
Then, thus it stands: the valley for our fight
The king binds in; the hills on either hand
Are proudly royalized by his sons;
And on the hill behind stands certain death
In pay and service with Chatillion.

P. Edw. Death's name is much more mighty than his
deeds:

Thy parcelling this power hath made it more.
As many sands as these my hand can hold
Are but my handful of so many sands:
Then all the world, and call it but one power,
Easily ta'en up, and quickly thrown away:
But if I stand to count them, sand by sand,
The number would confound my memory,
And make a thousand millions of a task,
Which, briefly, is no more indeed than one.
These quarters, squadrons, and these regiments,
Before, behind us, and on either hand,
Are but a power. When we name a man,
His hand, his foot, his head have several strengths;
And being all but one self instant strength,
Why, all this many, Audley, is but one,
And we can call it all but one man's strength.
He that hath far to go, tells it by miles;

¹ "the hill doth *bear* his height": perhaps "*rear* his height", but alteration is not required.

If he should tell the steps, it kills his heart.
The drops are infinite that make a flood,
And yet, thou know'st, we call it but a rain.
There is but one France, one King of France,
That France has no more kings, and that same king
Hath but the puissant legion of one king ;
And we have one. Then, apprehend no odds,
For one to one is fair equality.

Enter a HERALD.

What tidings, messenger ? Be plain and brief.

Her. The King of France, my sovereign lord and master,
Greeteth by me his foe, the Prince of Wales,
If thou call² forth an hundred men of name,
Of lords, knights, squires and English gentlemen,
And with thyself and those kneel at his feet,
He straight will fold his bloody colours up,
And ransom shall redeem lives forfeited :
If not, this day shall drink more English blood,
Than e'er was buried in our British earth.
What is the answer to his proffer'd mercy ?

P. Edw. This heaven that covers France contains the
mercy
That draws from me submissive orisons ;
That such base breath should vanish from my lips
To urge the plea of mercy to a man,
The Lord forbid.—Return, and tell thy king,
My tongue is made of steel, and it shall beg
My mercy on his coward burgonet :

² “ If thou call forth”: so the old text, but possibly we ought to read *cull* for “call”. The preceding line only requires “greeteth” for *greet*: Capell printed “Greet thus”, etc.

Tell him, my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our English arms as strong.
Return him my defiance in his face.

Her. I go.

[*Exit* HERALD.]

Enter a second HERALD.

P. Edw. What news with thee ?

Her. The Duke of Normandy, my lord and master,
Pitying thy youth is so engirt with peril,
By me hath sent a nimble-jointed jennet,
As swift as ever yet thou didst bestride,
And therewithal he counsels thee to fly,
Else death himself hath sworn that thou shalt die.

P. Edw. Back with the beast unto the beast that sent
him,

Tell him, I cannot fit a coward's horse :
Bid him to-day bestride the jade himself,
For I will stain my horse quite o'er with blood,
And double gild my spurs but I will catch him.
So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone.

[*Exit* HERALD.]

Enter a third HERALD.

Her. Edward of Wales: Philip, the second son
To the most mighty Christian King of France,
Seeing thy body's living date expired,
All full of charity and christian love,
Commends this book, full fraught with prayers,
To thy fair hand; and for thy hour of life
Entreats thee that thou meditate therein,
And arm thy soul for her long journey towards.
Thus have I done his bidding, and return.

P. Edw. Herald of Philip, greet thy lord from me.

All good that he can send I can receive ;
But think'st thou not, the unadvised boy
Hath wrong'd himself in thus far tendering me ?
Haply, he cannot pray without the book ;
I think him no divine extemporal :
Then, render back this common-place of prayer
To do himself good in adversity.
Besides, he knows not my sin's quality,
And therefore knows no prayers for my avail.
Ere night his prayer may be, to pray to God
To put it in my heart to hear his prayer :
So tell the courtly wanton, and begone.

Her. I go.

[*Exit* HERALD.]

P. Edw. How confident their strength and number
makes them.

Now, Audley, found those silver wings of thine,
And let those milk-white messengers of time
Shew thy time's learning in this dangerous time.
Thyself art bruif'd and bit with many broils,³
And stratagems forepast with iron pens
Are texted in thine honourable face :
Thou art a married man in this distress,
But danger woos me as a blushing maid.
Teach me an answer to this perilous time.

Aud. To die is all as common as to live ;
The one in choice the other holds in chase ;
For from the instant we begin to live
We do pursue, and hunt the time to die.
First bud we, then we blow, and after seed ;

³ "bruif'd and bit with many broils." The old editions read *busie and bit* : Capell's emendation was *bruif'd and bent*.

Then presently we fall ; and as a shade
Follows the body, so we follow death.
If, then, we hunt for death, why do we fear it ?
If we fear it, why do we follow it ?
If we do fear, with fear we do but aid
The thing we fear to seize on us the sooner :
If we fear not, then no resolved proffer
Can overthrow the limit of our fate :
For whether ripe or rotten, drop we shall,
As we do draw the lottery of our doom.

P. Edw. Ah, good old man ! a thousand thousand
armours

These words of thine have buckled on my back.
Ah ! what an idiot thou hast made of life,
To seek the thing it fears ; and how disgraced
The imperial victory of murdering death,
Since all the lives his conquering arrows strike
Seek him, and he not them, to shame his glory.
I will not give a penny for a life,
Nor half a halfpenny to shun grim death ;
Since for to live is but to seek to die,
And dying but beginning of new life.
Let come the hour when he that rules it will,
To live or die I hold indifferent.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The French Camp.

Enter KING JOHN *and* PRINCE CHARLES.

K. John. A sudden darkness hath defac'd the sky,
The winds are crept into their caves for fear :

The leaves move not, the world is hush'd and still,
The birds cease finging, and the wandering brooks
Murmur no wonted greeting to their shores.
Silence attends some wonder, and expecteth
That heaven should pronounce some prophesy.
Where, or from whom proceeds this silence, Charles?

P. Cha. Our men with open mouths and staring eyes
Look on each other, as they did attend
Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks :
A tongue-tied fear hath made a midnight hour,
And speeches sleep through all the waking regions.

K. John. But now the pompous fun in all his pride
Look'd through his golden coach upon the world,
And on a sudden hath he hid himself,
That now the under earth is as a grave,
Dark, deadly, silent, and uncomfortable.

[*Croaking of ravens heard.*]

Hark ! what a deadly outcry do I hear ?

P. Cha. Here comes my brother Philip.

K. John. All dismayed.

Enter PHILIP.

What fearful words are those thy looks presage ?

Phi. A flight ! a flight !

K. John. Coward, what flight ? Thou lyeft ; there needs
no flight.

Phi. A flight !

K. John. Awake thy craven powers, and tell on
The substance of that very fear, indeed,
Which is so ghastly printed in thy face.
What is the matter ?

Phi. A flight of ugly ravens

Do croak and hover o'er our foldiers' heads,
And keep in triangles and corner'd squares
Right as our forces are embatteled.
With their approach there came this sudden fog
Which now hath hid the airy floor of heaven,
And made at noon a night unnatural
Upon the quaking and dismayed world.
In brief, our foldiers have let fall their arms,
And stand like metamorphof'd images,
Bloodless and pale, one gazing on another.

K. John. Ay, now I call to mind the prophesy.
But I must give no entrance to a fear.
Return, and hearten up those yielding souls.
Tell them, the ravens, seeing them in arms,
So many fair against a famish'd few,
Come but to dine upon their handy-work,
And prey upon the carrion that they kill :
For when we see a horse laid down to die,
Although not dead, the ravenous birds
Sit watching the departure of his life :
Even so these ravens, for the carcases
Of those poor English that are mark'd to die,
Hover about ; and if they cry to us,
'Tis but for meat that we must kill for them.
Away ! and comfort up my foldiers,
And sound the trumpets, and at once dispatch
This little business of a silly fraud.

[*Exit PHILIP.*

[*Noise within.*

Enter a FRENCH CAPTAIN, with SALISBURY, a prisoner.

Fr. Cap. Behold, my liege, this knight and forty mo',
Of whom the better part are slain and fled,

With all endeavour fought to break our ranks,
And make their way to the encompass'd prince.
Dispose of him as please your majesty.

K. John. Go, and the next bough, foldier, that thou seest
Disgrace it with his body presently ;
For I do hold a tree in France too good
To be the gallows of an English thief.

Sal. My lord of Normandy, I have your pafs,
And warrant for my safety through this land.

P. Cha. Villiers procur'd it for thee, did he not ?

Sal. He did.

P. Cha. And it is current : thou shalt freely pafs.

K. John. Ay, freely to the gallows to be hanged,
Without denial or impediment.

Away with him !

P. Cha. I hope your highness will not so disgrace me,
And dash the virtue of my seal at arms.
He hath my never broken name to shew,
Character'd with this princely hand of mine ;
And rather let me leave to be a prince
Than break the stable verdict of a prince.
I do beseech you, let him pafs in quiet.

K. John. Thou and thy word lie both in my command :
What can'st thou promise that I cannot break ?
Which of these twain is greater infamy,
To disobey thy father, or thyself ?
Thy word, nor no man's, may exceed his power ;
Nor that same man doth never break his word,
That keeps it to the utmost of his power.
The breach of faith dwells in the foul's consent,
Which if thyself without consent do break,

Thou art not charged with the breach of faith.
Go hang him, for thy license lies in me,
And my constraint stands the excuse for thee.

P. Cha. What! am I not a soldier in my word?
Then, arms adieu, and let them fight that list.
Shall I not give my girdle from my waist,
But with a guardian I shall be controlled
To say I may not give my things away?
Upon my soul, had Edward, Prince of Wales,
Engag'd his word, writ down his noble hand,
For all your knights to pass his father's land,
The royal king, to grace his warlike son,
Would not alone safe conduct give to them,
But with all bounty feasted them and theirs.

K. John. Dwell'st thou on precedents? Then be it so.—
Say, Englishman, of what degree thou art.

Sal. An earl in England, though a prisoner here,
And those that know me call me Salisbury.

K. John. Then Salisbury, say, whither thou art bound?

Sal. To Calais, where my liege, King Edward, is.

K. John. To Calais, Salisbury? Then to Calais pack,
And bid the king prepare a noble grave
To put his princely son, Black Edward, in.
And as thou travel'st westward from this place,
Some two leagues hence there is a lofty hill
Whose top seems toplefs, for the embracing sky
Doth hide his high head in her azure bosom;
Upon whose tall top when thy foot attains,
Look back upon the humble vale below
(Humble of late, but now made proud with arms),
And thence behold the wretched Prince of Wales

Hoop'd with a band of iron round about.
After which fight to Calais spur amain,
And say the Prince was smother'd, and not slain :
And tell the king this is not all his ill,
For I will greet him ere he thinks I will.
Away, begone ! The smoke but of our shot
Will choke our foes, though bullets hit them not.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE VI.

A Field of Battle. Alarums and skirmishing.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD and ARTOIS.

Art. How fares your grace ? Are you not shot, my lord ?

P. Edw. No, dear Artois, but chok'd with dust and smoke,
And stept aside for breath and fresher air.

Art. Breathe, then, and to't again. The amazed French
Are quite distract with gazing on the crows ;
And were our quivers full of shafts again,
Your grace should see a glorious day of this.
O, for more arrows, Lord ! that is our want.

P. Edw. Courage, Artois ! a fig for feather'd shafts,
When feather'd fowls do bandy on our side.
What need we fight, and sweat, and keep a coil,
When railing crows out-scold our adversaries ?
Up, up Artois ! the ground itself is armed
With fire-containing⁴ flint : command our bows

⁴ The preposition *with* was inserted by Capell.

To hurl away their pretty colour'd yew,
And to't with stones. Away, Artois, away !
My foul doth prophesy we win the day. *[Exeunt.*
[Alarums and skirmishing.

Enter KING JOHN.

K. John. Our multitudes are in themselves confounded,
Dismayed and distraught. Swift-starting fear
Hath buzz'd a cold dismay through all our army,
And every petty disadvantage prompts
The fear-possessed abject soul to fly.
Myself, whose spirit is steel to their dull lead,
(What with recalling of the prophesy,
And that our native stones from English arms
Rebel against us) find myself attainted
With strong surprise of weak and yielding fear.

Enter PRINCE CHARLES.

P. Cha. Fly, father, fly ! The French do kill the French !
Some that would stand let drive at some that fly :
Our drums strike nothing but discouragement,
Our trumpets sound dishonour and retire !
The spirit of fear that feareth nought but death,
Cowardly works confusion on itself.

Enter Prince PHILIP.

P. Phi. Pluck out your eyes, and see not this day's
shame !
An arm hath beat an army : one poor David
Hath with a stone foil'd twenty stout Goliahs :
Some twenty naked starvelings with small flints
Have driven back a puissant host of men,
Array'd and fenc'd in all complements.

K. John. Mordieu ! they quoit at us, and kill us up.
No less than forty thousand wicked elders
Have forty lean slaves this day stoned to death.

P. Cha. O, that I were some other countryman !
This day hath set derision on the French,
And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.

K. John. What, is there no hope left ?

P. Phi. No hope but death to bury up our shame.

K. John. Make up once more with me : the twentieth
part

Of those that live are men enough to quail
The feeble handful on the adverse part.

P. Cha. Then, charge again : if heaven be not opposed,
We cannot lose the day.

K. John. On ! away ! [Exeunt.]

Alarums. Enter AUDLEY, wounded, and TWO ESQUIRES,
who rescued him.

1 *Esq.* How fares my lord ?

Aud. E'en as a man may do,
That dines at such a bloody feast as this.

2 *Esq.* I hope, my lord, that is no mortal scar.

Aud. No matter if it be : the count is cast,
And, in the worst, ends but a mortal man.
Good friends, convey me to the princely Edward,
That in the crimson bravery of my blood,
I may become him with saluting him :
I'll smile, and tell him that this open scar
Doth end the harvest of this Audley's war.

[Exeunt.]

[Alarums, and a retreat sounded.]

SCENE VII.

The English Camp. Flourish.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD *in triumph, with* KING JOHN *and* PRINCE CHARLES, *prisoners. Soldiers with ensigns, etc.*

P. Edw. Now John in France, and lately John of France,

Thy bloody ensigns are my captive colours;
And you, high vaunting Charles of Normandy,
That once to-day sent me a horse to fly
Are now the subjects of my clemency.
Fie lords! is't not a shame that English boys,
Whose early days are yet not worth a beard,
Should in the bosom of your kingdom thus,
One against twenty, beat you up together?

K. John. Thy fortune, not thy force, hath conquer'd us.

P. Edw. An argument that heaven aids the right.

Enter ARTOIS, *with* PRINCE PHILIP.

See, see! Artois doth bring along with him
The late good council-giver to my soul.—
Welcome, Artois; and welcome Philip, too:
Who now of you or I have need to pray?
Now is the proverb verified in you,
Too bright a morning breeds a lowering day.

Enter AUDLEY, *and the two* ESQUIRES.

But say what grim discouragement comes here?
Alas! what thousand armed men of France
Have writ that note of death in Audley's face?
Speak thou, that woo'st death with thy careless smile,
And look'st so merrily upon thy grave,
As if thou wert enamour'd on thy end,

What hungry sword hath so bewreath'd thy face,⁵
And lopp'd a true friend from my loving soul?

Aud. O Prince! thy sweet bemoaning speech to me
Is as a mournful knell to one dead-sick.

P. Edw. Dear Audley, if my tongue ring out thy end,
My arms shall be thy grave. What may I do
To win thy life, or to revenge thy death?
If thou wilt drink the blood of captive kings;
Or that it were restorative, command
A health of king's blood, and I'll drink to thee.
If honour may dispense for thee with death,
The never-dying honour of this day
Share wholly, Audley, to thyself, and live.

Aud. Victorious Prince! that thou art so, behold
A Cæsar's fame in king's captivity,
If I could hold dim death but at a bay,
Till I did see my liege, thy royal father,⁶
My soul should yield this castle of my flesh,
This mangled tribute, with all willingness
To darkness, consumption, dust and worms.

P. Edw. Cheerly, bold man! thy soul is all too proud
To yield her city for one little breach,
Should be divorced from her earthly spouse
By the soft temper of a Frenchman's sword.
Lo! to repair thy life, I give to thee
Three thousand marks a year in English land.

⁵ "so bewreath'd thy face" is "*bereaved* thy face" in the two old copies; but Audley had not been bereft of his face, but it was *bewreathed* in blood. Possibly, the old word might stand.

⁶ The old copies have *loyal* for "royal", and eight lines above *heath* for "health", merely accidental misprints.

Aud. I take thy gift, to pay the debts I owe:
These two poor squires redeem'd me from the French
With lusty and dear hazard of their lives:
What thou hast given to me, I give to them;
And, as thou lov'st me, prince, lay thy consent
To this bequeath in my last testament.

P. Edw. Renowned Audley, live, and have from me
This gift twice doubled, to these squires and thee:
But live or die, what thou hast given away
To these and theirs shall lasting freedom stay.—
Come, gentlemen: I'll see my friend bestowed
Within an easy litter: then, we'll march
Proudly toward Calais with triumphant pace,
Unto my royal father; and there bring
The tribute of my wars, fair France's king.

[*Exeunt omnes.* AUDLEY led out.]

ACT V.

The English Camp near Calais.

Enter KING EDWARD, *with* QUEEN PHILIPPA,
followed by DERBY, *officers and soldiers.*

K. Edw. No more, queen Philippe: pacify yourself:
Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
Shall find displeasure written in our looks.—
And now unto this proud resisting town.
Soldiers, assault! I will no longer stay
To be deluded by their false delays.
Put all to sword, and make the spoil your own.

[*Trumpets sound a charge.*]

Enter six CITIZENS of Calais in their shirts, bare-footed, with halters about their necks.

Cit. Mercy, King Edward! mercy, gracious lord!

K. Edw. Contemptuous villains! Call ye now for truce?
Mine ears are stopp'd against your bootless cries.
Sound, drums! Draw threatening swords! [*Alarum.*

1 Cit. Ah! noble Prince,
Take pity on this town, and hear us, mighty king!
We claim the promise that your highness made.
The two days' respite is not yet expired,
And we are come, with willingness, to bear
What torturing death, or punishment you please,
So that the trembling multitude be saved.

K. Edw. My promise? Well, I do confess as much;
But I require the chiefest citizens,
And men of most account, that should submit:
You, peradventure, are but servile grooms,
Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit severity lay dead in us.
No, no; ye cannot overreach us thus.

2 Cit. The sun, dread lord, that in the western fall
Beholds us now low brought through misery,
Did in the orient purple of the morn
Salute our coming forth, when we were known;
Or may our portion be with damned⁷ fiends.

K. Edw. If it be so, then let our covenant stand:

⁷ "With damned *fiends*": Capell, unwarrantably, and without his usual notice, substituted *friends* for "fiends" of both the old impressions of 1596 and 1599.

We take possession of this town in peace :
But for yourselves, look you for no remorse,
But as imperial justice hath decreed,
Your bodies shall be dragg'd about these walls,
And after feel the stroke of quartering steel.
This is your doom.—Go, soldiers, see it done.

Queen P. Ah! be more mild unto these yielding
men.

It is a glorious thing to 'stablish peace,
And kings approach the nearest unto God
By giving life and safety unto men.
As thou intendest to be King of France,
So let her people live to call thee king ;
For what the sword cuts down, or fire hath spoiled,
Is held in reputation none of ours.

K. Edw. Although experience teach us this is true,
That peaceful quietness brings most delight
When most of all abuses are controlled,
Yet in so much it shall be known, that we
As well can master our affections,
As conquer others by the dint of sword,
Philippe prevail : we yield to thy request.
These men shall live to boast of clemency ;
And, tyranny, strike terror to thyself.

Cit. Long live your highness ! happy be your reign !

K. Edw. Go, get you hence : return unto the town,
And if this kindness hath deserv'd your love,
Learn then to reverence Edward as your king.

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS.]

Now might we hear of our affairs abroad,
We would, till gloomy winter were o'erspent,

Dispose our men in garrison a while.—
But who comes here?

Enter COPLAND, with KING DAVID.

Derb. Copland, my lord; and David King of Scots.

K. Edw. Is this the proud presumptuous squire o' the north,

That would not yield his prisoner to my queen?

Cop. I am, my liege, a northern squire, indeed;
But neither proud, nor insolent, I trust.

K. Edw. What mov'd thee then to be so obstinate,
To contradict our royal queen's desire?⁸

Cop. No wilful disobedience, mighty lord,
But my desert, and public law of arms.
I took the king myself in single fight,
And, like a soldier, would be loth to lose
The least pre-eminence that I had won:
And Copland, straight upon your highness' charge,
Is come to France, and with a lowly mind,
Doth veil the bonnet of his victory.
Receive, dread lord, the custom of my fraught,
The wealthy tribute of my labouring hands,
Which should long since have been surrender'd up,
Had but your gracious self been there in place.

Queen. But, Copland, thou didst scorn the king's command,
Neglecting our commission in his name.

Cop. His name I reverence, but his person more:
His name shall keep me in allegiance still,
But to his person I will bend my knee.

⁸ In both the old copies this speech is absurdly made part of Copland's reply.

K. Edw. I pray thee, Philippe, let displeasure pass.
This man doth please me, and I like his words ;
For what is he that will attempt high deeds,
And lose the glory that ensues the same ?
All rivers have recourse unto the sea,
And Copland's faith relation to his king.—
Kneel therefore down : now, rise King Edward's knight ;
And to maintain thy state I freely give
Five hundred marks a year to thee and thine.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, lord Salisbury ! What news from Bretagne ?

Sal. This, mighty king. The country we have won,
And John de Montfort, regent of that place,
Presents your highness with this coronet,
Protesting true allegiance to your grace.

K. Edw. We thank thee for thy service, valiant earl :
Challenge our favour, for we owe it thee.

Sal. But now, my lord, as this is joyful news,
So must my voice be tragical again,
And I must sing of doleful accidents.

K. Edw. What ! have our men the overthrow at Poitiers ?
Or is my son beset with too much odds ?

Sal. He was, my lord ; and as my worthless self,
With forty other serviceable knights,
Under safe conduct of the Dauphin's seal,
Did travel that way, finding him distressed,
A troop of lances met us on the way,
Surpris'd, and brought us prisoner to the king ;
Who proud of this, and eager for revenge,
Commanded straight to cut off all our heads :
And surely had we died, but that the duke,

More full of honour than his angry fire,
Procur'd our quick deliverance from thence :
But ere we went, "Salute your king", quoth he,
"Bid him provide a funeral for his son :
"To day our sword shall cut his thread of life ;
"And sooner than he thinks, we'll be with him,
"To quittance those displeasures he hath done."
This said, we pass'd, not daring to reply :
Our hearts were dead, our looks diffus'd and wan.
Wandering, at last we climb'd unto a hill,
From whence, although our grief were much before,
Yet now to see the occasion with our eyes
Did thrice so much increase our heaviness ;
For there, my lord, O ! there we did descry
Down in a valley how both armies lay.
The French had cast their trenches like a ring,
And every barricado's open front
Was thick emboss'd with brazen ordinance :
Here stood a battle of ten thousand horse,
There twice as many pikes in quadrant wise ;
Here crossbows armed, deadly wounding darts,
And in the midst, like to a slender point
Within the compass of the horizon,
As 'twere a rising bubble in the sea,
A hazel wand amidst a wood of pines,
Or as a bear fast chain'd unto a stake,
Stood famous Edward, still expecting when
Those dogs of France would fasten on his flesh.
Anon, the death-procuring knell begins :
Off go the cannons, that with trembling noise
Did shake the very mountain where they stood.

Then found the trumpets' clangors in the air :
The battles join ; and when we could no more
Discern the difference twixt the friend and foe,
(So intricate the dark confusion was)
Away we turn'd our watery eyes, with sighs
As black as powder fuming into smoke.
And thus, I fear, unhappy have I told
The most untimely tale of Edward's fall.

Queen. Ah me ! Is this my welcome into France ?
Is this the comfort that I looked to have,
When I should meet with my beloved son ?
Sweet Ned, I would thy mother in the sea
Had been prevented of this mortal grief.

K. Edw. Content thee, Philippe : 'tis not tears will serve
To call him back, if he be taken hence.
Comfort thyself, as I do, gentle queen,
With hope of sharp, unheard of, dire revenge.—
He bids me to provide his funeral,
And so I will ; but all the peers of France
Shall mourners be, and weep out bloody tears,
Until their empty veins be dry and fere.
The pillars of his hearse shall be his bones ;
The mould that covers him their city's ashes :
His knell the groaning cries of dying men,
And in the stead of tapers on his tomb,
An hundred lofty towers⁹ shall burning blaze,
While we bewail our valiant son's decease.

[Trumpets sound within.]

⁹ In the old copies and in Capell the text here is "An hundred *fifty* towers": "lofty", misread *fifty*, must have been Shakespeare's word. The mistake was easy ; and there was no reason why the king should here specify "an hundred fifty towers".

Enter a HERALD.

Her. Rejoice, my lord ! ascend the imperial throne !
The mighty and redoubted Prince of Wales,
Great fervitor to bloody Mars in arms,
The Frenchman's terror, and his country's fame,
Triumphant rideth like a Roman peer :
And lowly at his stirrop comes afoot
King John of France, together with his son,
In captive bonds : whose diadem he brings
To crown thee with and to proclaim thee king.

K. Edw. Away with mourning ! Philippe, wipe thine
eyes.
Sound trumpets ! Welcome in Plantagenet !

[A grand flourish.]

*Enter PRINCE EDWARD, AUDLEY, ARTOIS, and Soldiers,
with KING JOHN and PRINCE PHILIP, prisoners.*

As things long lost, when they are found again,
So doth my son rejoice his father's heart,
For whom even now my soul was much perplexed.

[Embracing PRINCE EDWARD.]

Queen. Be this a token to express my joy,
For inward passions will not let me speak.

[Kissing the Prince.]

P. Edw. My gracious father, here receive the gift,
This wreath of conquest and reward of war,

[Presenting the Crown of France.]

Got with as mickle peril of our lives
As e'er was thing of price before this day :
Install your highness in your proper right.

And herewithal I render to your hands
These prisoners, chief occasion of our strife.

K. Edw. So, John of France, I see you keep your word :
You promis'd to be sooner with ourself
Than we did think for, and 'tis so indeed.
But had you done at first as now you do,
How many civil towns had stood untouched,
That now are turn'd to ragged heaps of stones !
How many people's lives might you have saved,
That are untimely sunk into their graves !

K. John. Edward, recount not things irrevocable.
Tell me what ransom thou requir'st to have ?

K. Edw. Thy ransom, John, hereafter shall be known ;
But first to England thou must cross the seas,
To see what entertainment it affords :
Howe'er it falls, it cannot be so bad
As ours hath been since we arriv'd in France.

K. John. Accursed man ! Of this I was foretold,
But did misconstrue what the prophet told.

P. Edw. Now, father, this petition Edward makes,
To thee whose grace hath been his strongest shield.

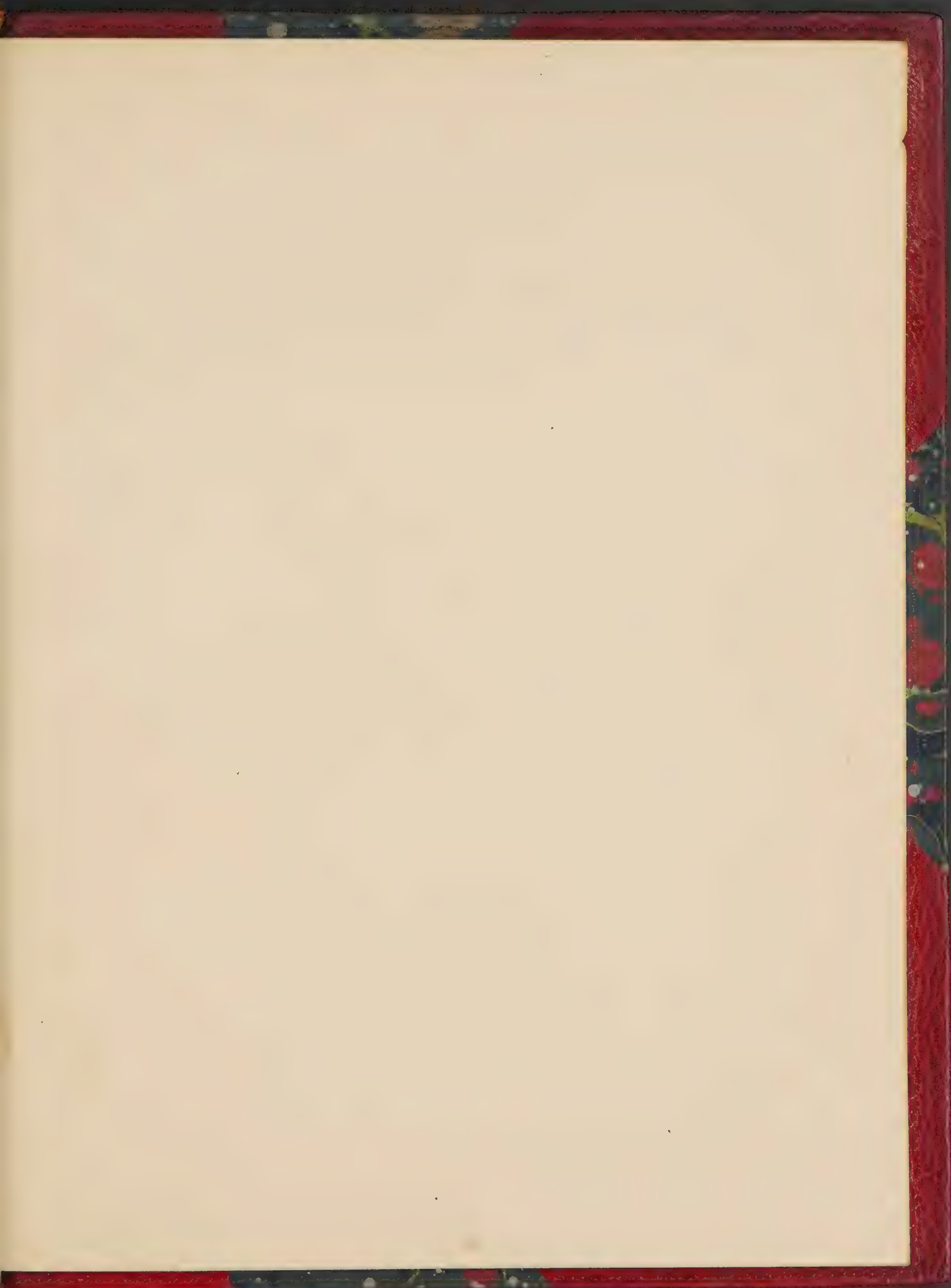
[*Kneeling.*

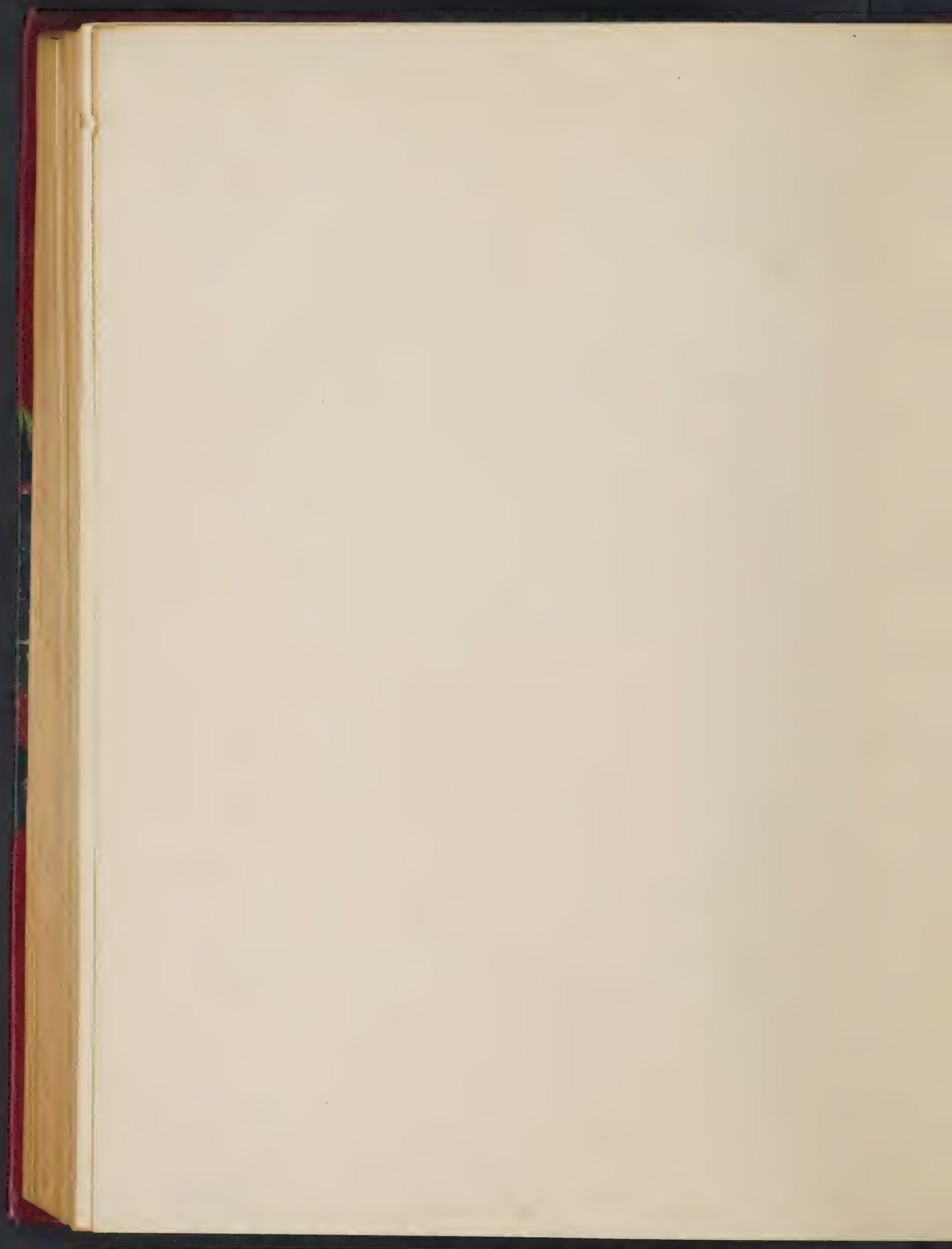
That as thy pleasure chose me for the man
To be the instrument to show thy power,
So thou wilt grant, that many princes more,
Bred and brought up within this little isle,
May still be famous for like victories !
And for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
The weary nights that I have watch'd in field,
The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
The fearful menaces were proffer'd me,

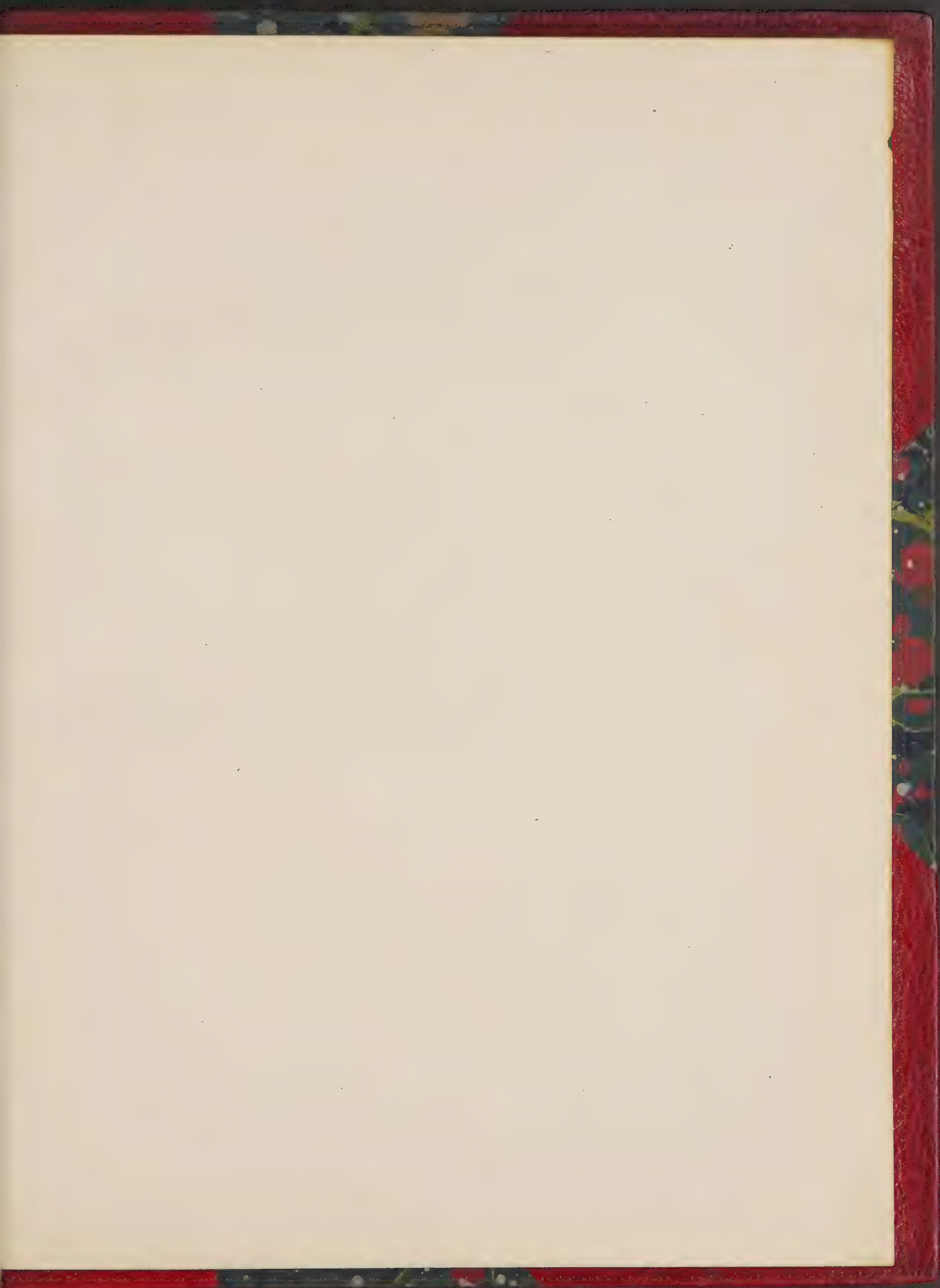
The heat and cold, and what else might displease,
I wish were now redoubled twenty fold,
So that hereafter ages, when they read
The painful traffic of my tender youth,
Might thereby be inflam'd with such resolve,
As not the territories of France alone,
But likewise Spain, Turkey, and what countries else,
That justly would provoke fair England's ire,
Might at their presence tremble and retire !

K. Edw. Here, English lords, we do proclaim a rest,
And interceasing of our painful arms.
Sheath up your swords, refresh your weary limbs,
Peruse your spoils ; and after we have breathed
A day or two within this haven town,
God willing, then for England we'll be shipped ;
Where, in a happy hour, I trust we shall
Arrive, three kings, two princes, and a queen.

FINIS.









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